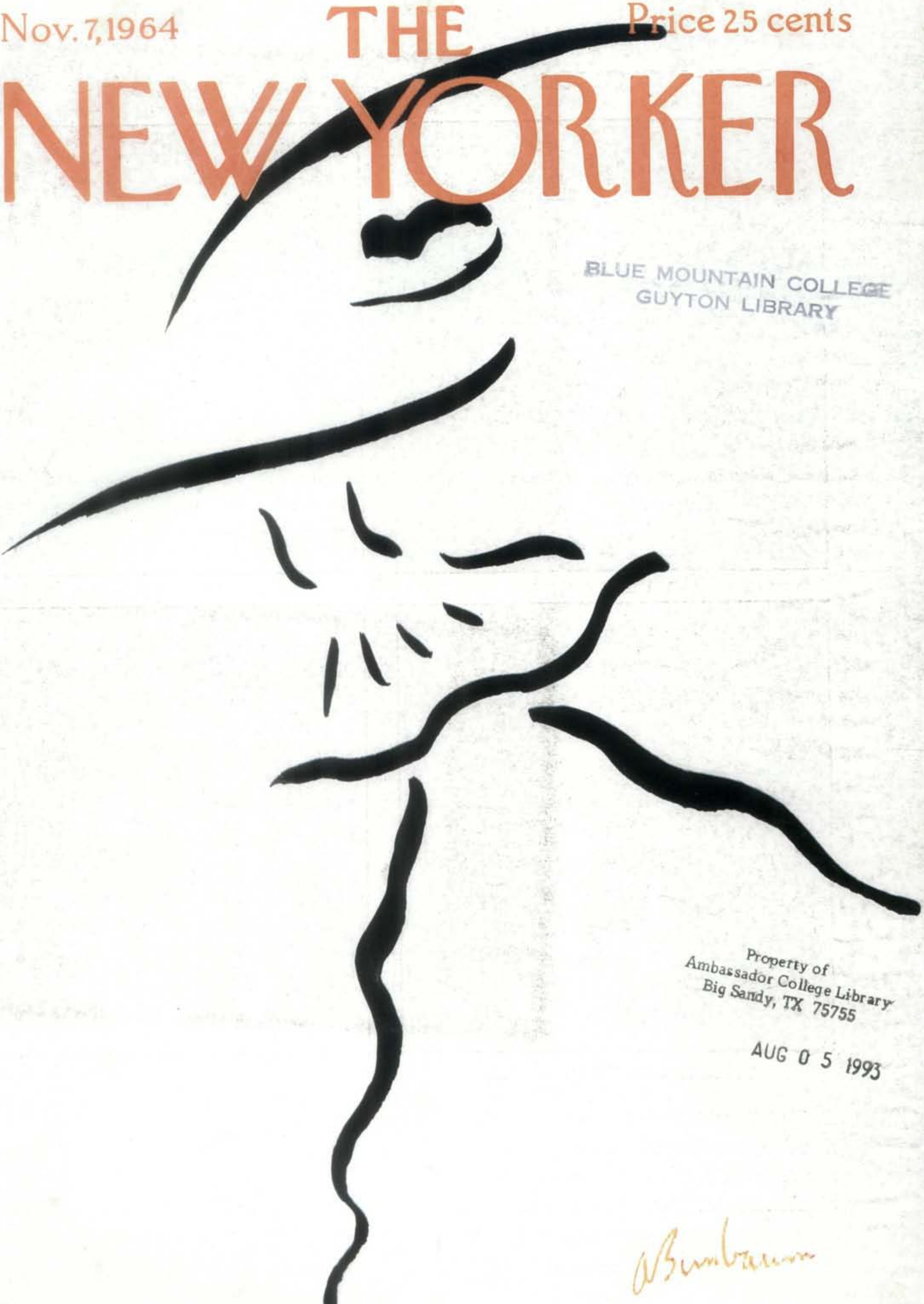
Nov. 7, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents



BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

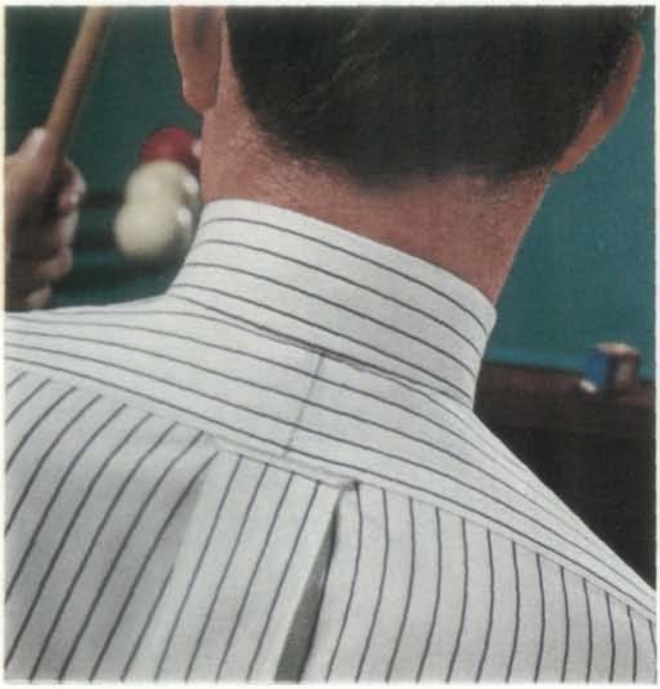
AUG 0 5 1993

Dress-up cue:

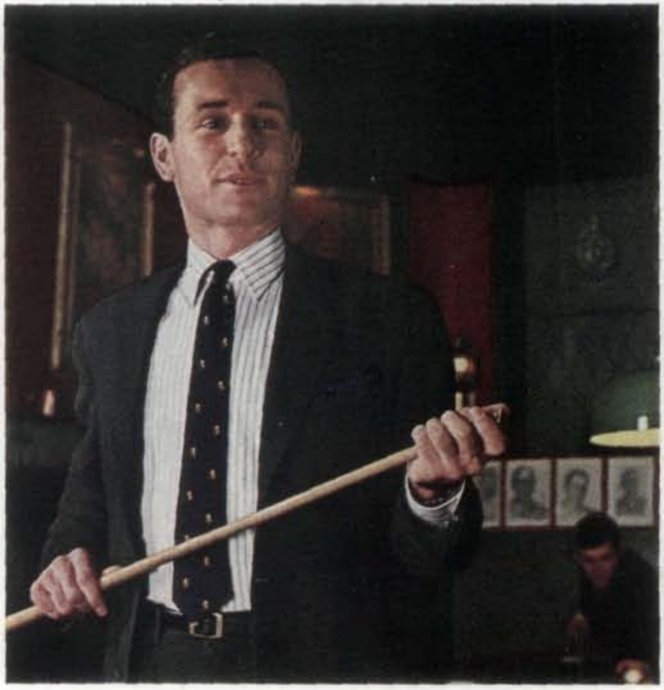
© 1964 GANT SHIRTMAKERS

this Gant shirt...

straight flared collar...



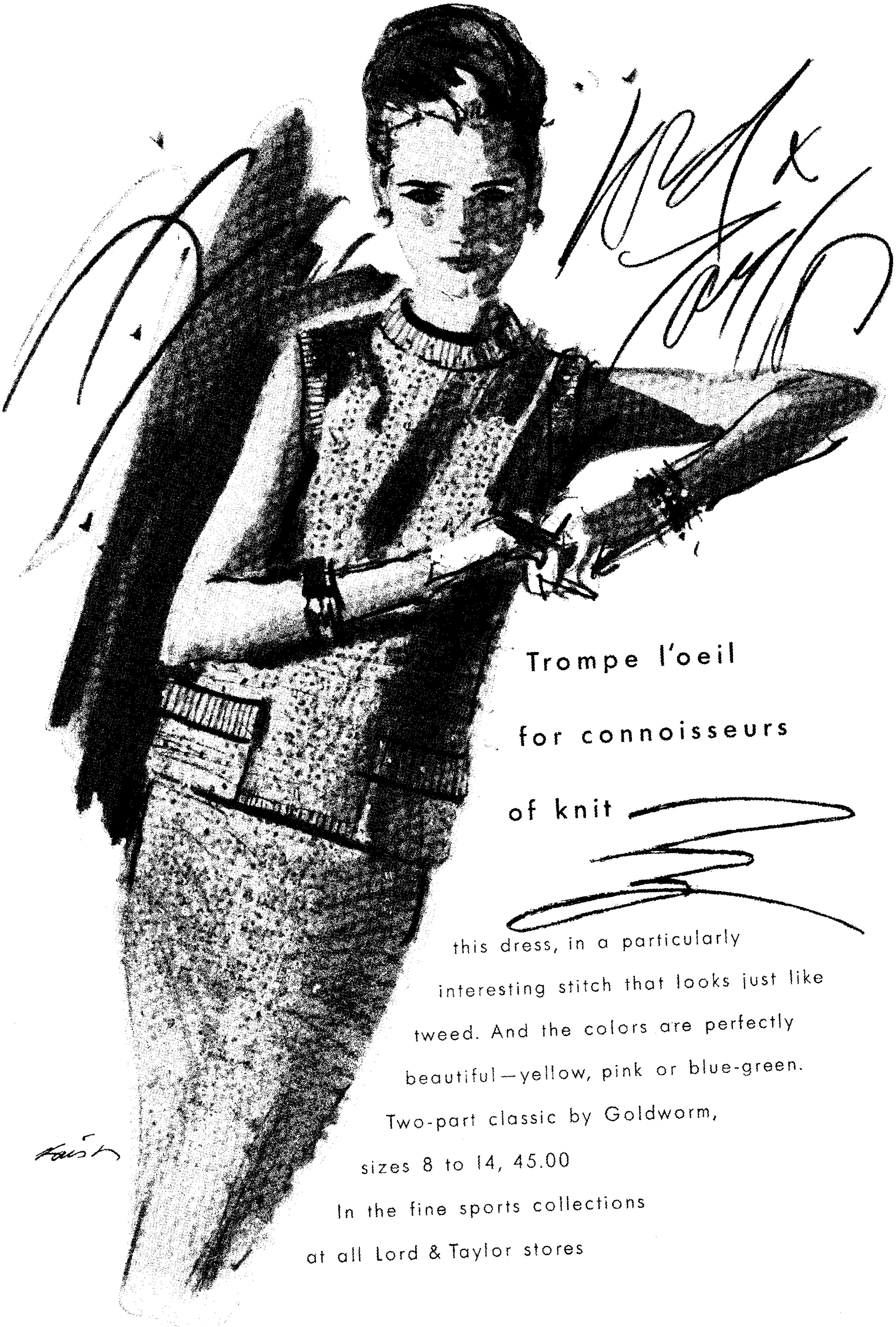
fitted contour back...



it's called Straight-Flare™

Deftly tailored to reveal more collar in back and to put emphasis on tie in front. And this collar can be flared to your liking. Added nicety: a contour yoke in back which achieves a trim, tailored fit around the shoulders and back. The fabric: a luxuriant-soft broadcloth in navy, burgundy or green stripings. Also in solid shades. About $7 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS



Trompe l'oeil

for connoisseurs

of knit

this dress, in a particularly
interesting stitch that looks just like
tweed. And the colors are perfectly
beautiful—yellow, pink or blue-green.
Two-part classic by Goldworm,
sizes 8 to 14, 45.00
In the fine sports collections
at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—An eccentric professor who needs a job and his eccentric family try to persuade a corporation spy that they are utterly normal. An admirable company of players, led by Fred Clark, do very well by this comedy, which was written by Ira Wallach. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Committee—A funny octet doing the sort of extemporaneous things that Nichols and May, et al., made popular. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Thursday and Friday at 9, and Saturday at 6 and 9. Closes Saturday, Nov. 7.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

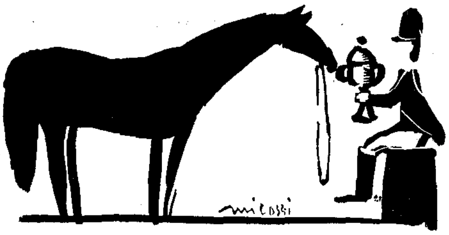
The Physicists—How a trio of alleged nuclear scientists, presumably a little soft in the head but also presumably right up there with Newton and Einstein, spend their time in an insane asylum. A very vague drama by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, in which Hume Cronyn, Robert Shaw, George Voskovec, and Jessica Tandy figure to some purpose. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Severed Head—A drama by Iris Murdoch and J.B. Priestley that has charm and wit and makes no sense. Robin Bailey, Heather Chasen, Sheila Burrell, and Paul Eddington do their best. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—Lorraine Hansberry's lengthy description of how things are going among the Greenwich Village avant-garde intellectuals. Gabriel Dell is the Brustein of the piece, and Rita Moreno, as his wife, and Alice Ghostley, as his stuffy sister-in-law, help him along, as do most of the others in the cast. The direction, by Peter Kass, is a bit on the frenetic side. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's trifle about the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

MUSICALS

Ben Franklin in Paris—An old-time piece of agreeable schmalz on the order of the Shubert operettas. The best thing about it is wonderfully ingratiating Robert Preston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fade Out - Fade In—Mitzi Welch and Jack Cassidy in a musical about Hollywood in the thirties. There is a good deal of action onstage, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are minor efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill. Kay Medford and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of fine production numbers, it has little to recommend it. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2.30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie frisking through a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What A Lovely War—Joan Littlewood and a couple of collaborators have astutely assembled all kinds of compelling sidelights of the First World War for this revue, and the old songs of the period are still arresting. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**HELLO, DOLLY!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Ronnie Welsh plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Jeff De Benning (who has succeeded Rudy Vallée) plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

I Was Dancing—Burgess Meredith and Orson Bean in a comedy adapted by Edwin O'Connor from his novel of the same name. The director is Garson Kanin, the producer David Merrick. Previews at 8:30 through Saturday, Nov. 7. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 8. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night cur-

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 163
BOOKS 234
THE CURRENT CINEMA 200
FOOTBALL 104
MUSICAL EVENTS 143
JAZZ 145
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 156
THE RACE TRACK 232
A REPORTER AT LARGE 109
THE SPORTING SCENE 182
THE THEATRE 99

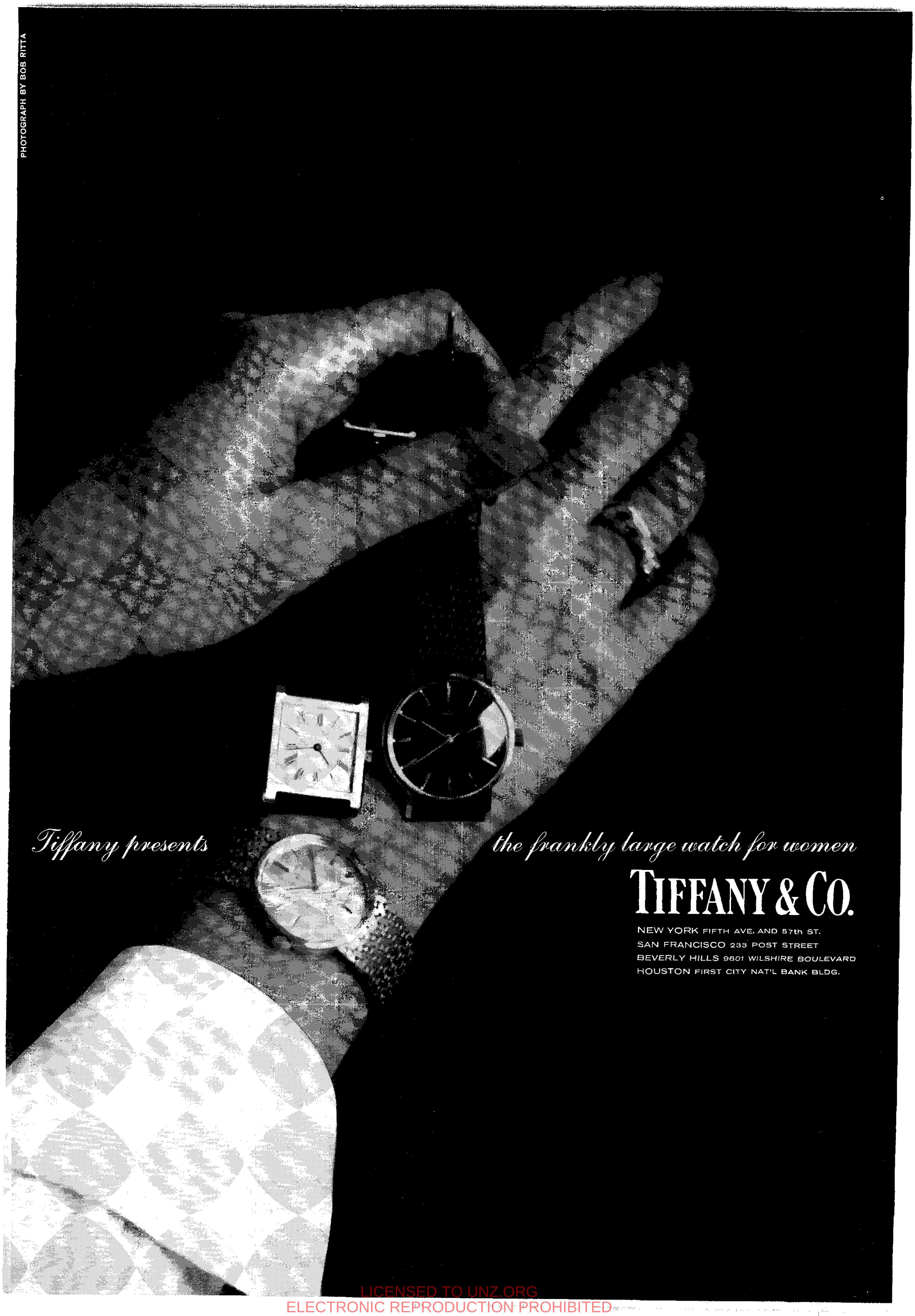
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 38, November 7, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA


Tiffany presents
the frankly large watch for women

TIFFANY & Co.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57th ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST STREET
BEVERLY HILLS 9601 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

tain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a new edition of his one-man show, now turned into a two-man show, with Leonid Hambro. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Monday, Nov. 9. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Something More!—A musical taken from Gerald Green's novel "Portofino P.T.A." Nate Monaster wrote the book, Sammy Fain composed the score, Marilyn and Alan Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Arthur Hill, Barbara Cook, Ronny Graham, and Joan Copeland. Directed by Jule Styne and produced by Lester Osterman. Previews through Monday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—A comedy by Murray Schisgal, starring Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Alan Arkin. Mike Nichols is the director and Claire Nichtern the producer. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Conversation at Midnight—A play by Edna St. Vincent Millay, with an all-male cast of seven led by Eduard Franz and Larry Gates. A presentation of Proteus Productions, staged by Robert Gist. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 12. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Bitos—Jean Anouilh's play (translated by Lucienne Hill) imported from London, with Donald Pleasence and Charles D. Gray in the leading roles. Directed by Shirley Butler and produced by Harold Prince, in association with Michael Codron and Pledon Ltd. Previews Monday through Friday, Nov. 9-13. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 14. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"The Changeling," a play by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, was the thing to see back in 1623. As put on by this company, under the direction of Elia Kazan, it isn't now. Performances Thursday and Friday, Nov. 5-6, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 10-11, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performances Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, at 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

Amato Opera Company—"Madame Butterfly." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 12-14, all at 8:15.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Faustus—A fussy production of Marlowe's great tragedy. Mostly sideshow and very little play. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Mama—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio, and an agreeable straight one by Julius La Rosa. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

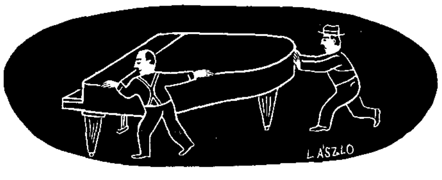
The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory—A play by Robert Lowell, derived from the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville and directed by Jonathan Miller. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Othello—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is very good as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Shout from the Rooftops—The characters of this rather dim and sentimental play are tenants of a dingy apartment house in this city, and most of them are in one sort of trouble or another. They do have a few bright moments, though. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of stinging and funny one-act plays by Will Holt. For the second of them, Mr. Holt has written songs that manage to be satiric and tuneful at the same time. The performances are good, too. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances— Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Swan Lake," "Fanfare," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "Scotch Symphony," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "Fanfare," "Interplay," "Tarantella," and "Gounod Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 8: "Ivesiana," "Firebird," "Piège de Lumière," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Arirang—A company of thirty-eight dancers, singers, and musicians from Korea, in its first appearance here. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)

Chilean National Ballet—A company of seventy, with an orchestra, appearing here for the first time. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 10-11, at 8:30: "Carmina Burana" (with the Westminster Choir) and "Calaucan.". . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 12-15, at 8:30: "El Hijo Prodigo," "Alotria," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 14-15, at 2:30: "Calaucan," "Alotria," and "The Green Table." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

ANTA Program—"The Brownings," a play by Tom Rothfield (starring Nancy Wickwire), presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the second in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4564.)

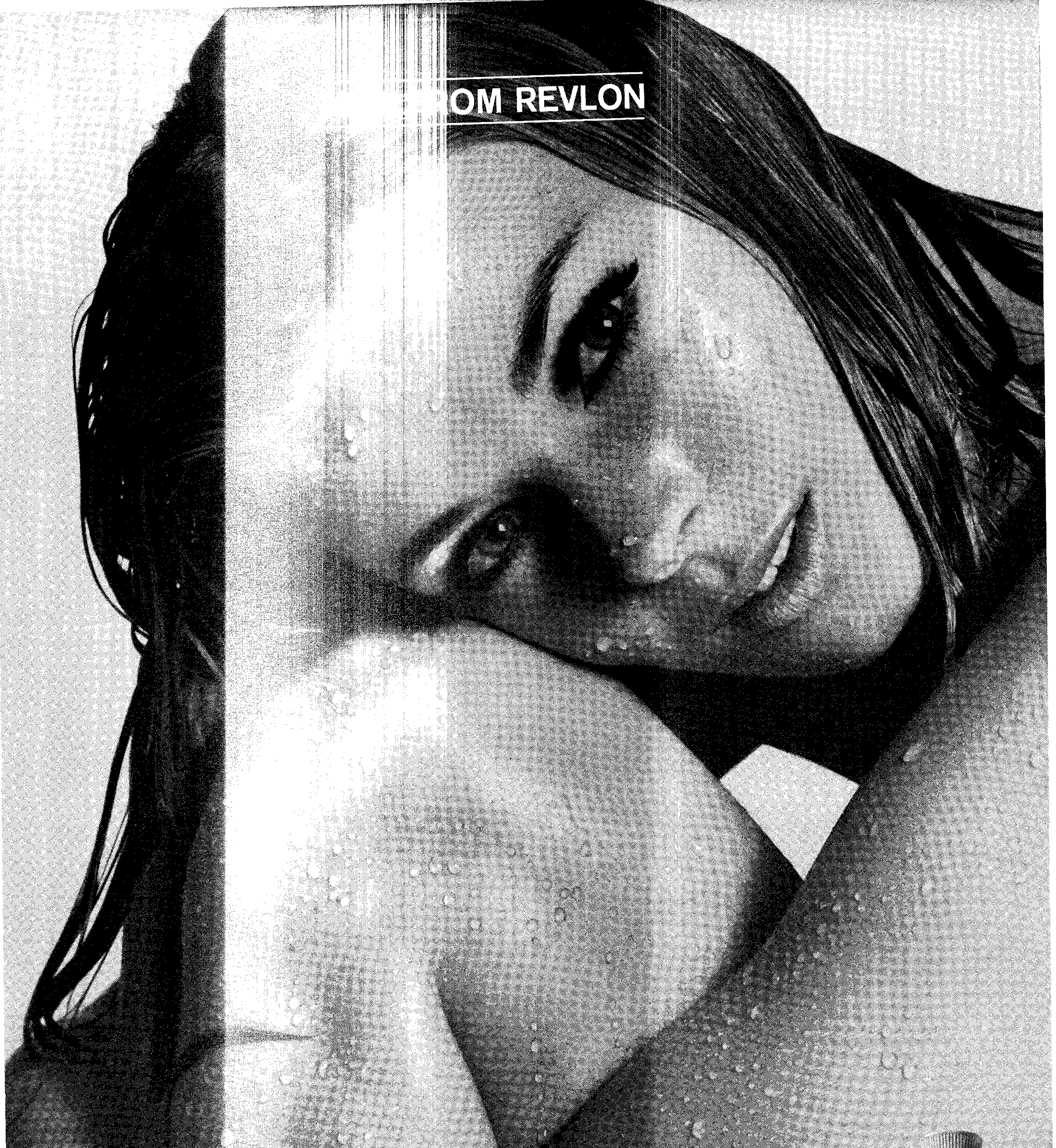
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Rosemary Clooney is now the bearer of carols in the Royal Box, where she lets loose at dinner and supper. Dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just life-size. George Anaya's minute band, which



'MOON DROPS' MOISTURIZING BATH OIL

(no body ever had it so soft!)

Here's Revlon's 'dew-it-yourself' recipe for making dry skin just a memory: to one golden capful of 'Moon Drops' Moisturizing Bath Oil, add a tubful of water (affectionately warm). Let yourself settle in, stirring gently from time to time. While the luxury laps around you, your skin is taking in all the deep-softening moisturizers that turn dry skin to slipper satin. Now you know the secret: the same 'Moon Drops' magic that's made complexions famous for years, is here in a form to fondle every blessed inch of you. So let the rest of the world go dry. You go fill the tub.

REVLON
MOON
DROPS
Moisturizing
BATH OIL

is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This community playhouse has acquired an almost completely new cast of performers, but they, too, are imbued with the idea that the show simply *must* go on. Freddy Alonso's and Freddie Jagels' dance bands keep up a perpetual chatter. The veteran Freddie Fassler, who may have been second fiddle while Rome burned, is the music in the Champagne Room. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—As it was in the beginning, this enterprise is once more a chipper and merry night mayors' nest. Angelo's threesome gets to the little dance floor at nine, and Bobby Gosh's wee-small-hours piano and songs start not long after.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A gilt complex, and a red-plush one, too. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers do in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—I Cavalieri di Roma, a wine-of-life little dance band, play on and on in the Seven Hills, one of the best residential quarters of the largest town on the Tiber. Eight to one is the scheme of things. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week. Alex Geraldo, who sings to his own guitar, vanishes every Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Robert Goulet, unquestionably a leading man, is bantering and balladeering at dinner and supper on the floor of the Persian Room. He is supplemented throughout the evening by the sonorous band of Emil Coleman and the scampering band of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play water-cress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the trickery of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's heart-and-soul violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely handmaidens laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is curfew. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The tallest star in the firmament. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—That old *concours d'élégance* known as the Maisonette offers the roseate orchestra of Peter Duchin and Quintero's practically peerless Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Makeup courses for those who have fallen behind on the Frug, the Gawk, the Whamp, and the Swim are being held (distinctly *not* free of charge) by the Board of Education in this bower of the social graces every night from eight until four. The music is produced by the rubbing together of electronic tubes.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The dinner and supper beguilement in the Empire Room is in the charge of Leslie Uggams, a blithe and beautiful little barn swallow. Someone has induced her to ply her microphone with an enormous supply of zing, but she is nevertheless something to hear, and especially to see. The noblest of all the Meyer Davis orchestras, run by Emery Davis, and the Horace Diaz group make the music. Closed Sundays.

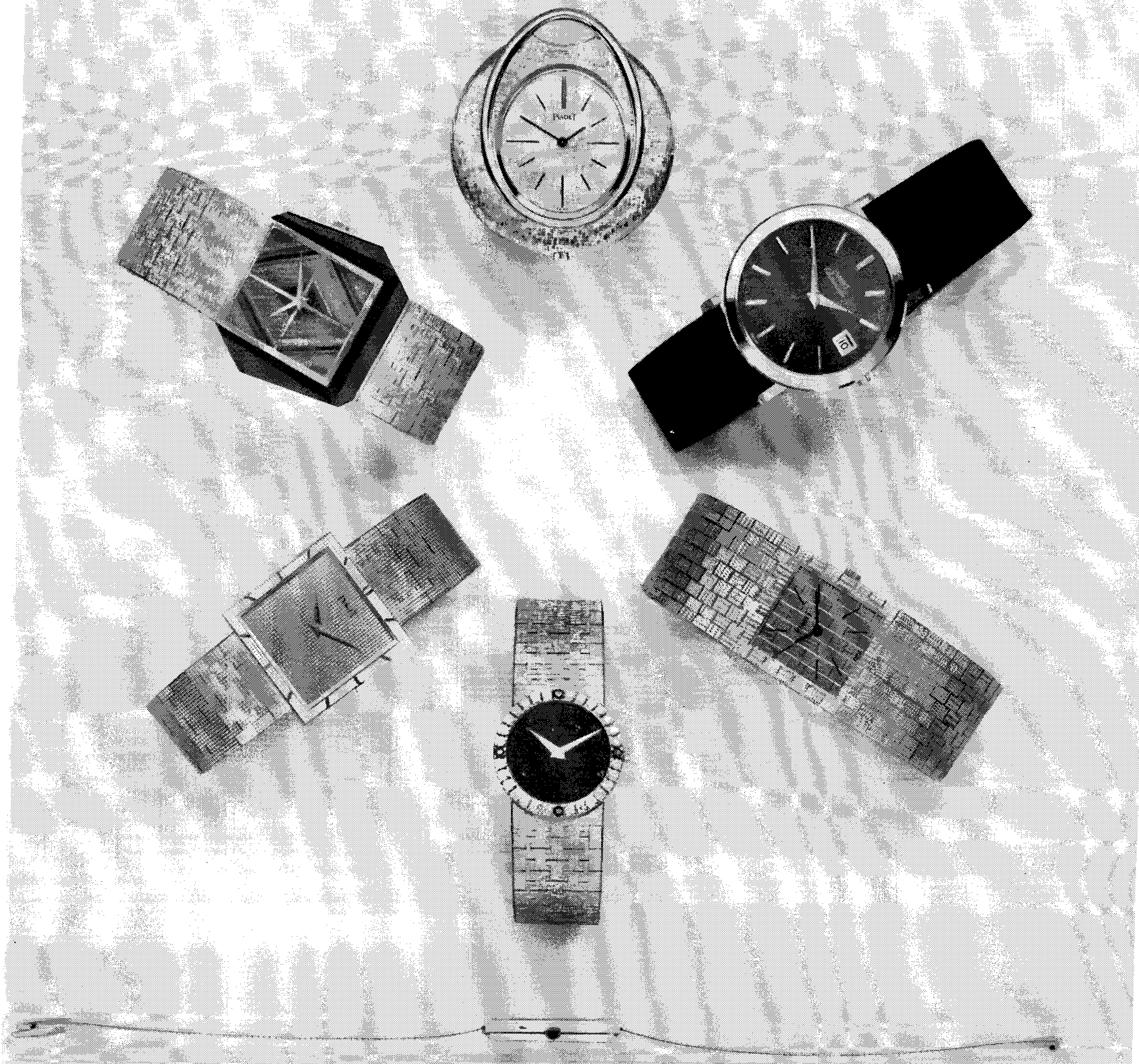
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from about one to six, and a floor show at eleven-fifteen on Tuesdays. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions, tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now, under the guidance of the bountiful basso of Aldo Bruschi, it should be Italian Old Masters. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jet is the setting, and jet is the set. Bobby Short, to whom such surroundings are customary, plays flip piano and sings flip songs from ten-thirty until the smallest of hours. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's solo piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the rightful heir to this evergreen kingdom, has ended his long sabbatical, and again his fingers play light-hearted tricks on a very willing Steinway. Six-thirty until one is the extent of his program. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Well-chosen words and music, sung without frippery of any sort, are the nocturnal diet of Mabel Mercer, one of the wisest and most compassionate women of the world. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty. No dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. No sound on Sundays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along the way by half a dozen musicians eternally on the prowl. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (421-3448): Stanislaus Radulovic, Fulbright Scholarship painter, is using his newest atelier as a reaffirmation of his admiration for Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from the pungent guitar of José Luis Franco, who takes his station at eight, every night but Sunday, in the third room back of this opulent display. . . . **Café Renaissance 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): An earlier Radulovic affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is also largely a love letter to Spain. He absents himself on Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio through the week, a jazz duet on Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Michelangelo**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This tribute to northern Italy and its cuisine leads a nice, easy life—Joe Candullo's cheery dance threesome from eight-thirty on. Fridays and Saturdays, voices are apt to join in. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a handpicked citizenry, such as Tibor Rakossy, who sings Hungarian sentimentalities, not to mention players of the fiddle and the zimbalon. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **Place Lautrec**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sheraton Motor Inn**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant, where Joyce Rosenfield takes a firm grip on a harp from seven to nine. On Wednesday, Nov. 11, Daphne Hellman, the establishment's premier harpist, reassumes the chair of music. . . . **La Fonda del Sol**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck between the scenery and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. During the week, they come out even (sound effects from five-thirty to eleven), but the musicians, augmented by dancers, always win out on Sundays (sound effects from one to nine). . . . **Petroushka**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of sombre *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, chants at dinner through



The Faces of Time

from the Piaget Collection of rare and beautiful timepieces
for men and women. See these and other superb examples of the
watchmaker's art at a special showing in Dallas, November 10-14.

Clockwise . . . Pocket watch, oval face, hand-engraved textured yellow gold 1100.00*
Calendar watch, white gold with black iridescent dial 1200.00* Basket textured yellow gold bracelet watch 1800.00*
Bracelet watch, lapis lazuli face encircled by diamonds and sapphires, yellow gold 2800.00*
Hours mark the case, two textured white gold bracelet watch 1800.00*
Marquetry inlaid gem stones on face and case, yellow gold bracelet watch 2900.00*
Side view . . . the world's thinnest watch, yellow gold 1100.00* *18 karat gold; Price does not include tax.
Write to Precious Jewels, Neiman-Marcus, Dallas for a complete Piaget brochure.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's threesome provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle-washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which the *Social Register* is compulsory reading. George Feyer noodles through his *point-d'Alençon* piano readings from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Show tunes get a nice, casual hearing from Al Valenti's guitar, which is front and center in this minute but regal bar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. No dining. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner keeps a cool head and a cool keyboard going on and on from five-thirty until midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **IL SOLE**, 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): This year's *pied-à-terre* for Ralph Strain, court pianist for the Hamptons set. His carefully sculpted music flows gently through every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The flower of American (and other) womanhood, from fairly modest violets all the way to stupendous hollyhocks. These lovely creatures gallop up and down this recreation area as fast as their pretty legs will carry them. There are excellent interpolations by such mere males as the acrobatic Wazzans, a group of ICBMs. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Connie Francis, who knows all her thirty-three million records by heart, is proving it every night as ringleader of an interlude that involves one of those talkative comedians and a gaggle of girls eager to demonstrate what they learned on their first day at ballet class. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if we were living back in the Roaring Forties. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan is offering up commanding presence, along with quite a few songs that are under high blood pressure. Mongo Santamaria's band, though, is the largest noise. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Burlesque by any other name (well, "Minsky's Follies of '65") smells sweeter, looks better, sounds funnier. The young ladies are in fine fettle and almost no feathers, the comics are Irving Benson and Jack Mann (a hard pair to beat), and there is a pantomime routine by George Carl that enthralls the eye.

CABARETS

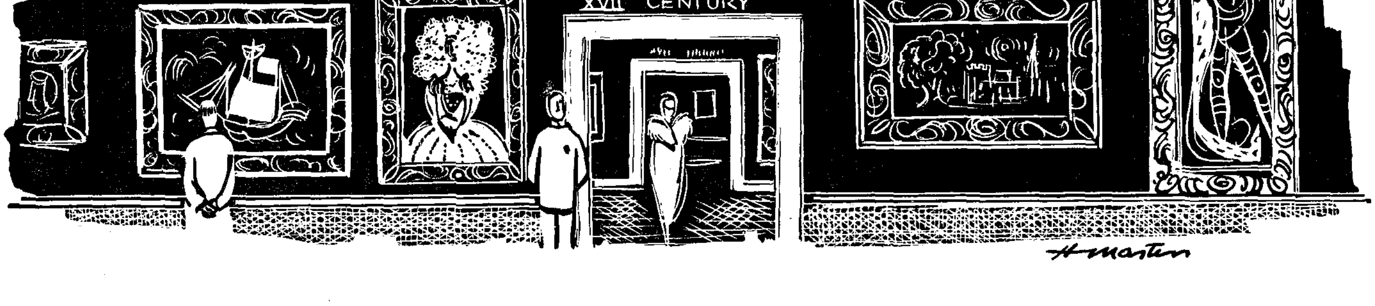
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

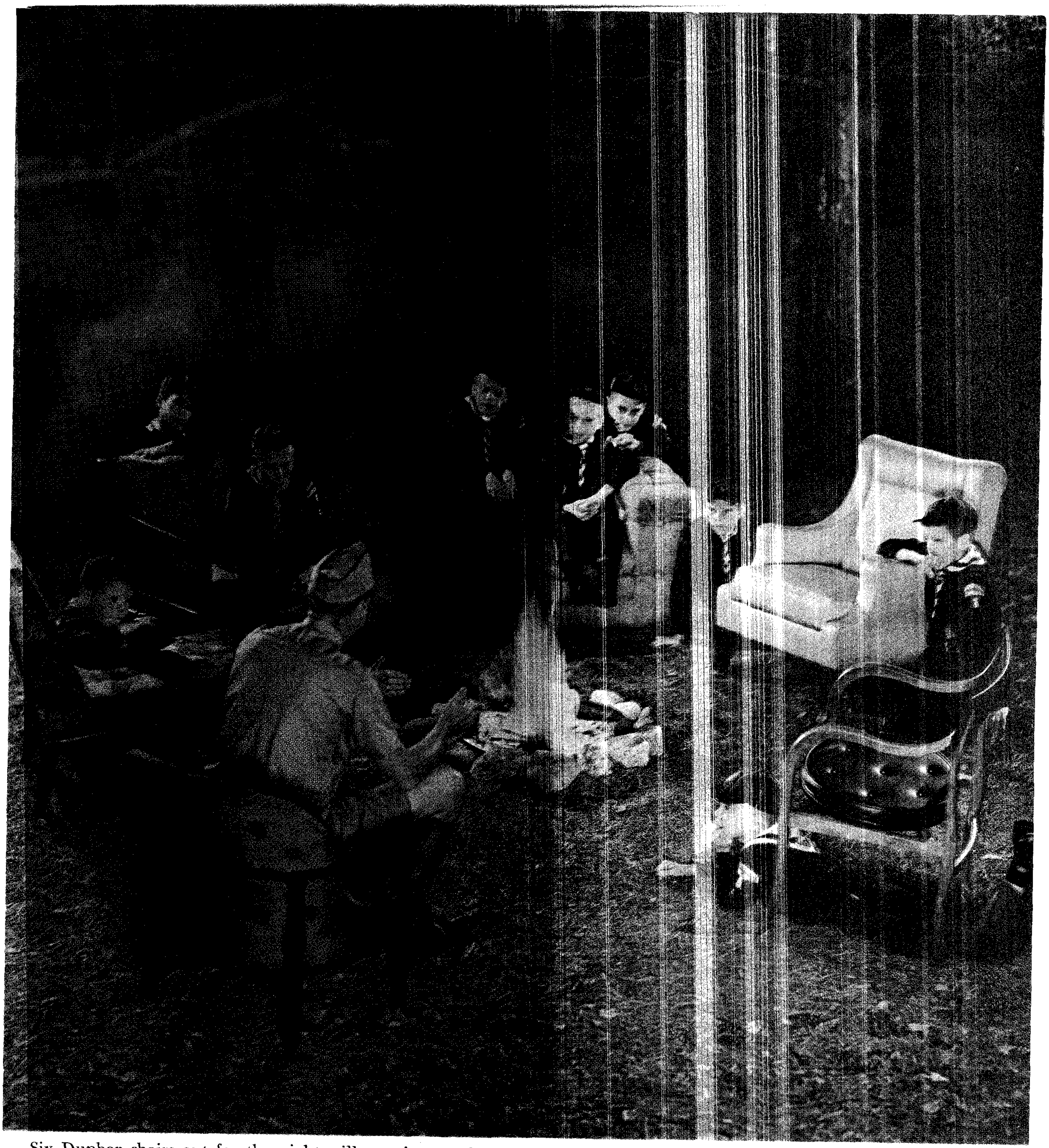
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In romping rhetoric that is both contemporary and Congreve, the way of the world is cajoled, chivvied, and contemned in a revue—Julius Monk's fourteenth, "Bits & Pieces, XIV"—that rises and shines above all other ventures into the medium. The swift completion of its merry-go-rounds is accomplished by Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also by the newcoming Barbara Minkus, a tumultuous tomboy, and Nancy Myers, a little seraph. Robert Colston and Carl Norman take double turns as the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): One of those rousing revues—singers (such as Pedro Vargas, a Mexican best-seller), flamenco dancers, cruising violinists, and all—that generally make their home in the big Central and South American show places. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the exhibition dancing by the customers makes the performance here continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and a show at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders calls this Village playground to order with her special collection of ringing phrases and vigorous chest tones. She and her compeers—Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn, at their sentimental and euphoric pianos—carry on every night but Monday. The rest of the cast is simply practicing for who knows what. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, giving every line he reads a wonderful flavor of lunacy, is the prize of a tiny revue, "The Game Is Up," which also makes good use of Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. The revue itself is erratic. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The British spoof called "Cambridge Circus" is now having its ups and its downs here. It takes place at eight-thirty most nights, at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A home away from Cuba for any number of habitués of the Latin languages. Miguelito Valdes, whose feet are amazingly well sprung, is the main event of the higgledy-piggledy little floor show that happens at dinner and supper. Dancing goes on and on in between, and even on Sunday afternoons, from two until seven. . . . **STROLLERS CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): On the stage of this Charles Dickens tavern and grill, there is music every now and then by the lightly treading modernist threesome of Marian McPartland. What happens after ten is guesswork; it is possible, though, that Betty Furness still conducts her open-forum, what-will-we-talk-about-next? séances, which can involve anyone in the house. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): The cast of the sometimes quite amorphous revue put together by Vaughn Meader does little to impair its amateur standing, and Mr. M., an entertaining fellow, always has to carry the ball (a lightweight one) himself. Kickoff time is nine; no revue Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The sound of Bill Evans' piano is mordant, magic, and mystic—sort of djinn and bitter lemon, you might say. It is attached to his trio, which takes turns on the stand with the duo of Roland Hanna. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Cannonball Adderley's sextet is the local thunderhead; young John Hammond and trio are crying the blues and such. Buffy Sainte-Marie, who is Cree and folk, sings Sundays and again Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays; Gloria Lynne, a more Broadway chanter, is there Fridays and Saturdays. Mondays are for visiting workmen. On Tuesday, Nov. 10, Josh White, folk singer emeritus, replaces the Adderleys. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Max Kaminsky leads a bumptious band (Jake Hanna and Bob Wilber are in it) into action, and Red Allen's musketeers help them out. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Even the eleven-man band that Charlie Mingus has assembled cannot carry out all the ideas that come to his mind, but it is a good try. On Tuesday, Nov. 10, John Coltrane's quintet will be added to this mass of experimentalists. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Breaking new ground is the avowed purpose of this colony. The crops, nourished by latter-day chemicals, are odd but in general absorbing. Wes Montgomery's quartet, now in residence, will be succeeded, on Friday, Nov. 6, by the quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, *2 St. Marks Pl., just east* of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Randy Weston is in an expansive mood (his band has grown to six men) and a modern one. Walter Bishop's threesome does the rest of the work. On Mondays, a quartet headed by David Amram assumes command. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko's assemblage of ah, yesterday musicians—Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leeman among them—really enjoys turning time backward in its flight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): All there is to know about playing jazz piano—all, that is, until Mary Lou Williams, the narrator, invents some more of it. Her threesome shares the podium with John Bunch, whose solo piano is likewise of intricate interest. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty there is a

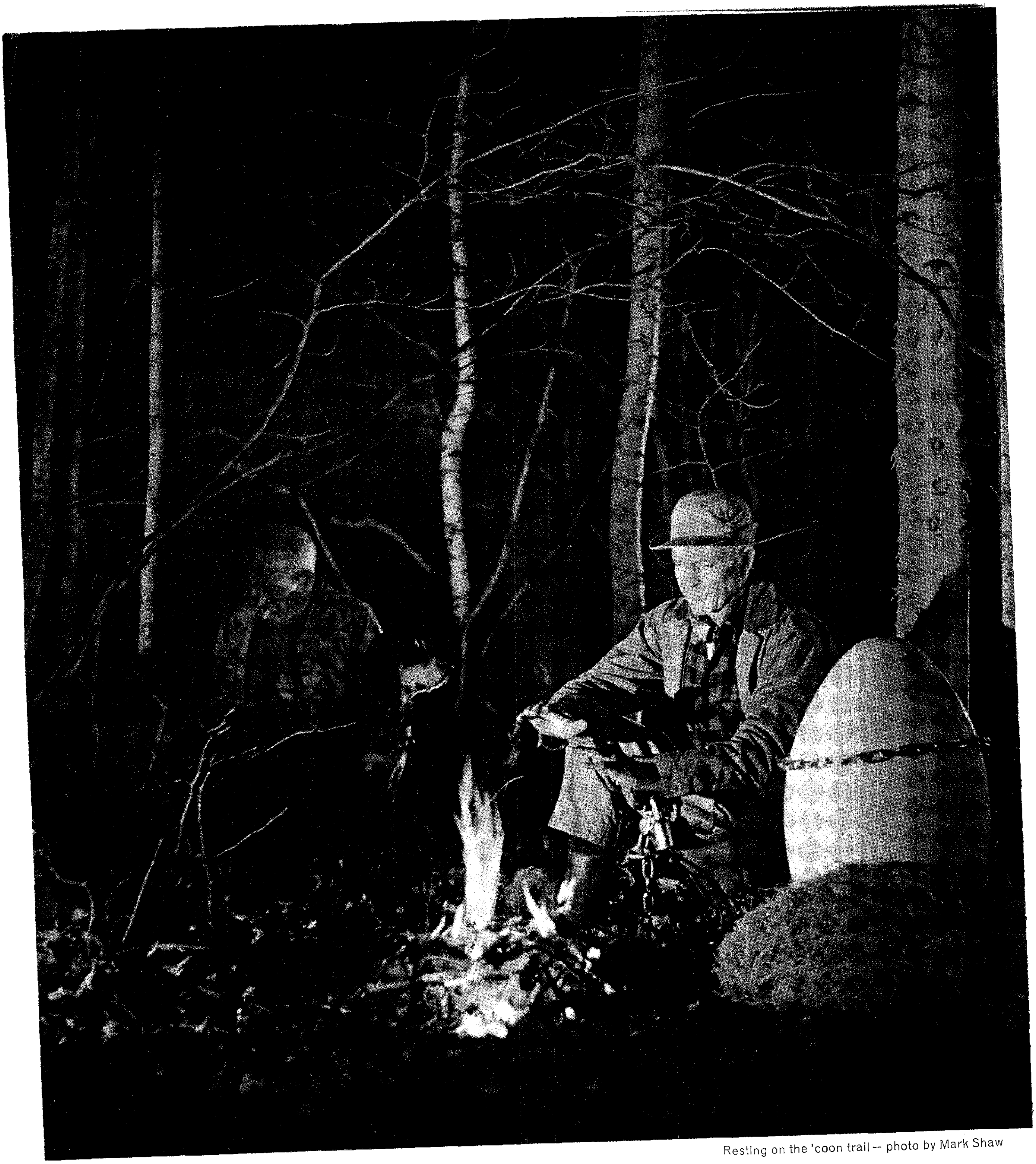




Six Dunbar chairs out for the night will stay just as the campfire catches them. Dunbar knows no phases. The youngest chair here is pushing half a decade. Which one? Who can tell but Edward Wormley and his staff. And they design without calendars to give Dunbar all the time in the world. See Dunbar at showrooms in New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis and Athens. Order through your interior designer or stores fine enough for Dunbar. Suggested retail prices in customer's own material (starting with the scoutleader and leftward): $525; $235; $425; $695; $495; $290. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Ind.

TOMORROW IS A FRIEND OF

DUNBAR



Resting on the 'coon trail — photo by Mark Shaw

Unfetter yourself. You have a friend at Chase Manhattan to help you care for your nest egg, and to provide you with carefully considered investment advice. Try us at your convenience.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

Head Office: 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, New York 10015

Dixieland jazz concert. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris is in it) use this period piece to make music that matches it. A trio replaces the group on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Nov. 28. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

IBRAHIM MAHFOUD AJAY—Constructions; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—"Man, Beast, and Nature," a showing of oils and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—Two paintings, "Winter" (on which he has worked for two years) and "Children in the Tree," together with preparatory (and other) drawings; through Nov. 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure studies; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Drawings (1915-64); through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

POL BURY—Mechanically operated sculptures by this Belgian-born Parisian; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—"Circus," an exhibition of ink drawings (1931-32) that will be running concurrently with his show (starting Friday) at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

HOWARD COOK—Oils and collages; through Nov. 19. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

MARINA NUÑEZ DEL PRADO—Semi-abstract stone figure sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Nov. 21. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—Paintings by this New Realist; through Nov. 21. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—New paintings of Maine; through Nov. 21. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL FEELEY—Optical abstractions; through Nov. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT GLEIZES AND THE SECTION D'OR—Paintings by Gleizes, against a background of paintings and sculptures by Léger, Lhote, Archipenko, and other participants in the 1912 exhibition the "Salon de la Section d'Or;" through Dec. 5. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HARVEY—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID V. HAYES—Semi-abstract figure and animal sculptures in forged steel and bronze; through Nov. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

GOTTFRIED HONEGGER—Paintings and reliefs by this Swiss-born artist; through Nov. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Paintings in white (1952-60); through Nov. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL KNATHS—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RICO LEBRUN—Expressionist paintings (1961-64) by this artist, who died in May; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Landscapes; through Nov. 19. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Posters; through Nov. 21. (Griffin, 32 E. 58th St.) . . . ¶ Portraits of Dora Maar, painted between 1937 and 1943; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RICHENBURG—Abstractions; through Nov. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT SANDECKI—Landscapes, seacoast scenes, and birds; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ETHEL SCHWABACHER—Portraits and abstract pastels; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Greenross, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID SMITH—Stainless-steel and painted-steel constructions, bronze planes, and lost-wax bronzes; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYD SOLOMON—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

BYRON THOMAS—A retrospective of paintings (1929-64), mostly figurative landscapes; through Nov. 21. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHONY TONEY—Figure and landscape paintings; through Nov. 21. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

BART VAN DER SCHELLING—Gouache landscapes and still-lifes; through Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

ÉDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty paintings by this French artist; through Nov. 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—"Improvisations of New York," a show of paintings and drawings from the early part of the century; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

SIDNEY WOLFSON—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

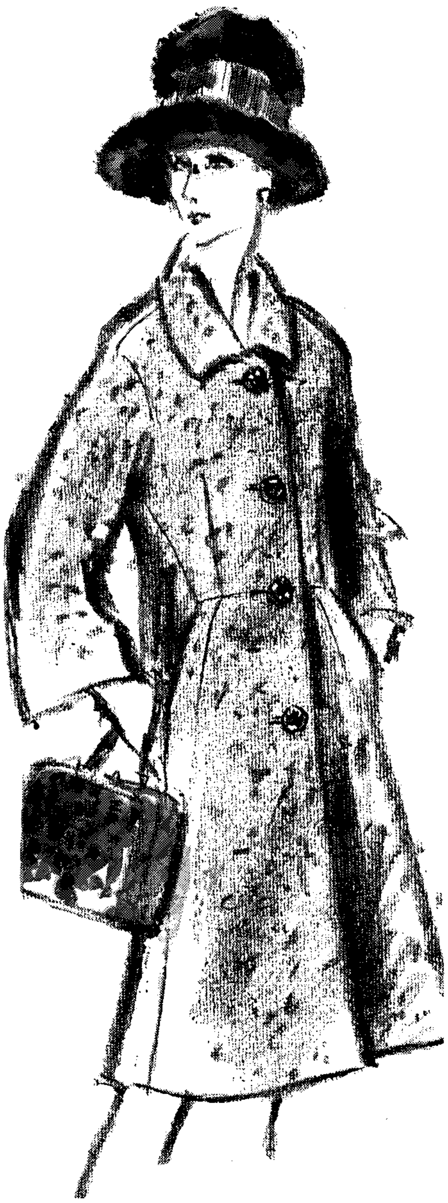
SCULPTORS GUILD—Their annual exhibit, made up of pieces by seventy-two members, including Cleo Hartwig, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach; through Nov. 26. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—"Magic and Religion in African Art," an exhibition of masks, statues, and various implements in wood, ivory, and cast bronze; through Nov. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA AMERICAN HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: This new gallery, devoted to art of the 1880-1930 period, in its opening exhibit has works by (for instance) Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Lawson; through Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Among the participants in a show of pop art called "American Supermarket" are Jasper Johns, Bob Watts, and Andy Warhol; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by five artists who live and work in Maine—William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Hans Moller, and Waldo Peirce; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The fifty-first annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Nov. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Homer D. Martin, and other artists of the Hudson River School; through Nov. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—"Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Nov. 28. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—The first of two



BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

This little black coat
may go to market but it's
more likely to go from
lunch to the theater
with the quiet elegance
that draws beautiful notices.
Crisp boucle type wool
with wool interlining
and the slim fitting flare
of winter '64. By Towncliffe,
sizes 6 to 16.
(N-51) **100.00** 4th Floor

Also at our 20 convenient Branches

Peck & Peck

Lightweight worsted:
very suitable for
the Peck & Peck Girl

Makes excellent fashion sense—
this lighter looming for
comfortable weight indoors, or
under furs. Very new: the
rolled, side-closing collar.
Winter navy only, 8 to 16. 85⁰⁰

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

twenty-fifth-anniversary exhibitions, this one presenting works chiefly by Expressionists. Oskar Kokoschka, Gustav Klimt, and Egon Schiele are three of the artists represented. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by the French modernist Pierre Bonnard; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Four aluminum sculptures and a selection of silk-screen prints by the British artist Eduardo Paolozzi; through Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty woodcuts and lithographs and a dozen illustrated books from the past twenty years by Antonio Frasconi; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts, dating mostly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this exhibit one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A survey of paintings (1928-64) by Jean Hélion, tracing his development from earlier abstraction to current realism; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures from the collection of Caroline and Erwin Swann, including examples by Francis Bacon, Degas, Miró, and Rodin; through Nov. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabile-mobiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Starting Friday, Nov. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show of Calder drawings at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent American sculptures by John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, Richard Stankiewicz, and four others; through Nov. 29. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its hundred and fifty-seven miniatures; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and so on; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"*West Side Artists—New York City,*" an exhibit of eighty paintings and sculptures by as many artists, among them John Koch, Theodoros Stamos, and Herbert Ferber; through Sunday, Nov. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings, drawings, and black-and-whites by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE *6-1210. Other* box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna d'Angelo, Arturo Sergi, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Gladys Kriese, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolae Herlea, Barry Morell, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Otello," with Raina Kabaivanska, Joann Grillo, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and John Alexander. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720, before 2 on Friday.). . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Flaviano Labò, Cornell MacNeil, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Falstaff," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: A new production of Fokine's ballet "Les Sylphides," staged by Dame Alicia Markova; and "Don Pasquale," with Gianna d'Angelo, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Gladys Kriese, Sándor Kónya, Paul Schöffler, Karl Dönch, Ezio Flagello, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Nicolae Herlea, Flaviano Labò, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Natalia Petrovna." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Don Giovanni," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "Die Fledermaus," in English. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 8: "Salome." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 12: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 13: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 14: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 14: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 15: "Don Giovanni," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: "Fledermaus," in English. (Brooklyn Academy *of Music, 30 Lafayette* Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Josef Krips conducting on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano). . . . ¶ William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 13, at 2:15; and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30 (no soloists).

DETROIT SYMPHONY—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

WARSAW PHILHARMONIC—*At Carnegie Hall*—Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: Witold Rowicki conducting, with Wanda Wilkomirska, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: Stanislaw Wislocki conducting, with Wladyslaw Kedra, piano.

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Luigi Dallapiccola directing and playing the piano in a program of his own works, with Adele Addison, soprano, and the Festival Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Thomas Dunn conducting, with Charles Bressler, tenor, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; and Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 7-8, at 8:30.)

HERMANN SCHERCHEN—Conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra in the first two in a series of six concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 8:30, an all-Bach program, with Claude Monteux, flute, and Maureen Forrester, contralto; and Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30, Baroque Trumpets, no soloists.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8:40.)

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

ROGER WAGNER CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Roger Wagner directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

RICHARD GOODE—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

EMIL GILELS—Piano, in a Schubert-Shostakovich program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

GEORGE SHIRLEY—Tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

WILLIAM CLAUSON—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

RAFAEL PUYANA—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

JAN PEERCE—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The third in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:40.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—Zara Nelsova, cello, and Grant Johannesen, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

ESTHER GLAZER—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 5:15.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

HOWARD LEBOW—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

DELLER CONSORT—A program of vocal music of the Renaissance and baroque eras by this group appearing here for the first time. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

FOLK-SONG CONCERT—Lightnin' Hopkins, Mississippi John Hurt, Dave Van Ronk, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Harold Farberman. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

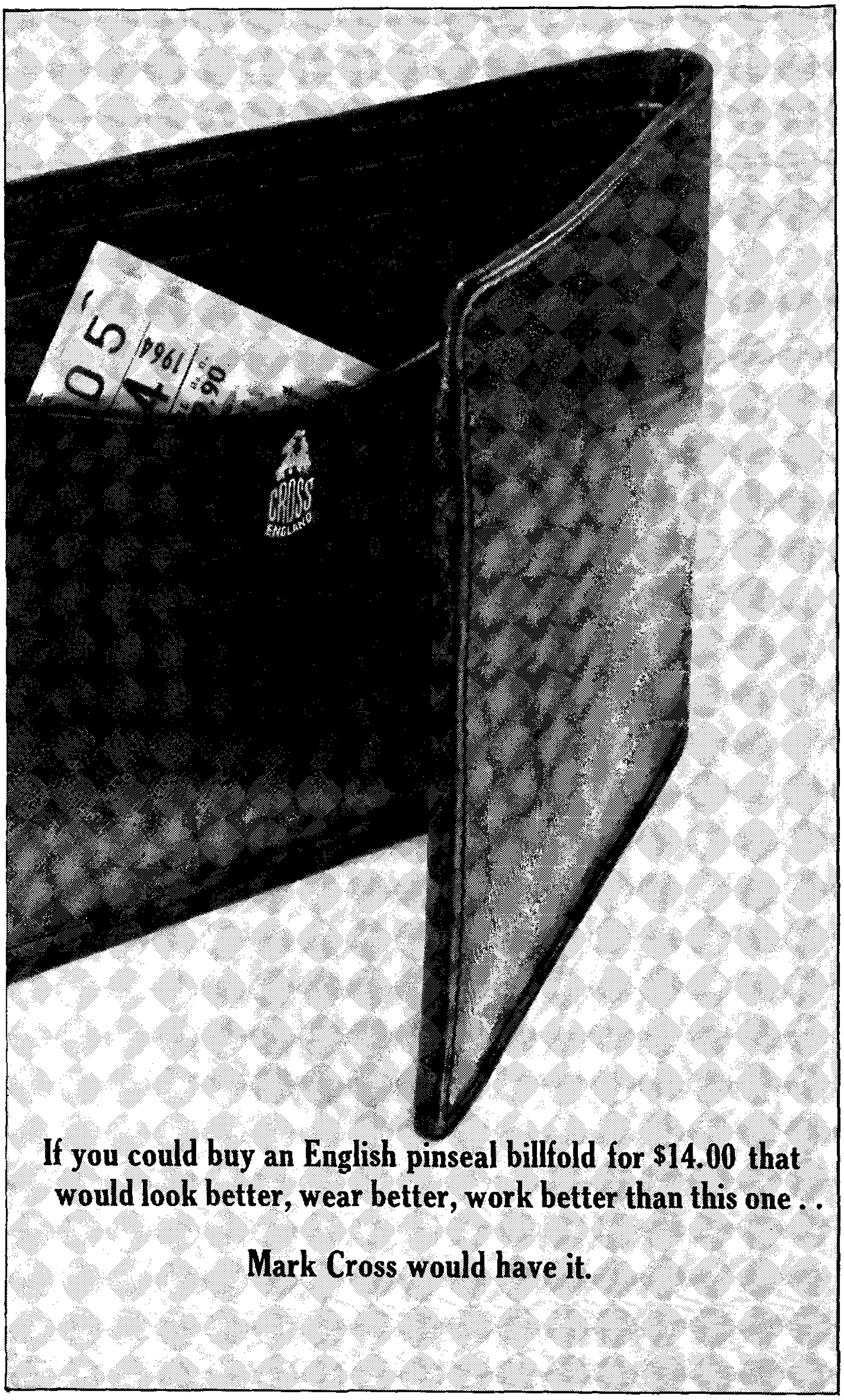
SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 6:30: Boston vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

BOXING—Dick Wipperman vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 7: Army vs. Syracuse, at Yankee Stadium, at 1:30. . . .


If you could buy an English pinseal billfold for $14.00 that would look better, wear better, work better than this one . .
Mark Cross would have it.

Perfection is not limited by price. Whether it costs $14 or $1,400, we insist that a gift bearing the Mark Cross seal set a standard of quality in its category. Perhaps that's why Mark Cross gifts have been so highly valued for generations. Now, for the first time, they are available at Mark Cross Shops in specially selected stores across the country. You'll find this handsome billfold at all the stores listed below. Visit the one nearest you.

ALLENTOWN, PA./P. A. FREEMAN . . . BALTIMORE, MD./HUTZLERS . . BIRMINGHAM, ALA./BIRMINGHAM TRUNK FACTORY . . . BOSTON, MASS./R. H. STEARNS . . . BUFFALO, NEW YORK/HENGERERS . . . CINCINNATI, OHIO/POGUE'S . . . COLUMBUS, OHIO/THE TRAVEL SHOP CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX./LICHTENSTEIN'S . . . DENVER, COLORADO/GANO DOWNS . . . FLORIDA/BURDINE'S . . . GROSSE POINTE, MICHIGAN/THE SIGN OF THE MERMAID . . . HAMILTON, BERMUDA/H. A. & E. SMITH . HARTFORD, CONN./G. FOX . . . JACKSONVILLE FLA./LEVY'S . . . LITTLE ROCK, ARK./M. M. COHN . . . OMAHA, NEBRASKA/THE NEBRASKA RICHMOND, VIRGINIA/MILLER & RHOADS . . . SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS/FROST BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1845
MARK
CROSS
TRADE MARK
ENGLAND

707 FIFTH AVENUE

BONWIT TELLER

BONWIT CAPTURES THE PARTY EMPIRE

Kate Greenaway's enchanting white pleated party dresses are the prettiest imported open-work cotton, empire sashed in emerald green cotton sateen. For 3 to 6X sizes, 8.00 7 to 14 sizes, 9.00

Mail and phone orders filled.

GIRLS

721 Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Oakbrook

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. New York University, at Fordham, at 2. . . . ¶ Maryland vs. Navy, at College Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 14:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2:05.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 1:05.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7:30.)

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 10. Competitions nightly at 7:45, plus Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 1:45.)

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 7.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 14.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays; last day Saturday, Dec. 12. Through Saturday, Nov. 7, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be noon. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 7; the Vosburgh Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 11; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 7; the Trenton Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 11; and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Nov. 12. The Washington, D.C., International, Wednesday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:30).

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—**CONCERTS FOR CHILDREN:** A program of folk music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:30.)

BALLET—The Westchester Ballet Company presenting "Peter and the Wolf" and "The Dream Toy Shop." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 7, and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 11.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AIRY GROUP:** "I Wish I May." (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **COME ALONG WITH MARA:** "Land of the Playful Dragon." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30 (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pied Piper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Messages from Space." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Veterans' Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue, and "One Wish Too Many," a short British film. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2. Admission is free.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Monday, Nov. 9, at 8:30: Claire McAllister and Jean Valentine reading from their own poetry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30: Harold Pinter reading from his short stories and poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL EXHIBITION—First editions of his fifty-one books, four paintings signed W.S.C., three hundred photographs, a palette and paint brushes, and other memorabilia, in a show arranged to celebrate Sir Winston's ninetieth birthday. Through Nov. 30. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Nov. 7, at 1:45: Aubusson, Bessarabian, and other rugs, assembled by Ohan Berberyan. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 10-11, at 1:45: Books and manuscripts, from the library of Arne Pettersen.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 21, 24, and 28, and Dec. 1, 8, 12, and 15.

BOXING—Cassius Clay vs. Sonny Liston, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Nov. 16.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 5.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Harvard vs. Yale. (Cambridge. Nov. 21.) . . . ¶ Army vs. Navy. (Philadelphia. Nov. 28.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Dec. 12. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Nov. 29.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 15, 22, 25, and 29, and Dec. 2, 9, and 13.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Nov. 28-29.)

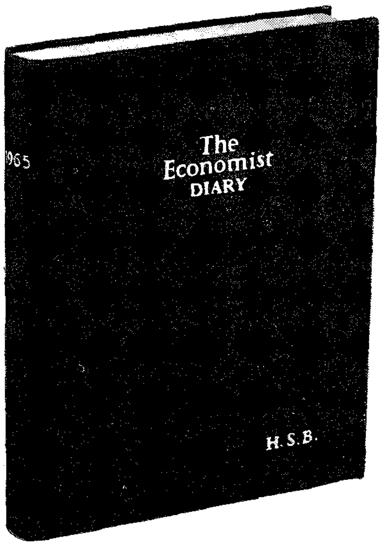
MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 17. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Hermann Scherchen conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 15, 18, and 22. . . . ¶ Concert Opera Association, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Nov. 17 and Dec. 1 and 8. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Nov. 20 and 27. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Obernkirchen Children's Choir, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Mantovani and an orchestra, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Harry Belafonte, ballad singer, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft conducting an orchestra in a program of Stravinsky works, Dec. 6. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Orchestra of America, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Eugene List, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Nov. 18 and 25 and Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Jan Gorbaty, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Richard Tucker, tenor, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 22-23 and Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 6 and 11. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 8. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Clarion Concert, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Vivian Rivkin, piano, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Sabicas, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Cesare Valletti, tenor, Dec. 4. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (RE 7-8490): Robert Casadesus, piano, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Dec. 5. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (CO 5-6811): The Regimental Bands and Pipe and Drum Bands of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Royal Ulster Rifles, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, plus Irish dancers from the Women's Royal Army Corps, Nov. 18-20.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—At the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center—American Dance Theatre, Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, Dec. 11-Feb. 21.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Owl and the Pussycat," a two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, starring Diana Sands and Alan Alda. . . . ¶ A five-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, at the City Center. . . . ¶ Geraldine Page in "P.S. I Love You," a comedy adapted by Lawrence Roman from André Roussin's French original, "Un Amour Qui Ne Finit Pas." . . . ¶ Roland Petit's Paris revue, "Zizi," with a company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians, headed by Zizi Jeanmaire. . . . ¶ "Bajour," a musical based on the articles about gypsies that Joseph Mitchell wrote for this magazine, with a book by Ernest Kinoy, music and lyrics by Walter Marks, and a cast that includes Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr. . . . ¶ A two-week engagement by the Schiller Theater of West Berlin, presenting "Don Carlos" and "Der Hauptmann von Koepenick," in German. . . . ¶ George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels are the entire cast of a play by William Hanley, "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground." . . . ¶ A play by Dore Schary, "One by One," with Donald Madden, Donald Woods, and Sharon Laughlin. . . . ¶ Jean Kerr's new comedy, called "Poor Richard," in which Alan Bates, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Pettet will appear. . . . ¶ The second play in the Lincoln Center Repertory's second season at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre will be Arthur Miller's "Incident at Vichy." . . . ¶ Julie Harris and Lou Antonio in a comedy, "Ready When You Are, C.B.!," by Susan Slade. . . . ¶ A musical, "I Had a Ball," with Buddy Hackett and Richard Kiley in the leading roles. Jerome Chodorov wrote the book, and the music and lyrics were turned out by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. . . . ¶ "All Honorable Men," a play by Joseph Kramm, with George Grizzard and John Colicos.

PROSE READINGS—Nov. 15: Margaret Webster. . . . ¶ Dec. 6: Truman Capote. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500.)

OTHER DATES—Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 20-22. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 26.



a handsome, unusual, useful gift...
OUR AMERICAN EDITION OF
THE 1965 ECONOMIST DIARY

This outstanding diary belongs in every executive's office or home. Compiled and published exclusively for us by The Economist, one of England's most distinguished newspapers, it contains:

- 13months' diary, with a week's appointments at a glance; a book that lies open flat on the desk.
- 32 pages of facts and figures, covering the world.
- 32 pages of maps, in color.
- 40 pages of special Americana—government, taxes, finance, trade, population, communications, labor, etc.—from our ambassadors abroad...to analysis of our largest metropolitan areas.
- A memorandum book, a valuable record file.
- A complete reference book, with the latest available facts and figures on world trade, primary products, production, etc.

The Economist Diary is 8" x 10", printed on fine plate-finish parchment, spiral bound, and covered in handsome red leather. The title is blocked in gold. Cover gold leaf initialed at no extra cost. $12.50

Address Mail Orders to Dept. N

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON · PITTSBURGH · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Babo 73—A short, raw, very funny assault on practically every sacred cow in sight. Written and directed by Robert Downey. (Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St., SP 7-3810. Mondays through Thursdays at 9 and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at 7, 10, and 1 A.M.; and Sundays at 5, 8, and 11.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Nov. 8.)

Fail Safe—A grand thriller, which had better be based on a false premise. With Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 10.)

From Russia with Love—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 10.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Nov. 10.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 10.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too flat. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Let's Talk About Women—A multiple-episode Italian comedy with an accurate title, made extremely funny by Vittorio Gassman. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Nov. 11, tentative.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—An Irish braggart on the make in Montreal. Faultlessly acted by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Nov. 8.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—How to escape from prison, in fifty or so not at all easy lessons. A French picture, directed by Jacques Becker. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 11.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Soft Skin—The wages of sin is death, but one hardly expected François Truffaut to say so. A beautiful study of a wretched marital mixup, with Jean Desailly, Nelly Benedetti, and Françoise Dorleac. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

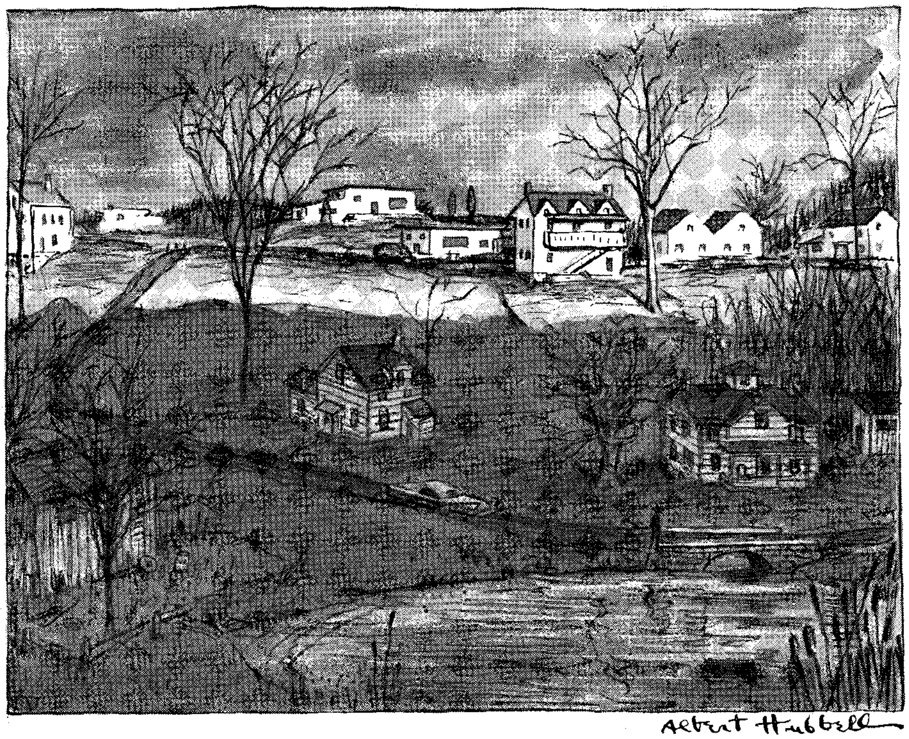
Yanco—An unassuming and affecting picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Nov. 6-7.)

REVIVALS

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 10.)

. . . And Suddenly It's Murder! (1964)—An Italian suspense comedy, starring Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 10, tentative.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Nov. 11.)



Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 9.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 6-8.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 11.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 10.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Nov. 8-10.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 6-9.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy centering on a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; through Nov. 8.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 5.)

Road to Life (1932)—The wild children of the Russian Revolution and how the Soviets handled them. In Russian. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 6-8.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 9-10.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and scheming in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 9.)

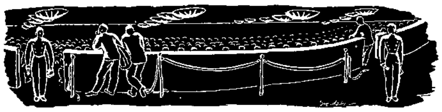
Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and many others. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 11.)

Violin and Roller (1962)—This short (fifty-five-minutes) Russian film deals with the friendship between a small boy who plays the violin and a young man who drives a steam roller. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 9-10.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 8-10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 7: "A Dozen French Eggs" (1908) and "Troubles of a Grass Widower" (1908), both silent French films; and "Hell's Hinges" (1916), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 8-11: "The Deserter" (1916); and "Down to Earth" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Nov. 9: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From Nov. 10: "Roustabout," Elvis Presley, Barbara Stanwyck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
MARY POPPINS.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Young Swordsman" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings. (On the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 8, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the football game between the Giants and the Dallas Cowboys.)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 10: **FAIL SAFE**; and "Under the Yum Yum Tree," revival, Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.
From Nov. 11: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.
From Nov. 11 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 10: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 11: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 10: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**
From Nov. 11: "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Seance on a Wet Afternoon," Kim Stanley, Richard Attenborough. (Showings daily at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at midnight. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Nov. 8: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.**
From Nov. 9: "The Pumpkin Eater," Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Nov. 8: **LOLITA**, revival; and "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
Nov. 9: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival.
From Nov. 10: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 8: **BECKET.**
Nov. 9-10: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 11: "The Finest Hours," a documentary film on the life of Winston Churchill, narrated by Orson Welles.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): **. . . AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER!** (in Italian), revival; and "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.
From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris; and "Jolly Bad Fellow," Leo McKern, Janet Munro.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 10: "Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen; and "PT 109," revival, Cliff Robertson.
From Nov. 11: "Station Six-Sahara," Carroll Baker, Peter Van Eyck; and "Stop Train 349," José Ferrer, Sean Flynn.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 9: "The Moon-Spinners," Hayley Mills, Eli Wallach.
From Nov. 10: "Roustabout," Elvis Presley, Barbara Stanwyck; and "Stage to Thunder Rock," Barry Sullivan, Marilyn Maxwell.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 5: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; "On the Bowery," revival, a semi-documentary film; and "Come Back, Africa," revival, a semi-documentary film.
Nov. 6-9: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Nov. 10: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.

Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-3810)
BABO 73.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Nov. 5: "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell; and "I Like Money," revival, Peter Sellers.
Nov. 6-7: **YANCO**, a Mexican film; and "The Duel" (in Russian).
Nov. 8-10: **HENRY V**, revival.
From Nov. 11: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 10: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From Nov. 11: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 10: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 9: **FAIL SAFE**; and "The Reluctant Saint," revival, Maximilian Schell, Ricardo Montalban.
From Nov. 10: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "The Avenger," Steve Reeves.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 7: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Love on the Riviera," Marcello Mastroianni, Alberto Sordi.
Nov. 8-10: **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.
From Nov. 11: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

23 Cinema (formerly R.K.O. 23rd St.), 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 10: "Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen; and "PT 109," revival, Cliff Robertson.
From Nov. 11: "Station Six-Sahara," Carroll Baker, Peter Van Eyck; and "Stop Train 349," José Ferrer, Sean Flynn.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Moon-Spinners," Hayley Mills, Eli Wallach.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Nov. 5: "Chapayev" and "The House I Live In" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Nov. 6-8: **ROAD TO LIFE** and **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (both in Russian and both revivals).
Nov. 9-10: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** and **VIOLIN AND ROLLER** (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Nov. 11: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Chelkash" (in Russian).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

Cinema Rendezvous (formerly 57th St. Normandie), 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Days with Jean-Marc" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 7: **HENRY V**, revival.
From Nov. 8: "The Inheritance," a documentary film on the American workingman, narrated by Robert Ryan.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Nov. 11 (tentative): **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE SOFT SKIN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
LIMELIGHT, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 10: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Nov. 11: "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 5: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
Nov. 6-9: "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell; and "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival.
From Nov. 10: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 10: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Love on the Riviera," Marcello Mastroianni, Alberto Sordi.
From Nov. 11: "Bebo's Girl" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, George Chakiris; and "Jolly Bad Fellow," Leo McKern, Janet Munro.

Switched-on: Great American Knits of lively, luscious "Orlon"®

MADEMOISELLE ARLETTE knows the look. In London it's Mod. All over the world it's young. In "Orlon"* acrylic it's witty, well-mannered and with-it. Left: the Kicky dress. About $40. Right: Missey suit. About $50. In purple/white, green/white. Prices slightly higher in the West. Knit fashions of "Orlon" shown, available at these fine stores: Bonwit Teller, New York; Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Jordan Marsh, Miami; L. S. Ayres & Co. of Indiana.

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or the clothes shown here.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sole Distributors: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

Napoleon ordered all houses in Cologne to be numbered consecutively. Ours was No. 4711.

One day in 1794, Napoleon's quartermaster galloped up to our front door, chalked "No. 4711" above it, and galloped off.

We've been known as The House of 4711 ever since. And everything we've made has carried the number Napoleon gave us. 4711 Colognes. 4711 Perfumes. 4711 Bath Crystals. 4711 Beauty Creams. 4711 Soaps.

4711 everything.

But first came 4711 Eau de Cologne; the cologne from Cologne, made from a centuries-old secret formula.

Because we've never tampered with its formula, 4711 is still a refreshant cologne, not a perfumed cologne. So it can be used by both men and women, with aplomb.

(Men like it as a bracer after shaving. Women, as a subtly fragrant freshener. Both, as an invigorating ending to a bath or shower.)

In fact, in Europe, both men and women have used 4711 since 1792. The year a Carthusian monk gave the formula to our founder, a young banker named Mülhens.

(The monks had a name for it: Aqua Admirabilis. "Miracle Water." We won't go quite that far.)

Soon young Mr. Mülhens began preparing the formula in a little house on Glockengasse (Bell Lane), across the street from the Cologne stage coach station.

Travelers used to drop over for a bottle or two, and word got around fast. The cologne from Cologne became Europe's favorite; an honor it still holds.

The formula is still the same, and we still guard it as zealously as ever. (The precautions we take might seem a little outlandish. But they work.)

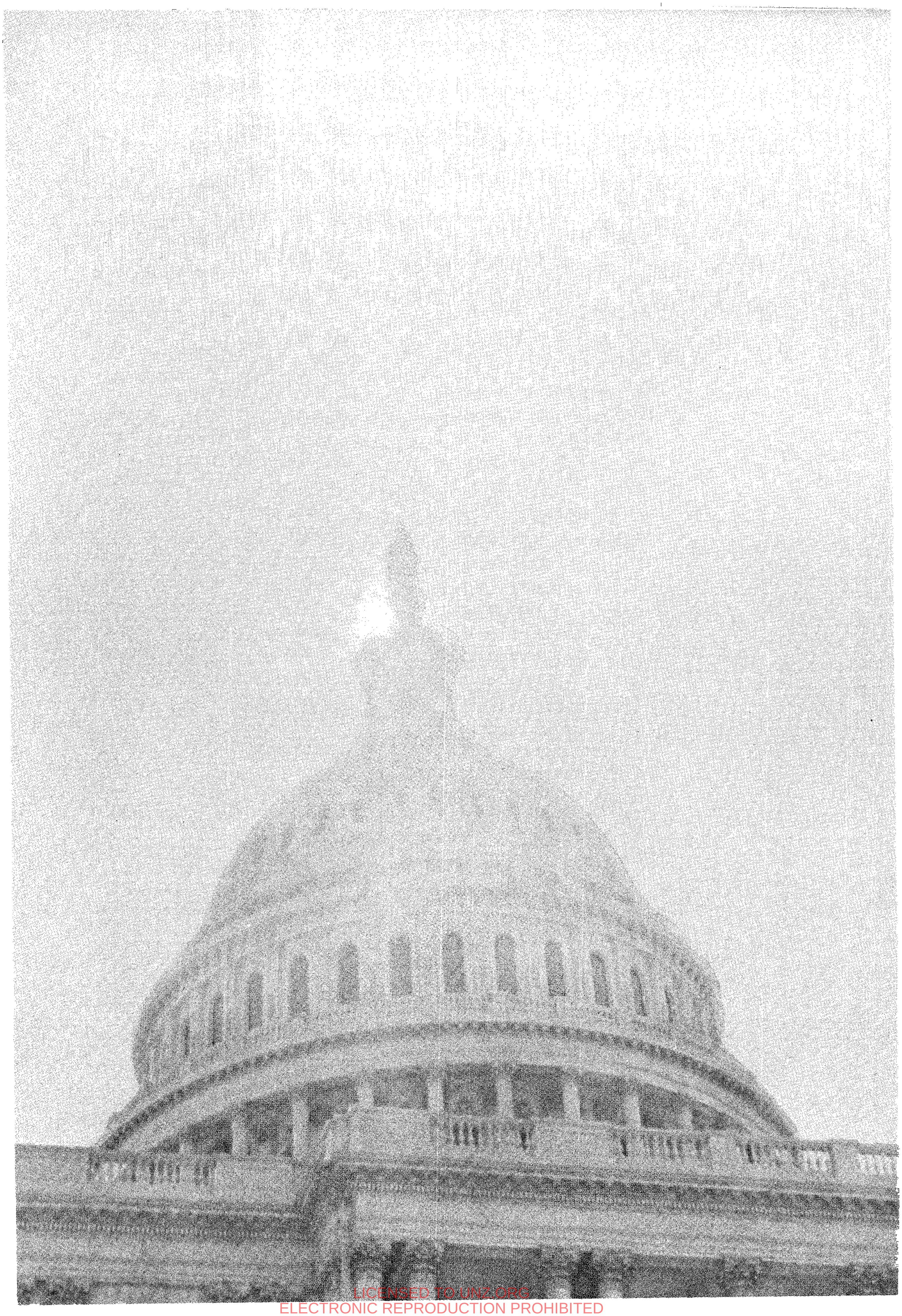
Today, only Ferdinand Mülhens (the founder's great-great-great-grandson) knows 4711's secret formula. He prepares it in a locked vault that only a Mülhens may enter. 4711's many essences are run into the vault through separate pipes, then drawn off in proportions known only to the sixth Mr. Mülhens.

A most unusual way to make a cologne in this day and age, perhaps. But then 4711 is a most unusual cologne.

After all; wasn't it named by Napoleon?

EAU DE COLOGNE
4711

The House of 4711



How the great engineers of Borg-Warner helped cool off Capitol Hill

The problem: how to air condition the Capitol, the Supreme Court, Library of Congress... and other majestic buildings on Capitol Hill in Washington without stacking huge air conditioning towers on top of them. Here's how the equipment of Borg-Warner's York Division helped the Architect of the Capitol solve this problem.

WHEN CONGRESS decided to air condition the beautiful buildings on Capitol Hill, it created a tough problem for the Architect of the Capitol and his engineers. There wasn't room to install the necessary machinery without defacing the buildings. And *that* would never do.

Finally, they decided to use the same plant that furnishes the steam that heats the buildings to provide the cold water for cooling them. The plant was small, so the compressors would have to take up as little room as possible—yet still be capable of cooling *several* buildings.

That's where the engineers at York stepped in. They built and installed the machines that did the job.

But all this was in 1938. In the 26 years since, Capitol Hill has grown and grown. And York has been called on again and again for bigger, more efficient equipment. Result: By the end of this year, the Capitol Hill plant will be among the largest air conditioning installations in the world, with a cooling capacity of 15,400 tons.

How much is 15,400 tons? More than enough to cool every house in Groton, Connecticut, or Vero Beach, Florida, or Kilgore, Texas. It takes two miles of specially built tunnels to pipe the cold water from these machines to the buildings they cool. And the pumps that circulate it must pump 22,800,000 gallons of water every day.

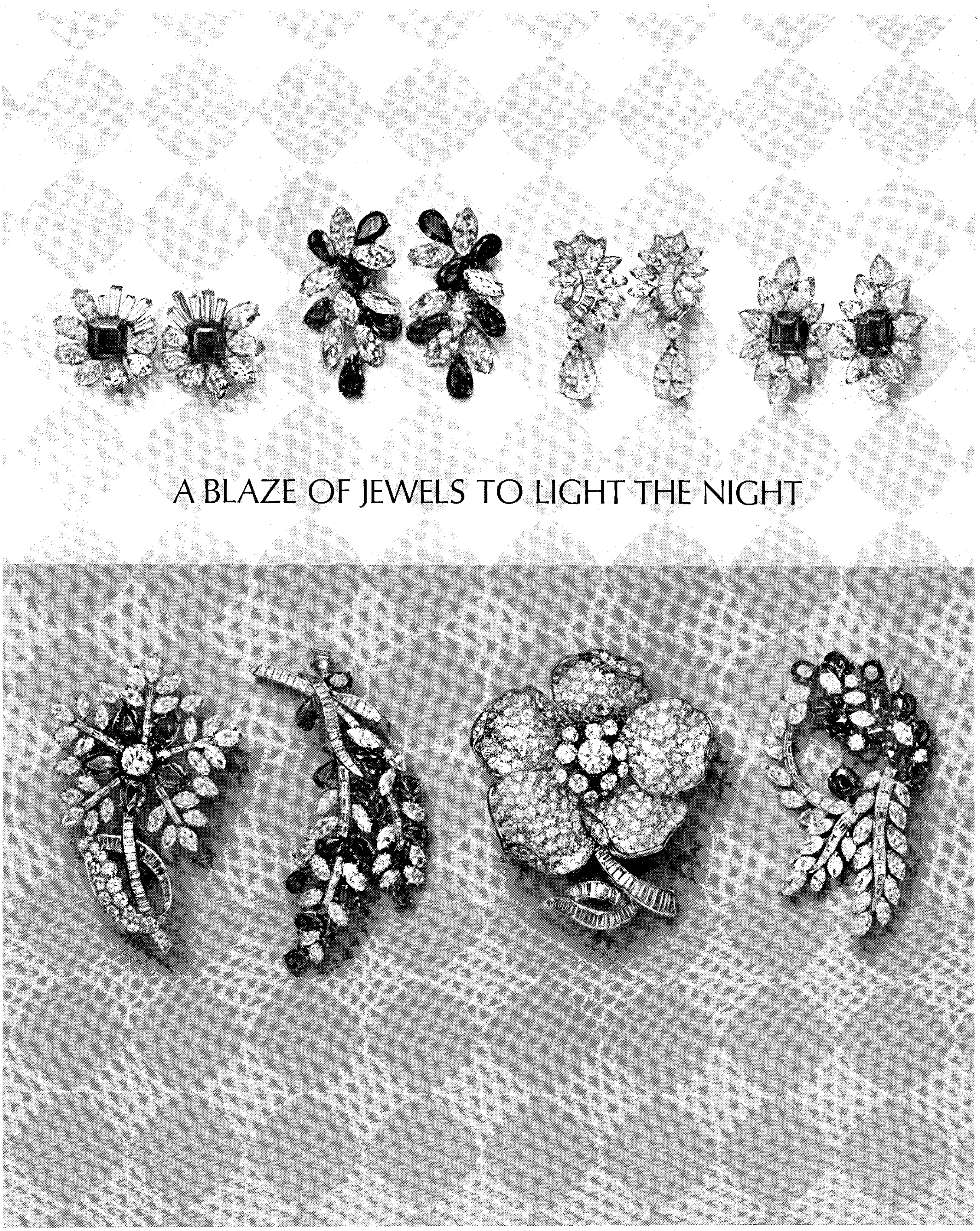
York has been doing remarkable things in air conditioning for a long time now. The engineers at York developed the first room air conditioner, the first automatic ice maker, and the first commercial thermoelectric ice maker. Last year, York produced the first effective odor-inhibiting filter for commercial air conditioners.

York has plunged into the atomic age in a big way, too. The Peach Bottom atomic generating plant needed a refrigerating system that would run for at least three years *without repair.* York did the job.

Borg-Warner looks on the great engineers of their York Division with a combination of affection and awe. Wouldn't you?

BORG WARNER ™
The great engineers

Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60604 ©1964, B-W Corp.



EARRINGS, LEFT TO RIGHT: EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS, $15,000. SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS, $30,000. DIAMONDS WITH PEAR-SHAPED DROPS, $17,000. RUBIES AND DIAMONDS, $23,800. BROOCHES, LEFT TO RIGHT: EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS, $16,500. SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS, $7,500. PAVE DIAMONDS, $18,500. RUBIES AND DIAMONDS, $12,500. ALL MOUNTED IN PLATINUM. ACTUAL SIZE. FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED.

CARTIER, INC. | FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET, N.Y. 22, N.Y. | PLAZA 3-0111 | CARTIER, S.A., PARIS | CARTIER, LTD., LONDON | CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH

Cartier

Five nationalities are represented at this party aboard a "happy" ship of Holland-America Line.

Do you meet different people on Holland-America First Class to Europe?

Dr. Cornelis Koning says: "Oui. Si. Ja. Absoluut."

"Most of the people who sail with Holland-America," says ship's doctor Cornelis Koning, "are American. American as apple pie.

"But we also meet thousands of people whose national dishes are Veal Scallopini, Froglegs Sauté, Vienna Schnitzel, and Yorkshire Pudding.

"Holland-America First Class really attracts an international passenger list. Our gourmet restaurants please them. Our superb service. Our luxury. But there's something else, too. I think our reputation for sailing 'happy' ships appeals to people from every part of the world."

"Happy" is a nautical term of ancient and honorable origin. Because ships of the Holland-America Line are "happy," First Class takes on new meaning.

All the luxury is there. All the comfort. All the pampering. But there's also a sense of warmth, of camaraderie, of good companionship that makes First Class—listen carefully—*fun*.

Pretentiousness is thrown overboard. Stiff formality is jettisoned. The atmosphere is festive, friendly. People like each other better, get to know each other sooner, on a "happy" ship.

Ask your travel agent about accommodations—First Class, One Class or Tourist Class aboard the s.s. Rotterdam, Nieuw Amsterdam, Statendam or other happy ships—sailing to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway or Bremerhaven. And mail this coupon right now for very interesting literature about ships, Europe and you.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP

Holland-America Line

Pier 40-North River, New York 10014

Please send me a batch of brochures including "True or False about Holland-America First Class"

Name

Address

City State

Travel Agent 25TB

Be honest.
You can get practically all the time
you...or anyone else...
needs for $10.95 at the drug store.

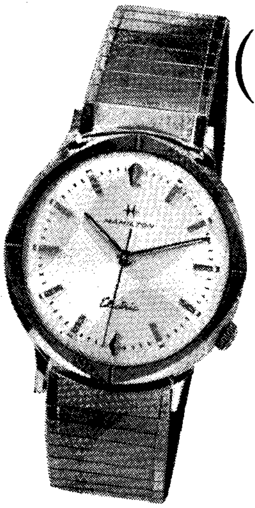
But if you want a watch,
get a Hamilton.

There's really nothing in between.

Look yourself straight in the eye.
What does a watch mean to you?
Just a handy little device that keeps track of seconds and minutes and hours and
(tick
tick
tick)

Okay. That's fair enough.

To you, the fine old
Hamilton Watch Company says:
don't get a watch,
get a timepiece.



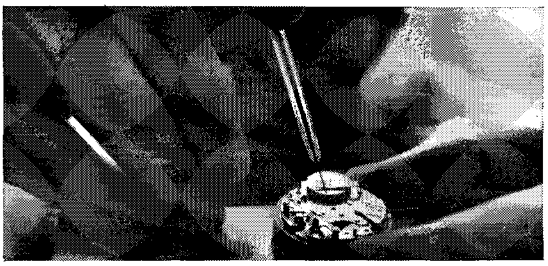
NAUTILUS ELECTRIC, 10K GOLD FILLED, $125.
OTHER HAMILTON ELECTRICS FROM $65. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX.

You know the kind.
$10.95 at the corner
drug store.
It's surprisingly accurate
(tick
tick
tick)
like a whiz.

But if you're a
Hamilton kind of person,
by george,
get a Hamilton.
There's just nothing
in between that
$10.95er and a Hamilton.

Hamilton. The great watch.

For instance. You have every right in the world to be a bit snobbish about even the oil in your Hamilton. An infinitesimal amount of oil. So tiny no naked eye can see it. To perfect even this microscopic amount of oil, Hamilton built its own oil refinery.



Tubes. Pipes. The works. Just for one microscopic amount of oil. Seems like madness in this day of Instant Everything.

But is it?

Isn't that exactly what makes a Hamilton like this Nautilus Electric your kind of a watch?

You're darned right.

Hamilton.

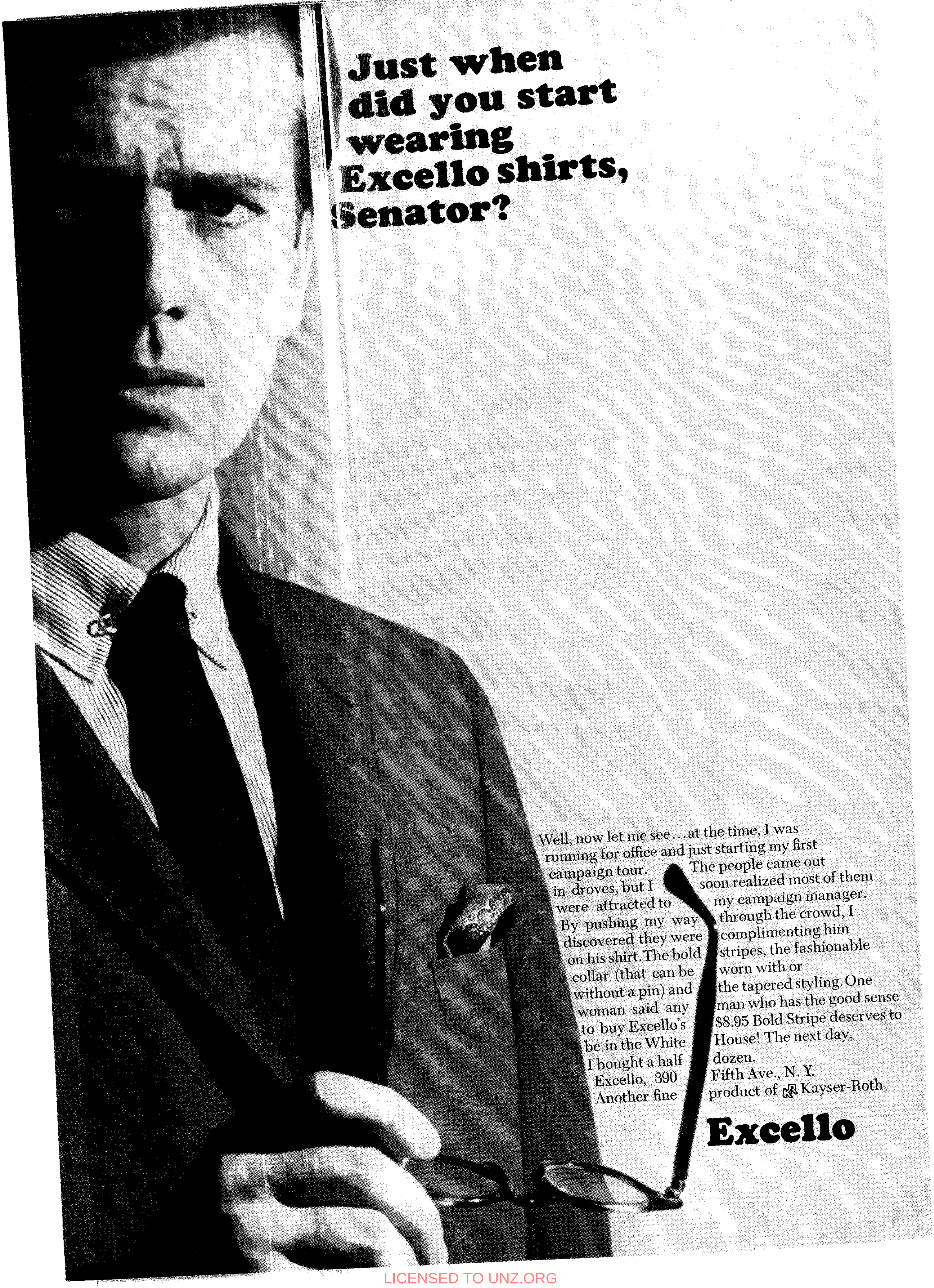
That's the way you do things.

And that's what we mean.
There's nothing but
(tick
tick
tick)
between that honest $10.95er from the drug store and an honest to goodness Hamilton.

Go one way or the other.
There is nothing in between.

Get time from a timepiece, but if you want a watch get a HAMILTON

SEE "N.F.L. TODAY" PRECEDING PRO FOOTBALL GAMES ON CBS-TV BROUGHT TO YOU BY HAMILTON.
HAMILTON WATCHES ARE SOLD BY JEWELERS IN THE U. S., CANADA AND 45 OTHER COUNTRIES. HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.



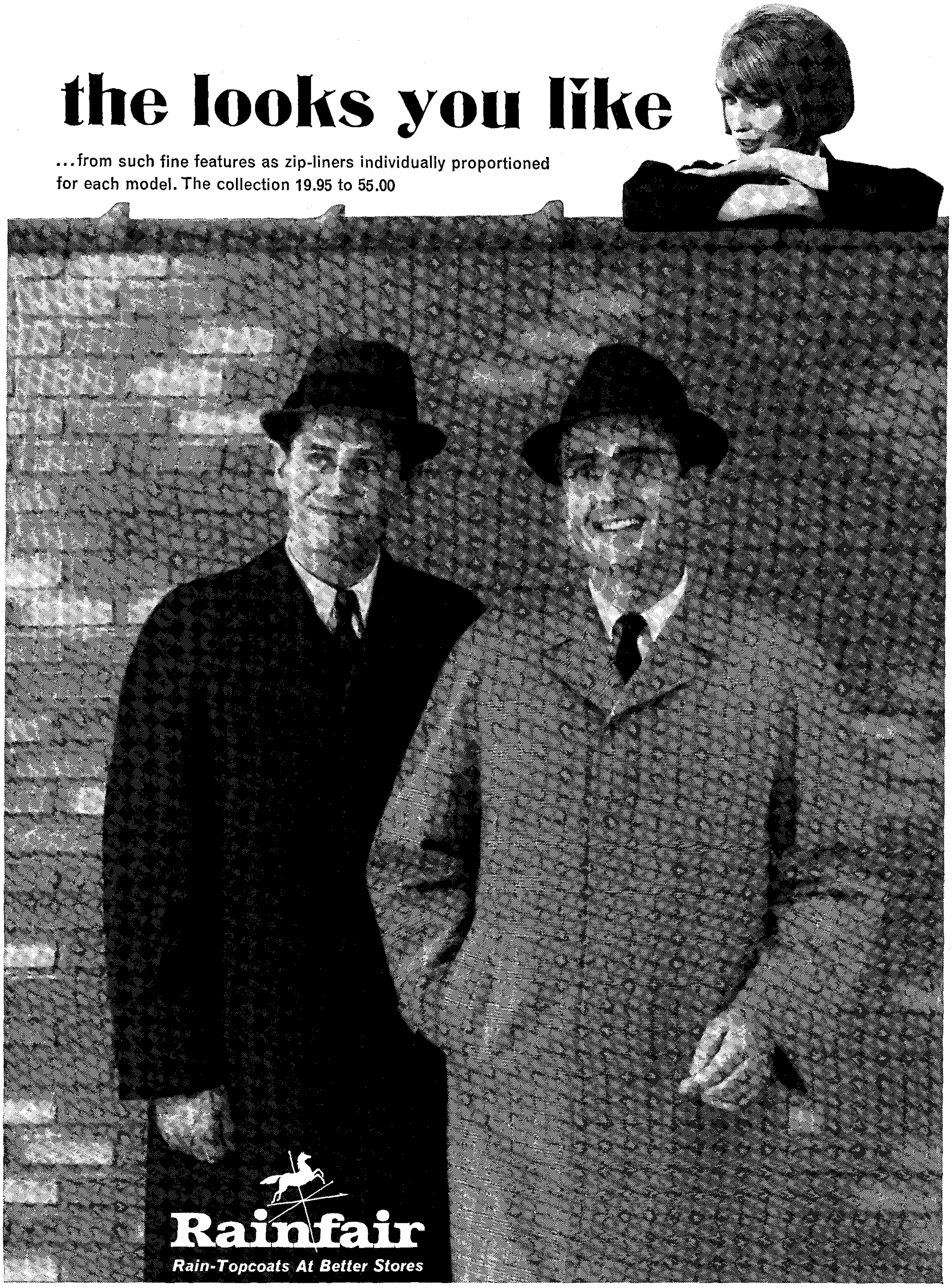
Just when did you start wearing Excello shirts, Senator?

Well, now let me see . . . at the time, I was running for office and just starting my first campaign tour. The people came out in droves, but I soon realized most of them were attracted to my campaign manager. By pushing my way through the crowd, I discovered they were complimenting him on his shirt. The bold stripes, the fashionable collar (that can be worn with or without a pin) and the tapered styling. One woman said any man who has the good sense to buy Excello's $8.95 Bold Stripe deserves to be in the White House! The next day, I bought a half dozen. Excello, 390 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth

Excello

the looks you like

...from such fine features as zip-liners individually proportioned for each model. The collection 19.95 to 55.00


Rainfair
Rain-Topcoats At Better Stores

Left: Astronaut—darks or tan. 65% Dacron, 35% cotton. 39.95. Right: Electra—checks or plaids. 50% Dacron, 50% cotton. 42.50
Rainfair, Inc., 1501 Albert St., Racine, Wisconsin, Dept. NY114 or 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York City

If you have a choice, take a fan-jet.

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

There's extra power in every engine any time you want it.

One time you want it is on your take-off.

On most jets, the surge of power you expected just doesn't feel like a surge at all.

In fact, it usually takes the ordinary jet over a mile to get off the ground.

Would you like to slip into something a little more comfortable?

Take an Astrojet.

All of our Astrojets have fan-jet engines—with enough power to cut one-third of a mile off your take-off alone.

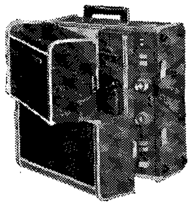
And you get this power on every jet we fly. American Airlines has the largest fan-jet fleet in the world.

American Airlines and its fan-jet engine.

The lyric majesty of Sony sound

The **new Sony 500-A:** A magnificent stereophonic tape system with the amazing **new 2.5 micron-gap head** that produces a flat frequency response from 40 to 18,000 cps ± 2 db:* A remarkable engineering achievement; a complete four track stereo tape system with detachable speakers** and two new award winning F-96 dynamic microphones. **All the best from Sony for less than $399.50.**

Outstanding operational features distinguish the amazing new Sony Sterecorder 500-A: ■ Two bookshelf type acoustical suspension speaker systems combine to form carrying case lid ■ 4-track stereo/mono recording and playback ■ Vertical or horizontal operation ■ Special effects with mike and line mixing and sound on sound ■ Two V.U. meters ■ Hysteresis-Synchronous drive motor ■ Dynamically balanced capstan flywheel ■ Pause control ■ Automatic sentinel switch ■ Multiplex Ready with FM Stereo inputs.

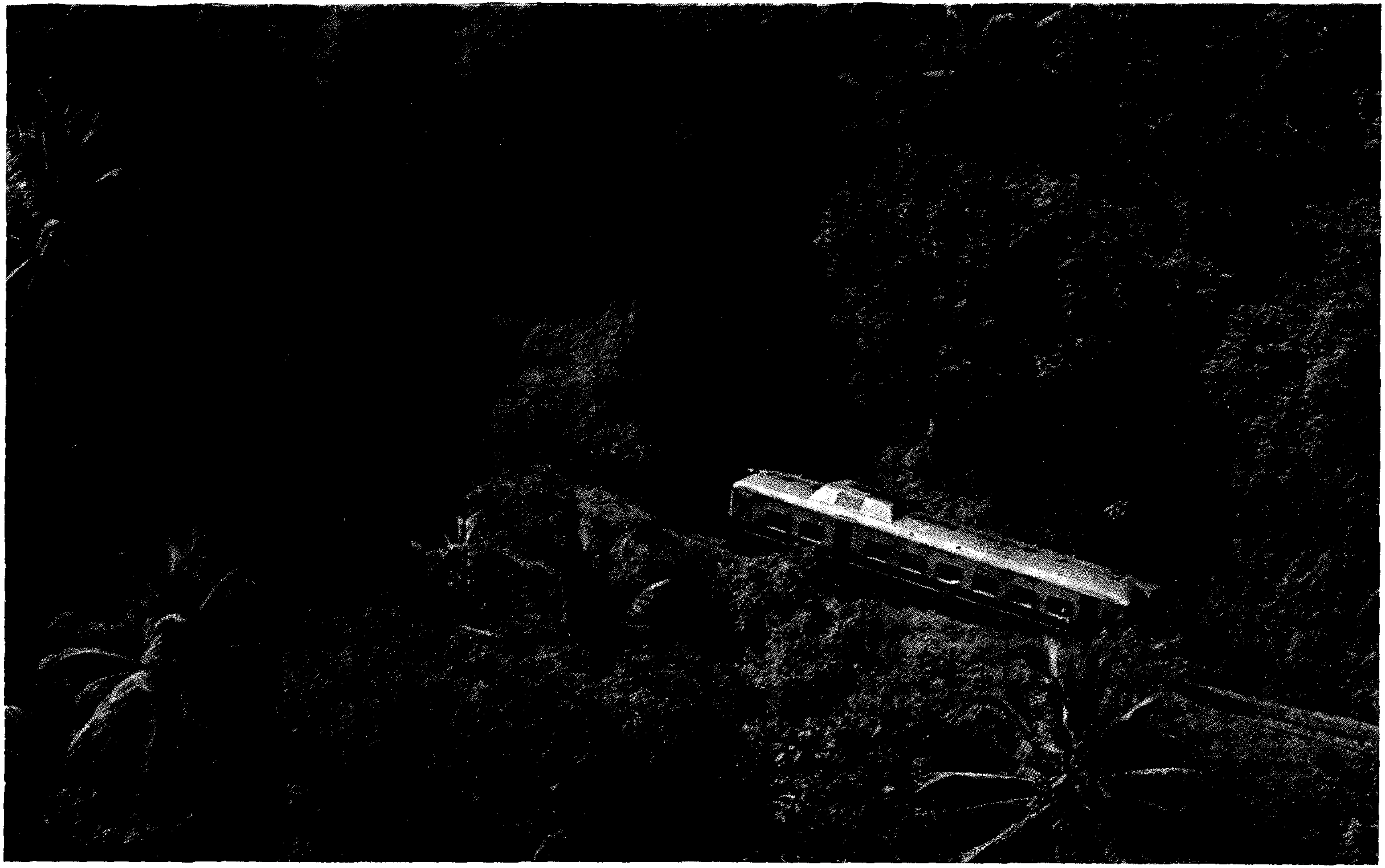


*Rave Review: "The NAB playback characteristic of the 500, as measured at USTC, was among the smoothest and closest to the NAB standard ever measured." — High Fidelity Magazine, April 1964. ■ **Rave Review: "One of the striking features of the TC 500 is the detachable speakers, ...they produce a sound of astonishing quality." — Hi Fi/Stereo Review, April 1964. Available Soon: A sensational new development in magnetic recording tape, SONY PR-150. Write for details about our special introductory offer. (Sorry—*only* available to Sony owners.) For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, California. Dept. 46

® SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo*

JAMAICA

©JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



Take this little one-car train through the wild green hills where no car can go. It's the civilized way to see the jungle. Last stop: a rum distillery. Free samples. Whooo-whooo.

This little train is all club-car. It's also a party-on-wheels, a guided tour, a shopping spree, a picnic trip and a freewheeling calypso session.

First stop is high on a windy hill above Montego, for the kind of view they put into pirate movies. (Don't be surprised if you see a pirate sloop slipping over the horizon. Where do you think they shoot those movies?)

From here on, the train edges along some grand canyons, then seems to cut its own right-of-way through genuine bring-'em-back-alive jungle. This is spooky at first, plunging through giant ferns and elephant-ear leaves, but you get used to it.

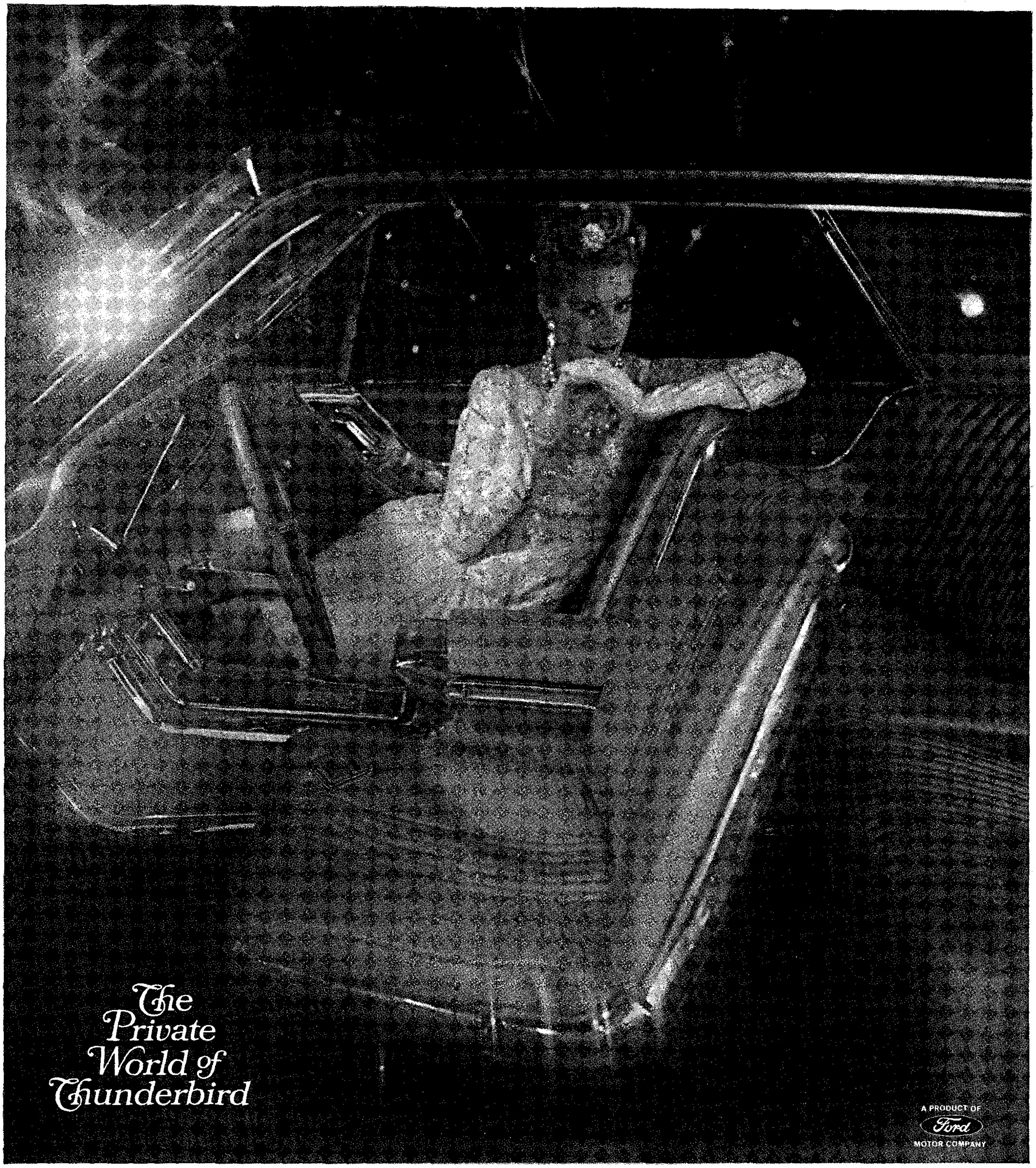
Deeper inland, the coach rumbles to a halt in a quiet mountain village. The village is called Catadupa, but its instant-dress-making talents could earn it the title of Hong Kong West.

Where else in the world (except in Hong Kong *East*) could you pick your fabric, be measured for a shift, and have the finished dress a few hours later? Your seamstress delivers it to the train, neatly parceled, on the return trip. All *you* have to deliver is $6.50 for the needlework and $1-a-yard for the best of the tastefully splashy prints.

While you've been out poring over fabrics, the train's barman has been pouring a batch of his "Catch-Me-Nappin" rum punch. This is followed by a seven-course Jamaican picnic-*cum*-calypso, in the shade of a thatched house that looks like the world's biggest coolie hat.

If you're worrying about the rum supply, don't. Last stop is the Appleton Rum Distillery, where you can go through the plant, and have a sip . . . and another sip . . . and another. Rum enough, in fact, to send you whooo-whoooing back down the track all the way to Montego Bay.

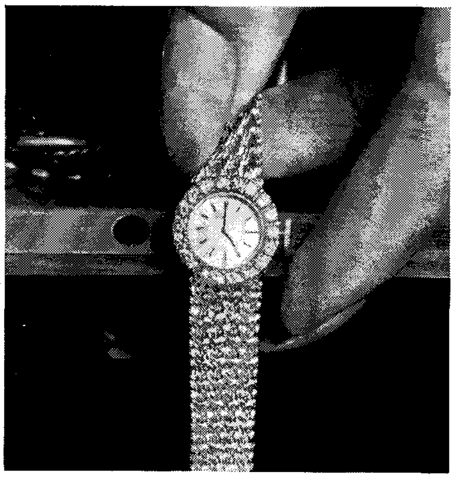
For more about trains, jungles, rooms and rums, see your travel agent. Or contact Jamaica Tourist Board, Dept. 1N, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



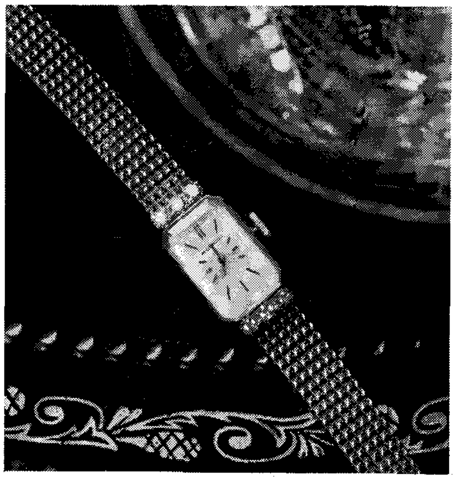
Thunderbird is the one luxury car that thinks of everything. The steering wheel moves aside to welcome you into Thunderbird's Private World. There is the thoughtfulness of shell-contoured front seats, smartly coved rear seat; a warning light reminds you to fasten the retractable seat belts; a parking brake releases automatically when you're ready to go. Optional lights signal when a door is ajar, fuel is low. Power front disc brakes are standard, of course, as are power steering, 390 cu. in. Thunderbird Special V-8, radio, heater, exclusive Sequential Taillight Turn Signals, velvet Cruise-O-Matic shift, unique Silent-Flo ventilation system on the Hardtop and Landau. This just hints at the many luxury details that make Thunderbird so rewarding an investment year after year. One final reminder. Your Ford Dealer is where you'll find out why—other cars you drive . . . this one you Thunderbird . . . and that experience might well make you forget all other forms of travel.

Thunderbird *Unique in all the world*

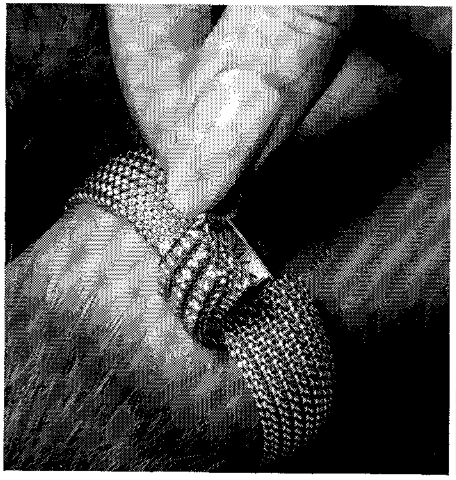
When it's cocktail time in Manhattan



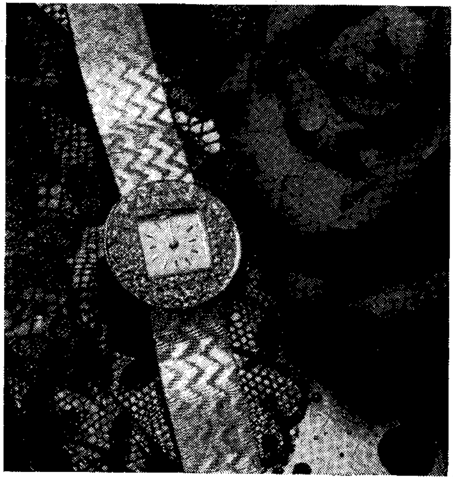
it's dinner time in Rio



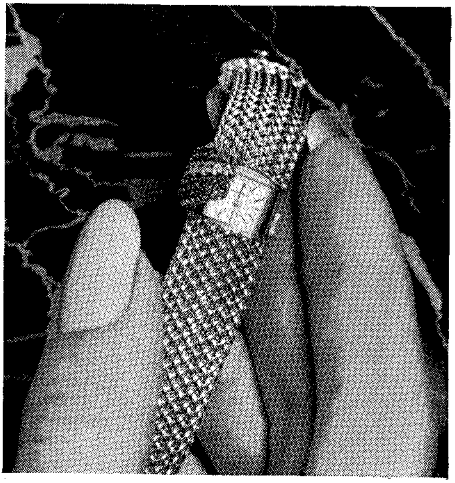
party time in Casablanca



theater time in London



flamenco time in Madrid



and the bewitching hour in Istanbul

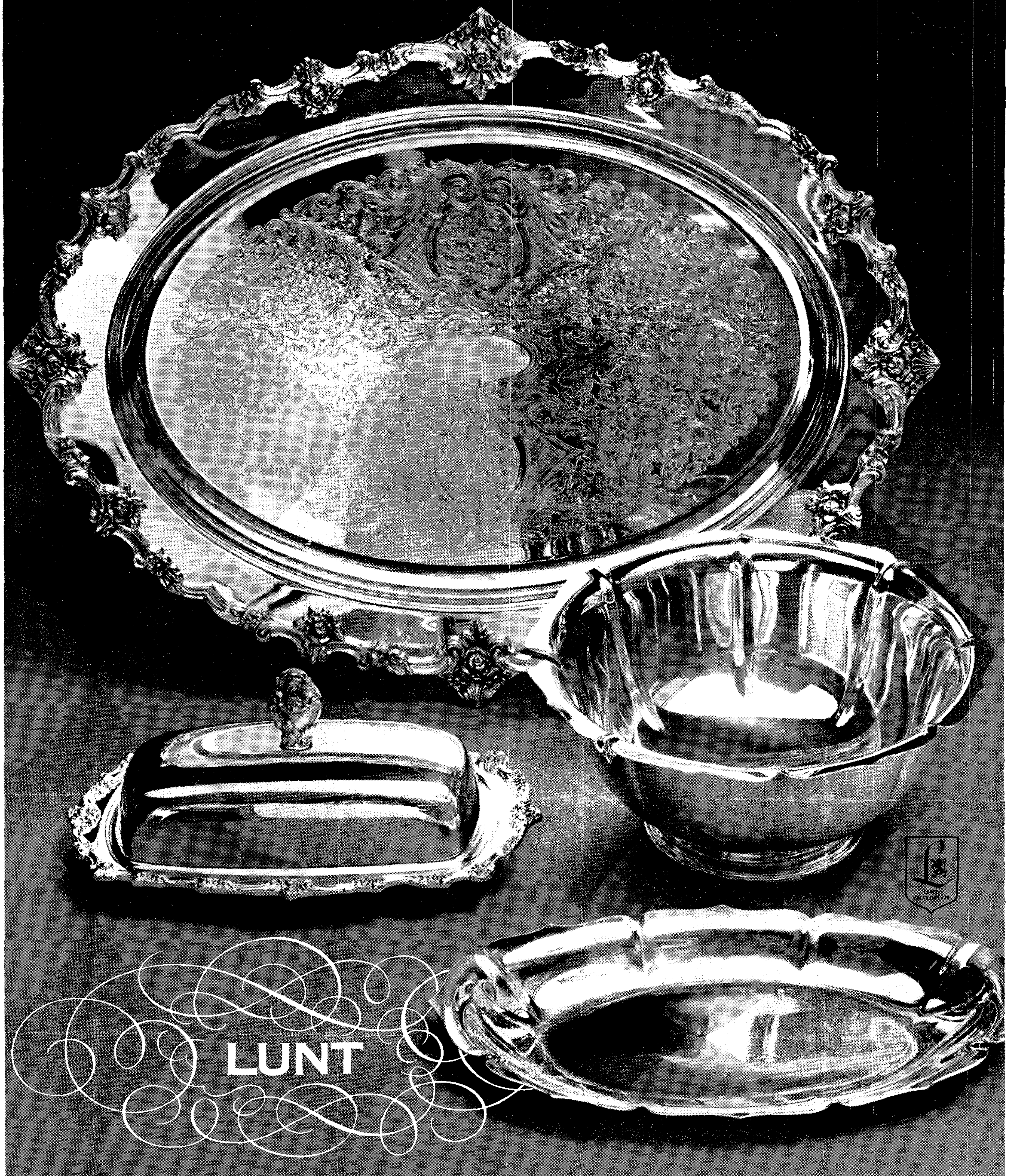
Women who spend their time elegantly do so with Movado — made by a fourth-generation *Swiss* watch family and coveted around the world for magnificent design and watch craftsmanship.

Shown are some of the Movados exhibited in the Swiss Pavilion during the World's Fair and available now at the following fine stores:

BALBOA ISLAND, Calif. & Branch—Charles H. Barr, Jewelers
BALTIMORE, Md. & Branch—A. H. Fetting Company
BEVERLY HILLS, Calif.—Ruser Jewels
BOSTON, Mass.—Shreve Crump & Low Co.
BOSTON, Mass. & Branches—Thomas Long Co., Jewelers
CORAL GABLES, Fla. & Branch—Carroll's, Jewelers
CHICAGO, Ill. & Branches—C. D. Peacock, Inc.
DETROIT, Mich.—Charles W. Warren & Co.
HARTFORD, Conn.—G. Fox & Company, Inc.
KANSAS CITY, Missouri—Tivol, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, Calif.—Donavan & Seamans Co.
NEW ORLEANS, La.—Adler's of New Orleans
NEW YORK CITY & Branches—Tiffany & Co.
PASADENA, Calif. & Branches—J. Herbert Hall Co., Jewelers
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. & Branches—J. E. Caldwell & Co.
PHOENIX, Arizona & Branch—Rosenzweig's
PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
SAN DIEGO, Calif. & Branches—J. Jessop & Sons
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—Shreve & Company
SANTA ANA, Calif.—Van Deusen's Jewelry
TUCSON, Ariz. & Branch—Grunewald & Adams, Jewelers
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Galt & Brother, Inc.
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Julius Garfinckel & Co.
WASHINGTON, D.C. & Branches—R. Harris & Company
WASHINGTON, D.C. & Branch—Milton H. Schlosser
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Charles Schwartz & Son

Diamond bracelet watches in 14k gold from $395. Other Movados for men and women from $75. Federal tax included. For brochure write to above stores or Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOVADO



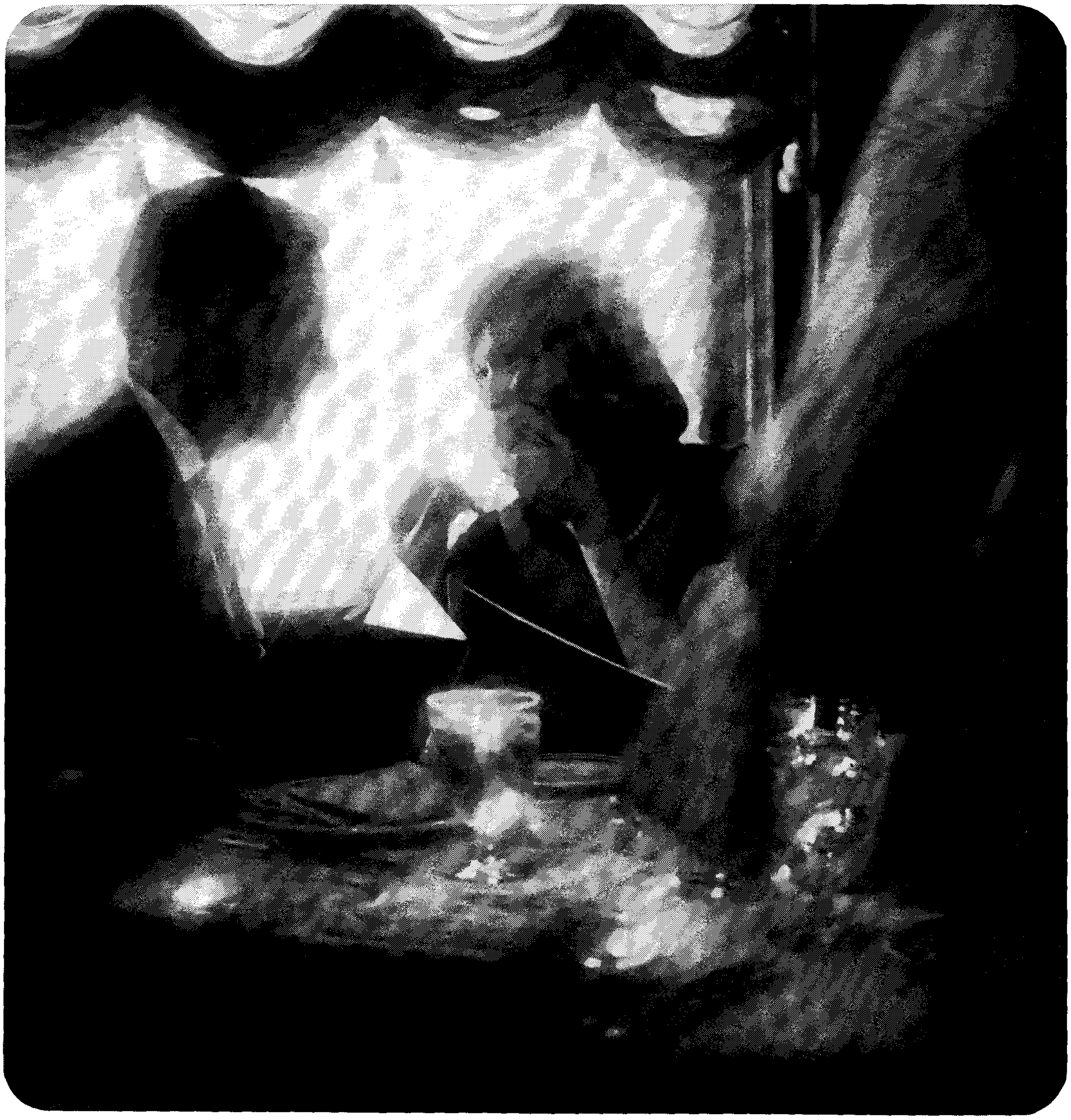
LUNT

Presents

NEW Silverplated Holloware
with a precious past

This is Lunt silverplate—not Lunt sterling. But it would take a silversmith to tell, for it is produced with exactly the same care, the same superior design, the same manufacturing skill that Lunt lavishes on its most precious products.
The result is the finest silverplate to be had—new from Lunt but in a tradition of fine silvermaking more than 250 years old.

ELOQUENCE Serving Tray $35. Butter Dish $15.
EARLY DUBLIN (reproduction) Bowl 7⅞" dia., $17.50.
Celery Dish $7.50. Prices include Fed. Tax



Hooray! Another rainy weekend with Keith and Lily!

Escape? From *Westchester?*
All it takes *them* is a quick call to the friendly baby-keep, one step to the car and a zip to The Plaza in New York.

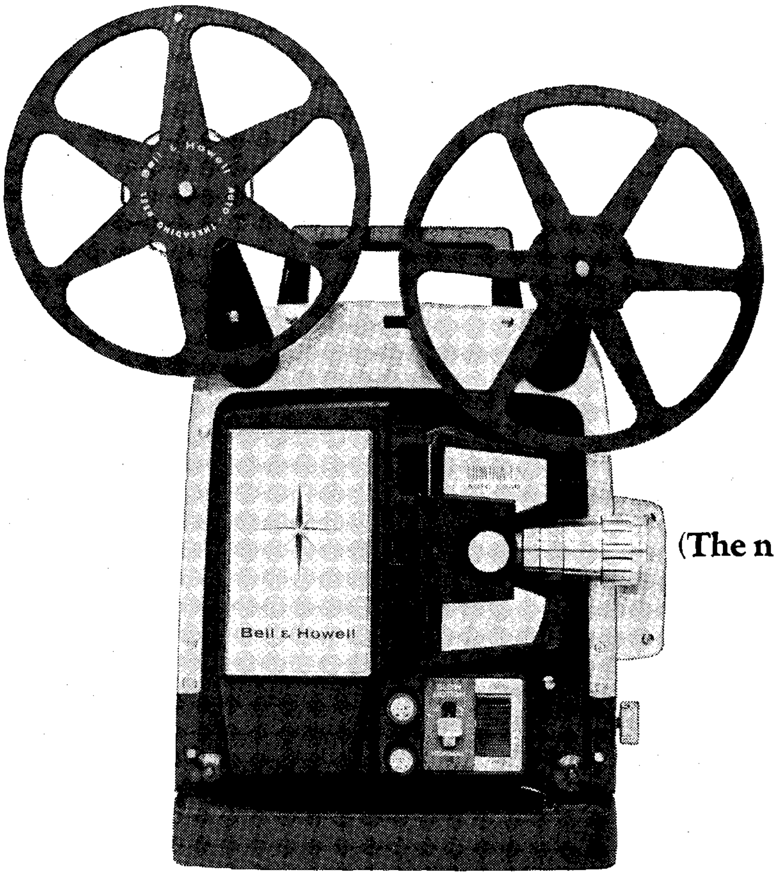
They're there before you can say sours in the Oak Bar. Where they watch the rain slick down the trees in Central Park.
Warm, paneled, toe-wriggling comfort sets in. So does Keith's big, slightly crooked grin.
Lily's the prettiest girl in the room. And he tells her so!
And tells her again in The Palm Court After 8. Over pastry. And Espresso. And liqueur.
"Stop, sir!" cries Lily:
"My Sachertorte is tingling!"

So is PLaza 9-: their next stop. Suddenly it's sophomore year again, when he was mixed up in Hasty Pudding and she was second from the left in the Skidmore Follies. They rediscover the lost art of dancing cheek to cheek in the Persian Room. And make the one for the road champagne! And take the elevator home. She sinks into a leisurely tub. And he sinks into bed with James Bond and a happy smile.

They'll be back. Please join them. It's surprisingly reasonable. And, as Lily says: "Enough fun to last a rainy *week*."

THE PLAZA
Hotel Corporation of America

Someday, you'll want a photographic instrument that's built a little better than it really has to be.



(The next time you get back a roll of film, say.)

Not so long ago, home movies were entertainment with a high risk to the projectionist. (Remember? Lengthy preparation, threading, fuzzy pictures, flutter, noise, itchy spectators. Remember?)

Well, those days are gone. And we're happy to have helped speed them on their way.

Bell & Howell engineers simply decided a projector needn't be either erratic or mysterious. It ought to operate easily—in deference to the least mechanically-minded member of the family. It should also be precise, perform without deviation, and control film perfectly. It should be an instrument, not mere equipment.

A tall order? Consider the Lumina 1.2, above.

Projectors once required big, hot 750-watt bulbs. The Lumina gives better light with a pint-sized 150-watt lamp. It has automatic threading—a nuance Bell & Howell engineers pioneered.

It also has a switch that puts your movie in slow motion, instantly. Or stops the film at a single frame. It has a handy plug for your room light. (No more, "Somebody get the lights, please? Somebody?") We even tested 1,500 paints to find the right finish for it.

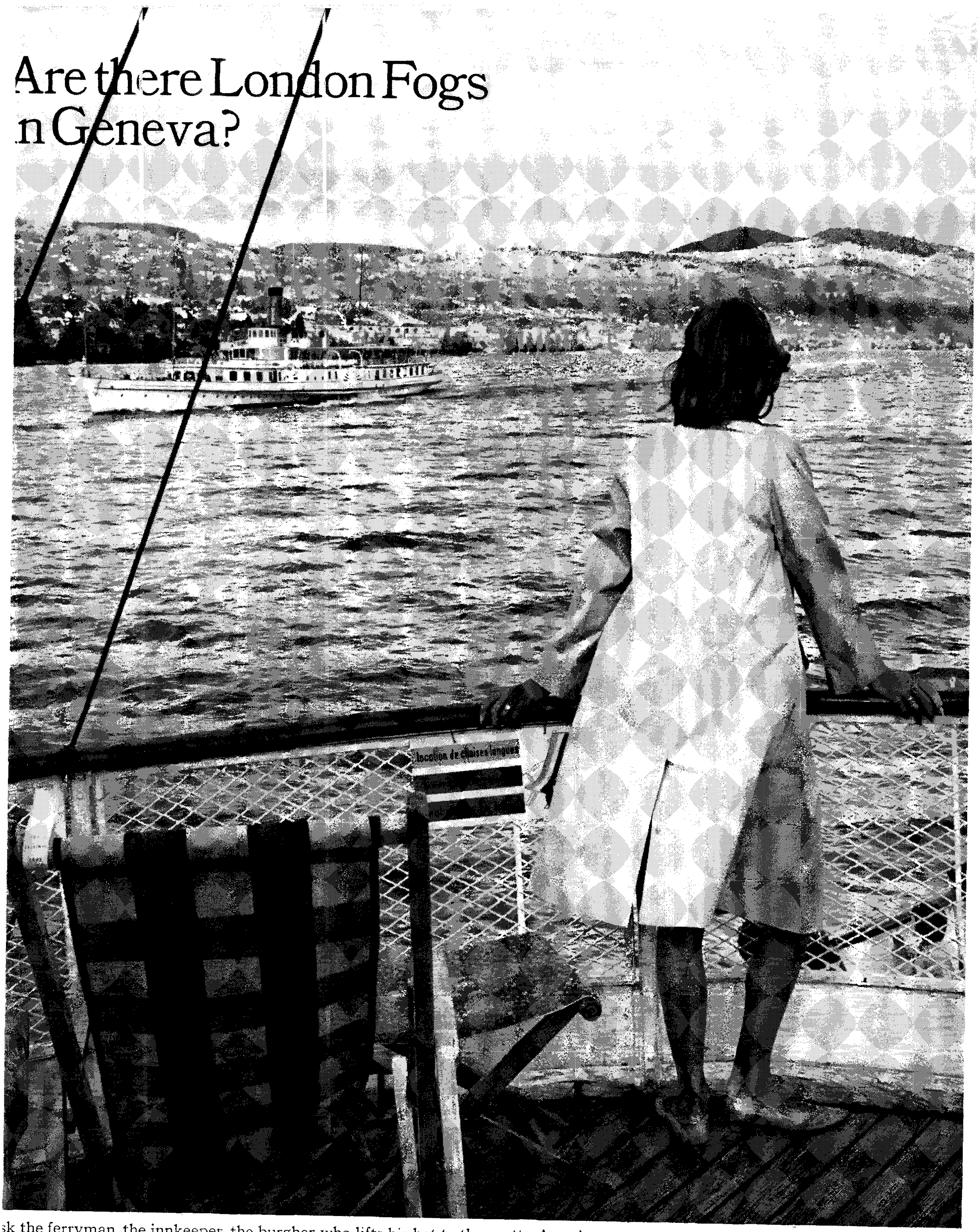
In short, the Lumina 1.2 is built a little better than it really has to be, by people who really care.

Does it sound like a projector you'd be proud of? One that will give as much pleasure as your camera does? See your Bell & Howell dealer about it. Soon. Before you send that roll of film out to be developed.

Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.

Bell & Howell Company
Photo Products Group

Are there London Fogs
n Geneva?



sk the ferryman, the innkeeper, the burgher who lifts his hat to the pretty American.
r quiz the tall tanned Swiss who sips Kirsch with her until curfew.
nks arms with her in the rain.
nd leaves her alone in her London Fog when she's feeling a bit misty.
herever a girl goes, so does her Maincoat—the right coat, come rain or come shine.
ve in a London Fog too.
p in the Alps, down under in Australia, wherever the four winds blow.

London Fog®
BALTIMORE 11, MD.

DY ACTON: PLAID-LINED CHESTERFIELD IN EXCLUSIVE CALIBRE CLOTH® (65% DACRON® POLYESTER, 35% COTTON). NATURAL, OLIVE, BURGUNDY, NAVY AND BLACK $37.50.

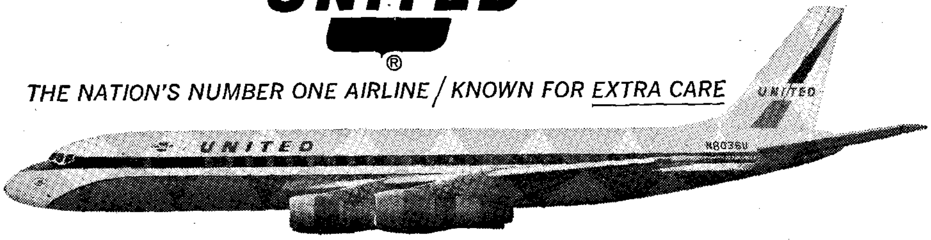
MOVIES
TO
HAWAII

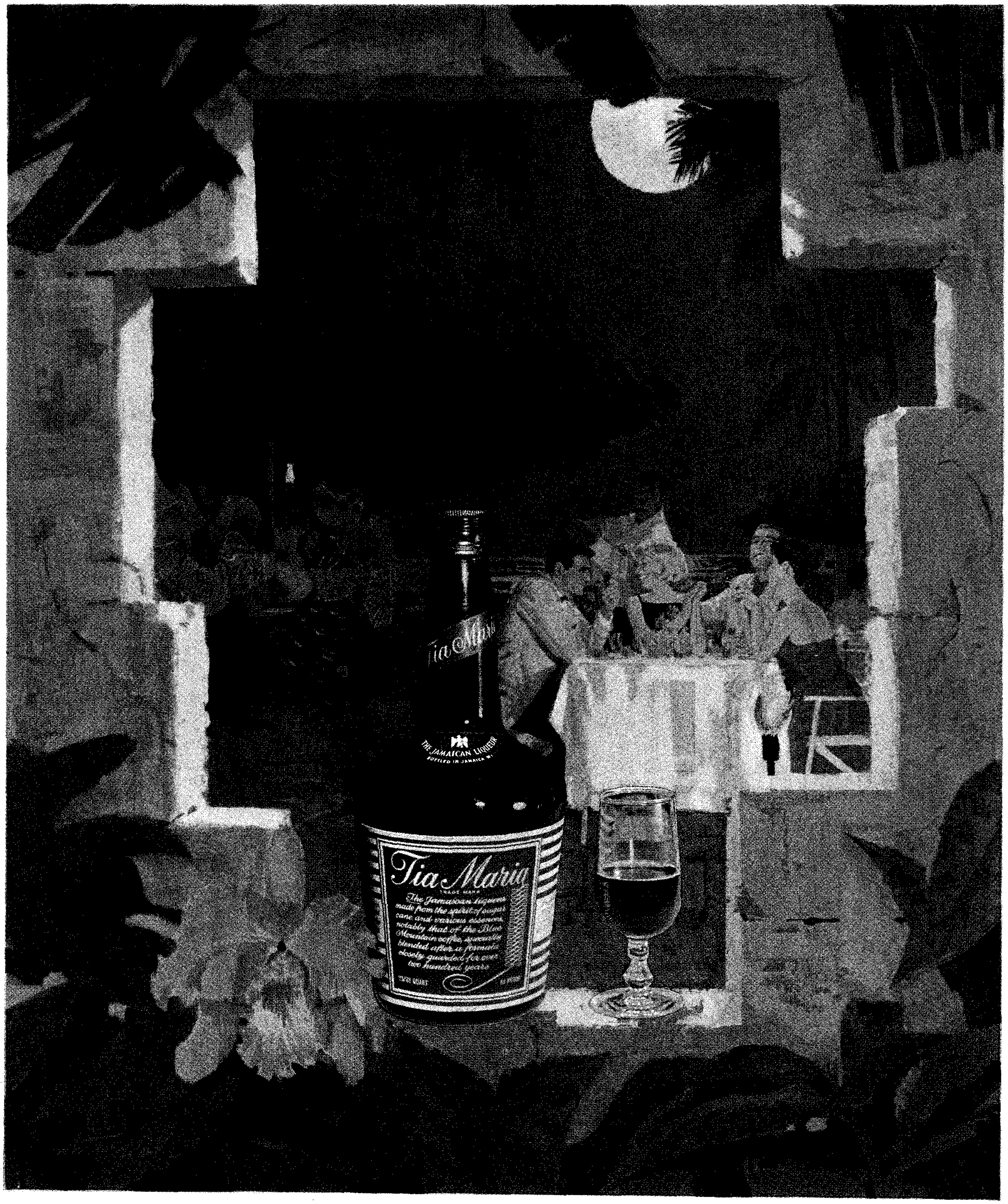
NOW SHOWING ON UNITED AIR LINES

United Air Lines now shows wide-screen movies on Hawaiian flights. First-run feature films in color distributed by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc. And this new entertainment feature is available to all passengers (no charge in First Class, only $1 in Custom Coach and Economy). It's the best news in Hawaiian travel since $100 fares from California. For a more relaxing flight, call us or ask your Travel Agent to book you on United. Only United has color movies to Hawaii. Coming soon on transcontinental flights: color movies and stereo.

UNITED®

THE NATION'S NUMBER ONE AIRLINE / KNOWN FOR EXTRA CARE




Tia Maria
THE JAMAICAN LIQUEUR
BOTTLED IN JAMAICA
Tia Maria
TRADE MARK
The Jamaican liqueur made from the spirit of sugar cane and various essences, notably that of the Blue Mountain coffee, specially blended after a formula closely guarded for over two hundred years

Grand Finale

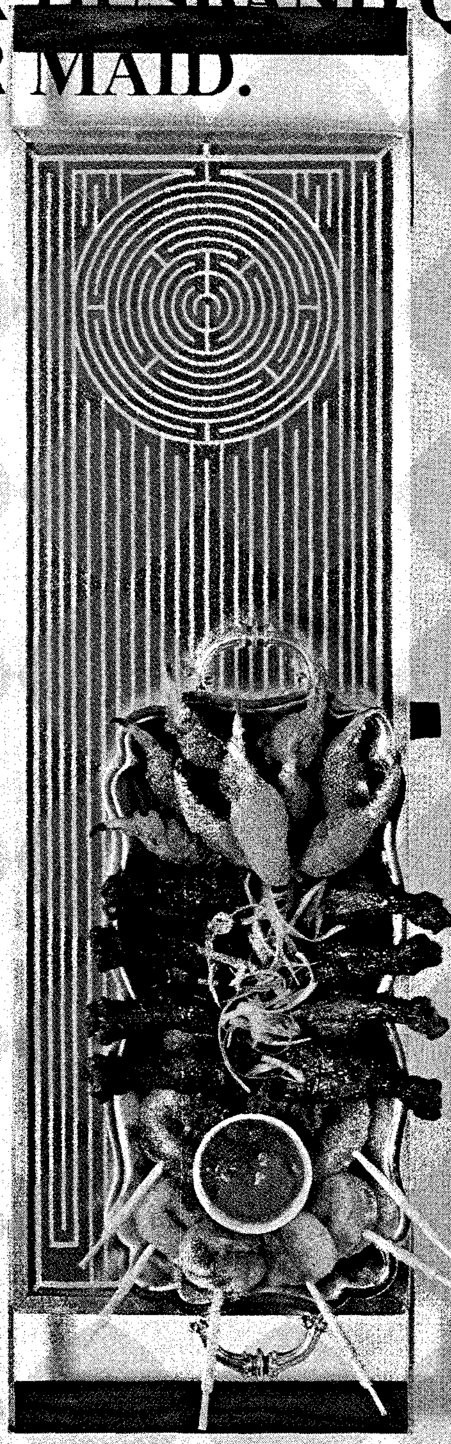
. . . Tia Maria, Jamaica's celebrated liqueur

You bring it to your lips . . . its mysterious fragrance greets you. You sip . . . and the perfect meal begins its grand finale.

Tia Maria

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A. 63 PROOF

HOTRAY WILL DO THESE THINGS:
KEEP YOUR FOOD HOT.
KEEP YOUR PARTY SMOOTH.
KEEP YOUR GUESTS HAPPY.
KEEP YOUR HUSBAND QUIET.
KEEP YOUR MAID.



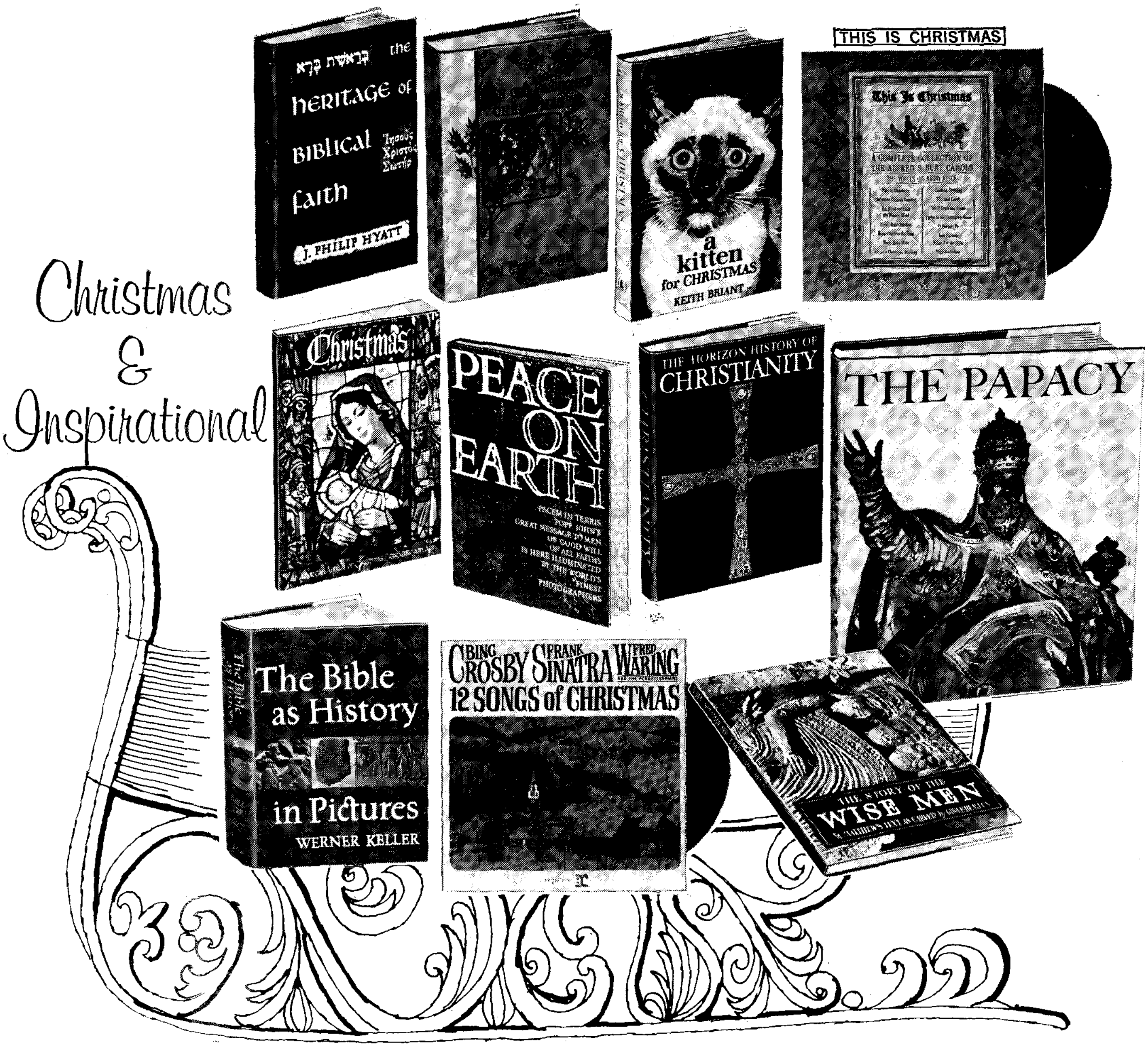
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR TO GET HOTRAY®?
CHRISTMAS? GOOD. IT'S ALMOST HERE.

Hotray keeps food hot, fresh and flavorful for hours. Without overcooking. Without drying out. Hotray gives you time. To talk to your husband, to join your guests, to enjoy yourself.

SALTON HOTRAY

Shown. "Fiesta" with exclusive Salton Hotspot. $19.95. For Hotray recipe booklet write to Salton, Inc., 511A East 72 St., N. Y. 21. Hotray electric food warmers from $5.95 to $59.50. At these and other fine stores in U.S.A. and Canada: B. Altman & Co., N. Y; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C.; G. Fox, Hartford; Bullock's, Inc., Los Angeles; The Emporium, San Francisco.

HOTRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON INC., IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER.


Christmas & Inspirational
the Heritage of Biblical faith
J. PHILIP HYATT
a kitten for CHRISTMAS
KEITH BRIANT
THIS IS CHRISTMAS
Christmas
PEACE ON EARTH
THE HORIZON HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY
THE PAPACY
The Bible as History in Pictures
WERNER KELLER
BING CROSBY FRANK SINATRA FRED WARING
12 SONGS of CHRISTMAS
THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN

1A. THE HERITAGE OF BIBLICAL FAITH. *J. Philip Hyatt.* A distinguished theologian provides the general reader with an introduction to the history, literature and theology of the Bible. Inspiring gift for all faiths. Bethany. $4.50

1B. AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS. *Paul Engle. Illus.: Eleanor Pownall Simmons.* A radiantly nostalgic book of family holiday joys that evokes all the sounds, smells and sights of long-passed Christmases, through prose and verse. A pure delight for young and old. Dial. $3.95

1C. A KITTEN FOR CHRISTMAS. *Keith Briant. Illus.: Mike Davis.* The happy gift of a Siamese kitten transforms a convalescence! A true story to delight the whole family. Illus. with wonderful cat pictures. Purr-fect gift for cat fanciers. Citadel. $3

1D. THIS IS CHRISTMAS. Complete collection of the *Alfred S. Burt Carols,* featuring Voices of *Jimmy Joyce. This is Christmas, Christmas Comes Caroling, Come, Dear Children, O Harken Ye.* 11 others. Warner Bros. Mono 3.98. **1E.** Stereo* $4.98

1F. CHRISTMAS, An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art. Vol. 34. Ed.: *R. E. Haugan.* The meaning of Christmas . . . in a delightful blend of art, literature, poetry and song . . . as colorful as the holiday! Augsburg. Paper Gift Ed. $1.50. **1G.** Cloth Ed. $3.50

1H. PEACE ON EARTH. A photographic essay based on Pope John's Encyclical. The entire text of his acclaimed *Pacem in Terris* message. 120 photos by Cartier-Bresson, Haas, Miller, others of the famous Magnum Group. Superb. 8¼ x 11½". Odyssey. $5.95

1J. THE HORIZON HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY. *Roland H. Bainton.* From its roots in Judaism to today's ecumenical surge, with 450 superb illus., 150 in full color. Harper & Row. Reg. Ed.: After Dec. 31, $18.95. Now $14.95. **1K.** Boxed Deluxe Ed.: After Dec. 31, $25. Now $19.95

1L. THE PAPACY. Ed.: *Christopher Hollis.* From St. Peter to the present, this is papal history told through magnificent illustrations, (58 of the more than 400 pictures in full color,) and expert text. Authorities include Kenneth Scott Latourette, Francis X. Murphy, Douglass Woodruff, Anne Fremantle. There are additional chapters on Vatican art and architecture, the tomb of St. Peter, the papal secretariat and the encyclicals. Macmillan. $25.

1M. THE BIBLE AS HISTORY IN PICTURES. *Werner Keller. Transl.: William Neil.* 329 black and white illustrations, 8 color plates, bring the Bible alive! 4,000 years in extraordinary photos. Makes the Bible visible as well as intelligible. Morrow. $7.95

1N. Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Fred Waring & The Pennsylvanians: 12 SONGS OF CHRISTMAS. First time available . . . 3 top artists make the holiday merrier with *White Christmas, It's Christmas Time Again,* 11 other favorites. Reprise. Mono $4.98. **1O.** Stereo * $5.98

1P. THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN: According to the Gospel of St. Matthew. *Illus.: Gislebertus.* 24 two-color plates, scenes by 12th century master sculptor Gislebertus depict the beloved legend of the nativity. Beautifully printed. Holt, Rinehart, Winston. $4.95

***Stereo records should be played only with stereo cartridge and needle**

Doubleday America's Most Complete Book and Record Shops · Where Artistic Interests Meet.

FICTION & HUMOR

A ROUND DOZEN OF HUMOR HITS... SURE TO DELIGHT

2A. THE MANY WORLDS OF L*E*O R*O*S*T*E*N
Leo Rosten. Devotees of *H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* and *Captain Newman, M.D.* will love this collection of Rosten's best from 30 years of writing . . . everything from sociology to satire, some confessions. Harper & Row. $5.95

2B. HELP! I'M A PRISONER IN A CHINESE BAKERY
Alan King with Jack Shurman. Alan King lets go with unerring balloon-popping aim at sacred institutions, pompous professions, furious frustrations of modern living. Wickedly funny. Dutton. $3.95

2C. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
Harry Golden. A shrewd, funny, beloved commentator's remarks about conventions, candidates, World's Fair, "a last visit with JFK," and others from Edward R. Murrow to Boxcar Annie Flaherty. Putnam. $4.95

2D. MARRIAGE LINES:
Notes of a Student Husband. *Ogden Nash. Illus.: Isadore Seltzer.* Clever Nash verses on the marriage theme. *How to be Married Without a Spouse, If Anything Should Arise, It Isn't I, I'm Sure She Said Six-Thirty.* Little, Brown. $3.95

2E. ESQUIRE'S WORLD OF HUMOR
Ed.: David Newman et al. Stories, photos, devastating satire by superb craftsmen. Hecht, Parker, Vidal, Price, Osborn, Stern, Zeiff, Avedon. Over 200 illus., incl. 36 pp. cartoons. Harper & Row. After Christmas $7.95. Now $6.95

Joyous
Noel

2F. CREDOS AND QUIPS
Virginia Cary Hudson. O ye lucky legions who loved *O Ye Jigs and Juleps!* Another small wonder by a grown-up . . . but agelessly enchanting . . . Virginia Cary Hudson. Affectionately illustrated by Karla Kuskin. Macmillan. $2.95

2G. THE ABECEDARIAN BOOK
Charles Ferguson. "A is for Antediluvian"—"T is for Transcendentalism". An alphabet book of big words for adults with the curiosity of a child and for children with the capacity of an adult. Illus. in 2 colors. Little, Brown. $3.95

2H. THE GROANING BOARD
Chas Addams. His first new collection in years. 80 splendidly sinister cartoons—mostly from *The New Yorker.* 8 darkly hilarious in full color. Guaranteed to send shivers of delight down every spine. Simon & Schuster. $3.95

2J. A BIG BOWL OF PUNCH
Ed.: William Cole. Brimming with 100-proof cheer from England's humorous weekly. 235 sparkling cartoons, bright prose, light verse. 16 pages of *Punch* covers in color. 336 pp. 8½ x 11" Simon & Schuster. $8.95

2K. TOP DOG. 2L. A LEG AT EACH CORNER
Thelwell. *A Leg at Each Corner* shows the devastation that comes when a child copes with horses. *Top Dog* shows that even with a smaller species, animals win any training contest. 128 pp. cartoons. Dutton. 2 vols. Each $2.95

2M. A TREASURY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL HUMOR
Ed.: Leonard C. Lewin. 160-odd examples of the best of humorous political writing, from American Revolution to present. Ben Franklin and Davy Crockett to Art Buchwald. 17 pp. drawings, 8 by Feiffer. Dial. $6.50

2N. CHRISTMAS IS TOGETHER TIME
Charles M. Schulz. Newest, along with just published **2O. I NEED ALL THE FRIENDS I CAN GET** in the delightful series led by **2P. HAPPINESS IS A WARM PUPPY** and, **2Q. SECURITY IS A THUMB AND A BLANKET.** Determined. Each $2

Doubleday *The Novels you'd choose for yourself*

3A. ARMAGEDDON
Leon Uris. The most powerful novel yet by the author of *Battle Cry* and *Exodus.* The dramatic story of postwar Berlin and the great airlift. Doubleday. $6.95

3B. A KIND OF ANGER
Eric Ambler. A newspaperman becomes an operator in international espionage . . . scores against police, rivals, in his search for a voluptuous murder witness. In the highest Ambler tradition of danger and intrigue. Atheneum. $4.95

3C. THE CLOCKS
Agatha Christie. "The Queen of Crime" in a new *Hercule Poirot* mystery. *The Clocks* is a unique and dazzling specimen of her skill: a perfectly fair detective novel of superb expertise. Dodd, Mead. $4.50

3D. ANYONE GOT A MATCH?
Max Shulman. Better than his best. Hilarious new novel about a TV tycoon and a tobacco millionaire in an improbable alliance. Hilarious, but pointed. Harper & Row. $4.95

3E. THE MAN
Irving Wallace. The time, soon. The laws of succession place a Negro President in the White House. The biggest, most timely, most hypnotically fascinating novel to date by the author of *The Prize.* Simon and Schuster. $5.95

3F. THE EXPLORER
Frances Parkinson Keyes. The beloved best-selling novelist's new hit! The dramatic story of a famous explorer, torn between his love for a beautiful Virginia girl and the exotic lure of a "lost city" in Peru. McGraw-Hill. $5.95

3G. THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN
Louis Auchincloss. Brilliant portrait in depth of a rector-headmaster-founder of a New England boys' school, by the author whom *J. Donald Adams* calls "the best living American novelist." Houghton Mifflin. $4.95

3H. THE LOST CITY
John Gunther. Vigorous, multi-colored memorable novel by the bestseller author. Story of a group of newspaper correspondents and their wives in the golden twilight of Vienna before the war. Harper & Row. $5.95

3I. THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW
John Cheever. New collection of short stories by the best-selling author of *The Wapshot Scandal.* 16 tales, all from *The New Yorker,* that prove, once again, Cheever's style, stance, inflection, vision are unique. Harper & Row. $4.95

3J. CHILDREN AND OTHERS
James Gould Cozzens. A brilliant collection of stories, demonstrating the wide variety in experience and style of a man "whose quality few living American writers can equal." —*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95

3K. HERE GOES KITTEN
Robert Grover. Hilarious sequel to the best-seller *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding . . . (1 million copies sold) reintroducing Kitten* of whom *H. Allen Smith* said, "The funniest character I have ever met within fiction in at least a dozen years." Grove. $3.95

3L. TWO ROADS TO GUADALUPE
Robert Lewis Taylor. A saga of wild derring-do, lusty action, and black-hearted villainy in the midst of the surging Mexican War, by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Travels of Jamie McPheeters.* Doubleday. $5.95

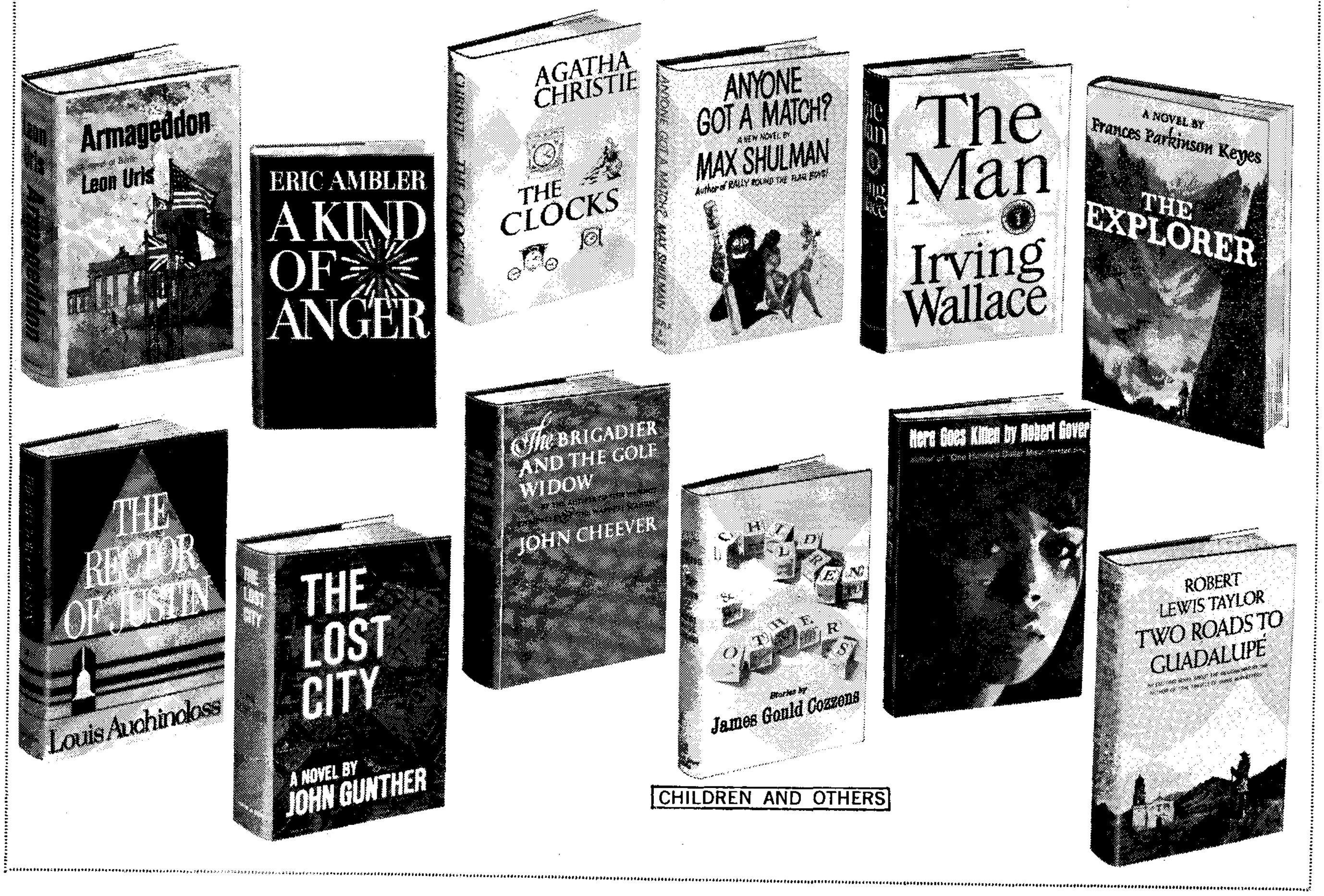
Beautifully gift-wrapped Free.

New York • Manhasset • Garden City • Scarsdale • West Hartford • Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. • Hanover, Pa. • Baltimore • Washington, D.C. • Detroit • Grosse Pointe • Birmingham,

Doubleday

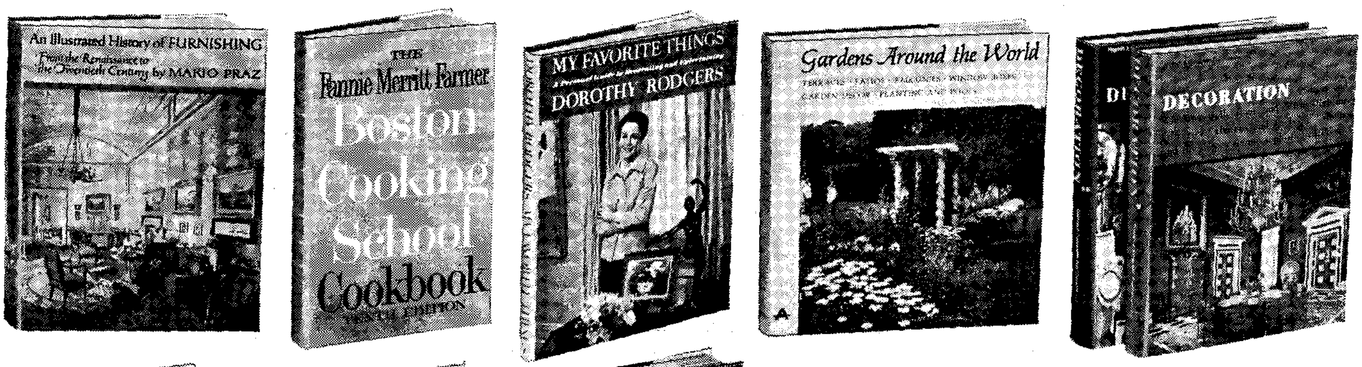
The Many Worlds of
LEO ROSTEN
HELP! I'M A PRISONER IN A CHINESE BAKERY
ALAN KING
WITH JACK SHURMAN
HARRY GOLDEN
So What Else Is New?
Ogden Nash
Marriage Lines
Notes of a Student Husband
World of Humor
Credos & Quips
THE ABECEDARIAN BOOK
CHARLES W. FERGUSON
THE GROANING BOARD
A LEG AT EACH CORNER
A Big Bowl of PUNCH
TOP DOG
A TREASURY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL HUMOR
Christmas is Together-Time
I NEED ALL THE FRIENDS I CAN GET

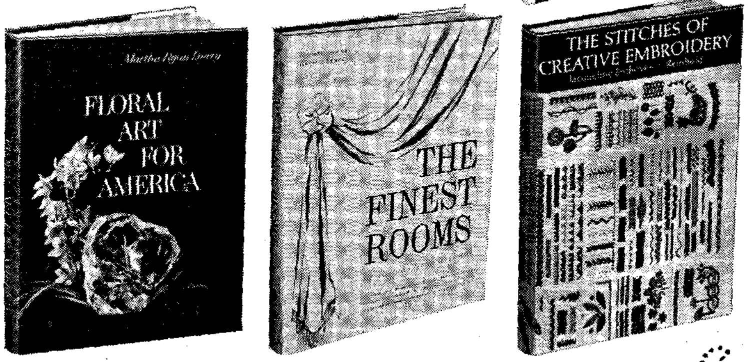
NEW BOOKS BY CHARLES M. SCHULZ


Armageddon
Leon Uris
ERIC AMBLER
A KIND OF ANGER
AGATHA CHRISTIE
THE CLOCKS
ANYONE GOT A MATCH?
A NEW NOVEL BY
MAX SHULMAN
The Man
Irving Wallace
A NOVEL BY
Frances Parkinson Keyes
THE EXPLORER
THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN
Louis Auchincloss
THE LOST CITY
A NOVEL BY
JOHN GUNTHER
The BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW
JOHN CHEEVER
CHILDREN AND OTHERS
Stories by
James Gould Cozzens
Here Goes Kitten by Robert Gover
ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR
TWO ROADS TO GUADALUPÉ

CHILDREN AND OTHERS

Mich. • Toledo • St. Louis • Clayton, Mo. • Dallas • Ft. Worth • Phoenix, Ariz. • New Orleans • Miami Beach • Palm Beach • Boston: The Old Corner Book Store


An Illustrated History of FURNISHING From the Renaissance to the Twentieth Century by MARIO PRAZ
THE Fannie Merritt Farmer Boston Cooking School Cookbook TENTH EDITION
MY FAVORITE THINGS DOROTHY RODGERS
Gardens Around the World
DECORATION


FLORAL ART FOR AMERICA
THE FINEST ROOMS
THE STITCHES OF CREATIVE EMBROIDERY

Doubleday's bright 28 page Catalog is yours for the asking. Use convenient coupon.

Japanese Free Style Flower Arrangement
SPICES OF THE WORLD COOKBOOK

McCORMICK SPICES OF THE WORLD COOKBOOK

hospitality and homes.

15A. AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF FURNISHING. *Mario Praz.* Five centuries of home interiors, thousands of authentic pieces depicted in their original settings. 400 illus. 63 pp. in full color. 9½"x12". Braziller. After Christmas $25. Now $20.95

15B. THE FANNIE MERRITT FARMER BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL COOKBOOK. 10th Ed. Basic necessity. Modernized in method, content, format. Simplest to gourmet recipes. Frozen foods, mixes, diets, calories. For beginner or expert. Little, Brown. $5.95

15C. MY FAVORITE THINGS: A Personal Guide to Decorating and Entertaining. *Dorothy Rodgers.* Composer's wife shares secrets of gracious living . . . decor to fare. Sparkling anecdotes. 20 full-color photos, drawings. Atheneum. After Christmas $15. Now $12.95

15D. GARDENS AROUND THE WORLD. *Elisabeth Schuler.* Luxurious world tour of gardening. Magnificently illus. treasury of gardening ideas, featuring design, use of space, ornaments, accessories. 243 full-color photos, 45 color charts, 24 drawings, diagrams. 276 pp. Abrams. $17.50

15E. DECORATION. Vol. II. 235 photos, 42 tipped-in full-color plates, 78 sketches and drawings explore the significant in contemporary interiors. French & European Pubns. After Christmas $27.50. Now $24.50. **15F, Vol. I.** "A Classic." $27.50

15G. FLORAL ART FOR AMERICA. *Martha Ryan Lowry. Photos: Harold Corsini.* 20 full-page four-color plates, 80 photos in black and white, show 15 adaptations of period designs and 85 modern arrangements, with how-to tips. Barrows-Morrow. After Christmas $17.50. Now $15

15H. THE FINEST ROOMS by America's Great Decorators. *Intro.: Russell Lynes. Ed.: Katherine Tweed.* For those who love antiques, fine furniture, decoration with that "lived in," "non-decorated look." 192 pp., 138 illus., incl. 52 color plates. 10x12⅔". Viking. $18.50

15I. THE STITCHES OF CREATIVE EMBROIDERY. *Jacqueline Enthoven.* 200 stitches clearly described and illustrated in easy-to-follow diagrams. Over 80 photos, 423 diagrams, 4 pages in color show traditional and modern examples. Materials, designs. Reinhold. $7.95

15J. JAPANESE FREE STYLE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT. *Lee Early Quinn.* Arrange flowers with perception, vision, beyond established patterns, with the aid of this richly illustrated book (52 photos, line drawings of arresting designs,) expert text. Van Nostrand. $5.95

15K. THE McCORMICK SPICES OF THE WORLD COOKBOOK. *McCormick Co.* Tested recipes – 500 great ones! Full-color photos, illus. 6½x9½". Waterproof ring binding lets pages lie flat. McGraw-Hill. Reg. Ed. $7.95; **15L.** Deluxe (with unique easel stand binding) $9.95

Doubleday

DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS MUrray Hill 8-5300
724 5th Ave., Customer Service, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

Please send me the following: LD2-10

Item No.	Merchandise	Price

Attach paper for additional items

Name
Address State
City Zip Code

Please send the following, direct as gifts from me:

Item No.	Merchandise	Price

Send to:
Address State
City Zip Code
Enclose card signed:

Shipped free anywhere in U. S. On purchases under $4.95 add 25c mailing charge. Add 4% for N.Y.C. delivery.
☐ charge my account
☐ gift wrap FREE
☐ check enclosed
☐ Diners' Club #

☐ send catalog FREE

Order now! Prices subject to change without notice.

Does your face fall apart at 4:00 o'clock?

POWERS
FLUID GOLD
MOISTURE
CONTROL

Ever notice the earth when it hasn't rained? Parched, caked, dusty, seamy! Like make-up on a dry skin. Powers Fluid Gold Moisture Control keeps your skin moist all day. Smooth it on before you apply your make-up. Then see how evenly your make-up goes on. Foundation, rouge, powder—how flawlessly they blend, how miraculously they become part of you and stay that way! The exclusive Powers Aquacel keeps your skin moist, dewy, fresh, *natural,* the whole day through. Keeps your make-up looking like *you,* not like make-up. Want your face to stay with you till the last minute of the day? *First* minute of the day use **Powers Fluid Gold Moisture Control.**

© JOHN ROBERT POWERS PRODUCTS CO., INC., 1964

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

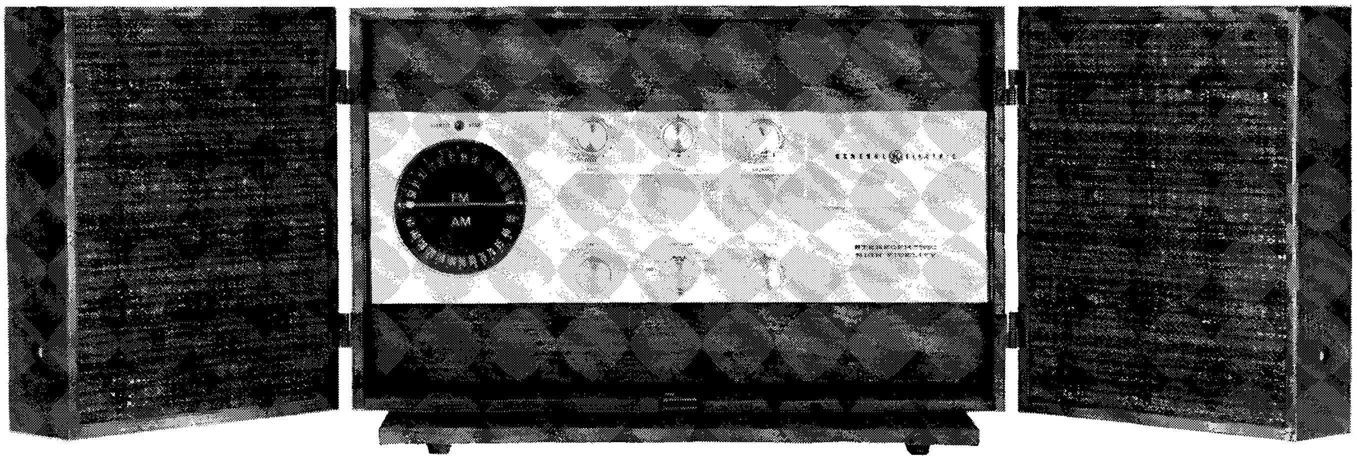
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

BY THE RIVER CHURN, NEAR CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

*We English.

The Scots distill **Haig**—
we jolly well drink **Haig.**
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller
is **Haig.**

Here's stereo without costly tapes and records.



FM Stereo radio from General Electric.

Now with a flick of the dial, you can hear stereo music on FM Stereo radio the second you want it. No wasting time making record or tape selections. Your music library is as big as all the radio stations around combined.

And listen. The sound is full. Bold. Almost like being at the orchestra's actual performance.

Now G.E. lets you enjoy the depth and movement of stereo combined with the fidelity of FM at low, budget prices.

And look! The quality hardwood-veneer cabinet actually enhances the high-fidelity tone. Provides added resonance for an undistorted full spectrum of sound from twin 6″ x 9″ speakers. Actually turns music into an experience.

Even the standard FM and AM sound is far more pleasant than conventional radios.

"Stereo Star" lights up when receiving FM Stereo.

Everything about this new G-E radio is rich except the price. Model T1500 shown here in walnut costs less than $160.* G.E.'s T1020 (not shown) FM Stereo radio costs less than $120.*

Isn't this a good time to add the exciting sound of G-E FM Stereo to your life? The price is right.

Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Actual price varies with dealer.
Slightly higher West and South.

Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil

Royal Secret

FRAGRANCE

to make your bath pure luxury . . .
your body a scented column of silken smoothness
. . . and your presence a sheer delight!

BATH PERFUME · SPRAY MIST · BATH POWDER
BATH FOAM · SOAP

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

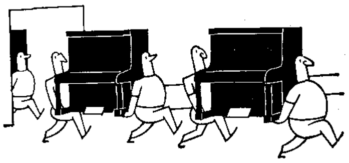
Notes and Comment

NO doubt there are many good, solid grounds for admiring David Susskind, but we admire him chiefly because he worries about the state of television much more often than we watch it. There is real comfort for us—as we rather guiltily engage in the inconclusive pursuits of a merely personal life—in the reflection that this worthy man is keeping his eye on the screen and deploring what he sees there. We painlessly absorb his findings from the television columns of the daily papers. It is there that we have observed him lay the blame for the low state of television squarely on the doorstep of the sponsors, and that of the networks, and that of the advertising agencies. Most recently, he has laid the blame squarely on the great, squat stoop of the general public. "We in television inherited a world we never made," the *Herald Tribune* quotes him as saying. "You made it with your books, your rotten newspapers, and your terrible movies, and your ghastly billboards, and your cheap magazines, and your inept clergy, and your faulty educational system. We inherited this illiterate public and we're trying to take it along." If we have followed Mr. Susskind's new analysis correctly, he is saying that virtually the only people who are *not* responsible for low programs like "Ben Casey" are the people who actually produce them. This poses a social problem to daunt the most resolute and optimistic reformer, since no improvement appears possible until everybody in the country has been replaced with somebody who shares Mr. Susskind's sense of the fitness of things. Mr. Susskind must find this depressing. We would like to console him, and perhaps we can. We invite him to consider the possibility that television, as an instrument of culture, simply does not matter as much as he thinks it does—that its place in the lives of most people is not a fundamental one, or very close to the human center. Mr. Susskind's disappointment may come from his thinking of television as the natural successor to literature or conversation, when in fact it is only the successor to the old parcheesi board, from which no sensible player ever expected great spiritual rewards.

Bloomingdale's Bloomingdale

MR. SAMUEL J. BLOOMINGDALE, son of one of the founders and for twenty-five years president of the storied store of that name, became ninety-one last June, and when we called on him at his Park Avenue apartment the other afternoon, we found him cheerful, strong of voice, emphatic of gesture, and possessed of considerable, if not total, recall. "It's remarkable what a fellow can endure and endure till he's ninety-one," he said. "I saw them build the Third Avenue 'L' in 1878, when I was five—I was living above my father's ladies'-notions shop, on Third Avenue, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets, where I was born—and I saw them take it down in 1955. The store moved to its present site—or the southeast corner of it—in 1886; I was at school at the time, but I remember the day it opened there, and the commotion that was caused by the fact that it had two elevators. It was doing a business of two million dollars a year then; when my father died, in 1905, and I became president, it was doing five million; and in 1930, when we merged with Federated Department Stores, it was doing close to twenty-five million. Last year, we did over three times as much. If you want perpetuity in the department-store business, the larger chain-store grouping is the way to secure it."

Before casting in his lot with Bloomingdale's, Mr. B. toyed with the idea of becoming an architect. He graduated from the Columbia School of Architecture in 1895, and consulted with its dean, the late William R. Ware, on whether he should go on in that profession. "You couldn't have designed a man with such a handsome face and such dignity as Dean Ware's," he said. "He told me, 'To be a successful architect, you need charm, presence, persuasiveness, and talent.' I thought I might be missing some of those qualities. I thought, I'll go gently into the store. I wasn't intimate with the store, and merchants didn't look so wonderful to me, but within two weeks I fell in love with it. There was this marvellous responsibility, and the excitement of helping run a successful store, earning the right amount of money, and giving the public what it wanted. We put in an escalator around 1902, and sometime between 1920 and 1930 we became the largest distributor of player pianos in the world; we sold seven thousand a year. Then the radio came along and player-piano sales fell off, although I believe there's a revival of interest today. In the old days, the bankers would come up to the store once a year to see if you had wasted your time. Other stores failed, but not Bloomingdale's!"



Mr. Bloomingdale retired two years ago as a director of Federated, in which he and his family are large stockholders. (His wife died in 1956. He has two married daughters and five grandchildren.) His living room, in which he received us, contains a Renoir flower piece and other paintings, and he informed us that he himself has done sketches and watercolors all his life. “Look at these,” he said, and he handed us examples of his work (several duplicated as Christmas cards), which included paintings of the exterior of the store, views of Long Island Sound from his summer place at Rye, and representations of Columbus Circle, Palm Beach, Lake Louise, and a church in Germany. “I’m not much of a traveller,” he said. “My wife and I went West when we got married, in 1916, and we made the tour of Hollywood, and so forth, but I’ve been to Europe only three or four times. I like it here. I used to love bowling and drinking beer at the Harmonie Club. I had my chauffeur drive me to Bergdorf Goodman several times last year, and I put up a camp chair on the sidewalk and made some sketches, which I took home and filled out with watercolor.” He presented us with a photostat of one of those sketches, depicting his car and the fountain and statue on the Plaza.

“I’m still in love with Bloomingdale’s,” he said as we rose to leave. “I have an office opposite it, on Lexington Avenue, to take care of family affairs, and I go down there two or three times a week and look across the street at the store. My eyes get big and round when I see all the people going in and out. I think the people who work there are terribly lucky. Grandpa breaks his toe, and the baby has whooping cough, and they can get away from all the troubles of home. What a blessing a job is!”

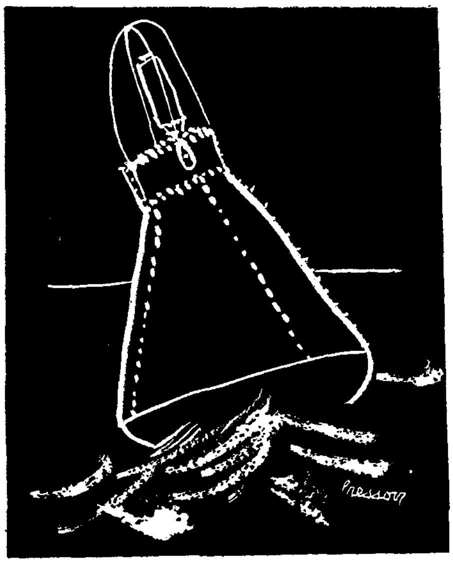
Serendipity

A NEW JERSEY lady we know who likes to boast of her exact-change-toll-box marksmanship shamefully missed her target by inches the other day on the Garden State Parkway. Undaunted by a rising cacophony behind her, she quickly slipped from the driver’s seat and scoured the area under her car where she thought the quarter had fallen. The coin was there, all right, and so were six just like it. She scooped them all up, placed a seventh of her loot in the toll box, and went serenely on her way.

Underground Outing

A COUPLE of Saturdays ago, our man Stanley, humming “Rock Island Line” and gyrating like a turnstile, dropped a sooty sheaf of notes on our desk and tooted out of the room. His report follows:

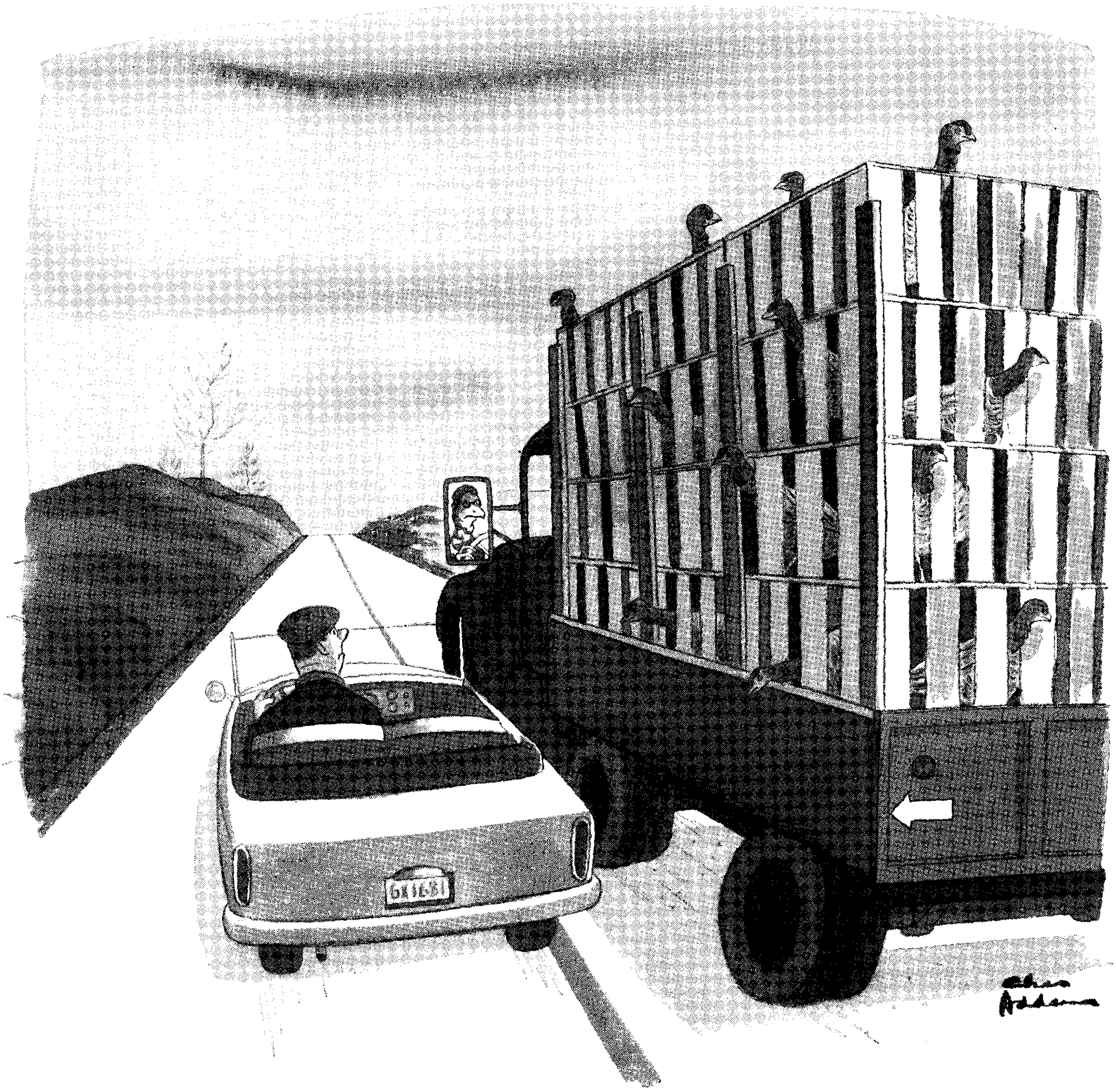
“Participated in annual junket of Electric Railroaders Association—tour of eighty-three miles of dingy tunnels and rattly tracks of Interborough Rapid Transit system, hereafter referred to by initials, I.R.T. Special six-car train, made up of last of antique low-voltage cars, due to depart from Grand Central shuttle station at 9:45 A.M. On platform, smelled sweet smell of popcorn balls issuing from pink underground cafeteria. Pushed through milling crowd of over two hundred railroad buffs, many of them juveniles, to front car, where view presumably best. Old cars, built forty years ago, had two rows of wicker-covered benches, dusty green walls, dirty brown floors, lint-coated black fans on ceiling. Familiar, except for sign reading, ‘Dining Car in Opposite Direction.’ In front car, seated side by side, were Mr. Albert Field, chairman of New York division of Electric Railroaders Association, and Mr. David Rogoff, librarian of national division, which was sponsoring trip. Mr. Field, slender, graying schoolteacher, said, ‘I was weaned on these cars. After this trip, they will be scrapped. Imagine the I.R.T. doing this for us! We’re not an ordinary railroad club but an *electric*-railroad club—buffs who are interested in mass transit conducted by electricity. Some members can recite the timetable of the entire New York subway system.’ Mr. Field said he had ridden on every subway in Europe and North America. Mr. Rogoff, thickset, with black hair, said we shouldn’t judge club by number of teen-agers present. ‘It’s a distinguished association, founded in 1934,’ he said. ‘One of the founders, Mr. Frank Sprague, was the inventor of the multiple-train-unit control that makes subways possible. The association is now preparing the only authoritative history of the I.R.T.’ Asked Mr. Rogoff for synopsis of history, and learned I.R.T. was first subway in New York, opened October 27, 1904. Originally S-shaped route—from City Hall up East Side to Grand Central, across to Times Square, then up Broadway. Expanded in 1918 to H system—project bigger than digging Panama Canal—extending Lexington Avenue leg uptown, Broadway leg downtown. Shuttle tracks cut off from main tracks then. Mr. Rogoff said train we were on would follow rarely used tracks—would leave shuttle station and proceed to Lexington Avenue line by way of curving tunnel not used by passenger trains since 1918, and would also visit major terminal station, closed since 1945, on unused City Hall loop. Timetable for trip:



ARR:		DEP:
A.M.		A.M.
9:30	Grand Central Shuttle	9:45
9:57	City Hall Loop	10:04
10:45	Westchester Yard	10:59
11:03	Pelham Bay Park Terminal	11:05
11:37	86th Street-Lexington Ave.	11:38
P.M.		P.M.
12:19	Dyre Ave. Terminal	12:35
12:46	East 180th Street	12:48
1:00	238th Street Loop	1:18
1:54	96th Street and Broadway	1:55
2:20	242nd St. Terminal	3:07
	(LUNCH)	
4:18	New Lots Yards	4:33
5:13	Grand Central, Lexington Ave.	

“Mr. Field looked at watch. Looked at mine—10:05, and train still in shuttle station. ‘There goes the schedule!’ Mr. Field said. ‘Now we’ll have to work by signalling other trains. It will probably throw off the speed run from 242nd Street, in the Bronx, to New Lots Avenue, in Brooklyn. We’d hoped to do it in one hour and eleven minutes. Well, maybe we’ll be able to pick up time by passing other trains on side tracks.’

“Shouts of ‘All aboard!’ Train jerked to start (10:10). Surprise! Found self in rear car, since hadn’t figured on tunnel to Lexington Avenue line. Train squeaked, squawked around historic, little-known curve and, in twinkling (10:12), arrived at Park Avenue and Thirty-third Street station. Started for head of train, where presumed action was. Lurched from sixth to fifth car across clanking, wrenching coupling. Roar in tunnel earsplitting. Found two young buffs with microphone and tape recorder recording roar, clanks. One of them holding micro-



• •

phone down between two cars. 'I thought we'd get the sounds of the train on the last run!' he shouted. 'The Electric Railroaders Association is planning to record the different types of train sounds!' Train sped past Spring Street station, tooting whistle. Inside fifth car, came across buff selling books and periodicals, including 'Clang, Clang! The Story of Trolleys,' and *Headlights*, Electric Railroaders Association monthly. Books were inching along smooth wicker benches toward back of train or pitching into aisle on curves. Train, buffs, books pitched around little-used City Hall loop and stopped at abandoned City Hall station (10:20). Buffs detrained onto dusty platform. Station illuminated only by flash bulbs, in light of which made out large arches, startling mosaics of red, white, blue tiles—underground, tubular Baths of Caracalla. 'All aboard!' Entrained on fourth car, in determined effort to get ahead. Film of soot beginning to form on hands.

"Fourth car was dining car, with Union News man selling sandwiches. Was offered menu as souvenir—ham sandwiches, bologna sandwiches, cheese sandwiches. Far cry from five-course Orient Express dinner but landmark in I.R.T. history nonetheless. Train passed Spring Street again (10:45) on way uptown to Westchester Yard, near Pelham Line Terminal, in Bronx. Furious, non-stop pace; ominous lurching. Went on to third car. Encountered elderly couple down from Newington, Connecticut—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Williams, both silver-haired. Mr. Williams smoking pipe. 'On fan trips, I don't pay attention to subway rules,' he said. Added, 'Get that sound!' Referring to motor almost directly beneath spot where sitting. 'The engineer's picking up speed. Get it? That whine? To me, that's one of the most interesting sounds. Hear the quickening sounds of the wheels—click, click, click? I like that, too. Hear the boys blow the whistle? I like that sound, too. Notice how the clicking gets faster, faster, faster? That's part of the thrill.' Mr. Williams puffed on pipe, lapsed into comfortable silence. Burst of light as train emerged from tunnel (11:06). At other end of car, two young buffs hastily pulled microphone in through window, where it had been dangling to record click of wheels.

"Approaching Pelham Terminal, hastened to front car, worried lest it become rear car, necessitating risky, buff-fraught trip to other end of train. Constant bounce and jounce hard on legs. Queasy-making. Front car chock-full of buffs surveying murky Bronx from eminence of elevated tracks. Train stopped at Westchester Square at 11:25. Buffs detrained and climbed overhead platform for bird's-eye view of subway train. Since car now empty, took opportunity to enter motorman's cab—choicest spot on train. Sturdy, white-haired motorman, Mr. Ralph Rungo, said he had been with I.R.T. forty-eight years. He blew three blasts on whistle as signal to buffs to return. They returned, and he tooled train around Westchester Yard and halted to let them inspect stationary flatcar carrying four yellow tanks of weed-killer. Mr. Rungo said running non-stop, unscheduled train on regular subway tracks not tricky business for old hand like him. Also said he was not sorry to see last of old cars. Train heading back downtown now.

"Reached Eighty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue at 12:30. Queasy. Detrained. Train pulled out for Dyre Avenue Terminal minus me. Waved to Mr. Field, who was eating sandwich, as train flashed by, then got aboard downtown express. New cars. No bumps, no grime, no buffs. Arrived Grand Central 12:48."

•

SIGN observed over a section of the book department of the S. Klein store in Springfield, Pennsylvania:

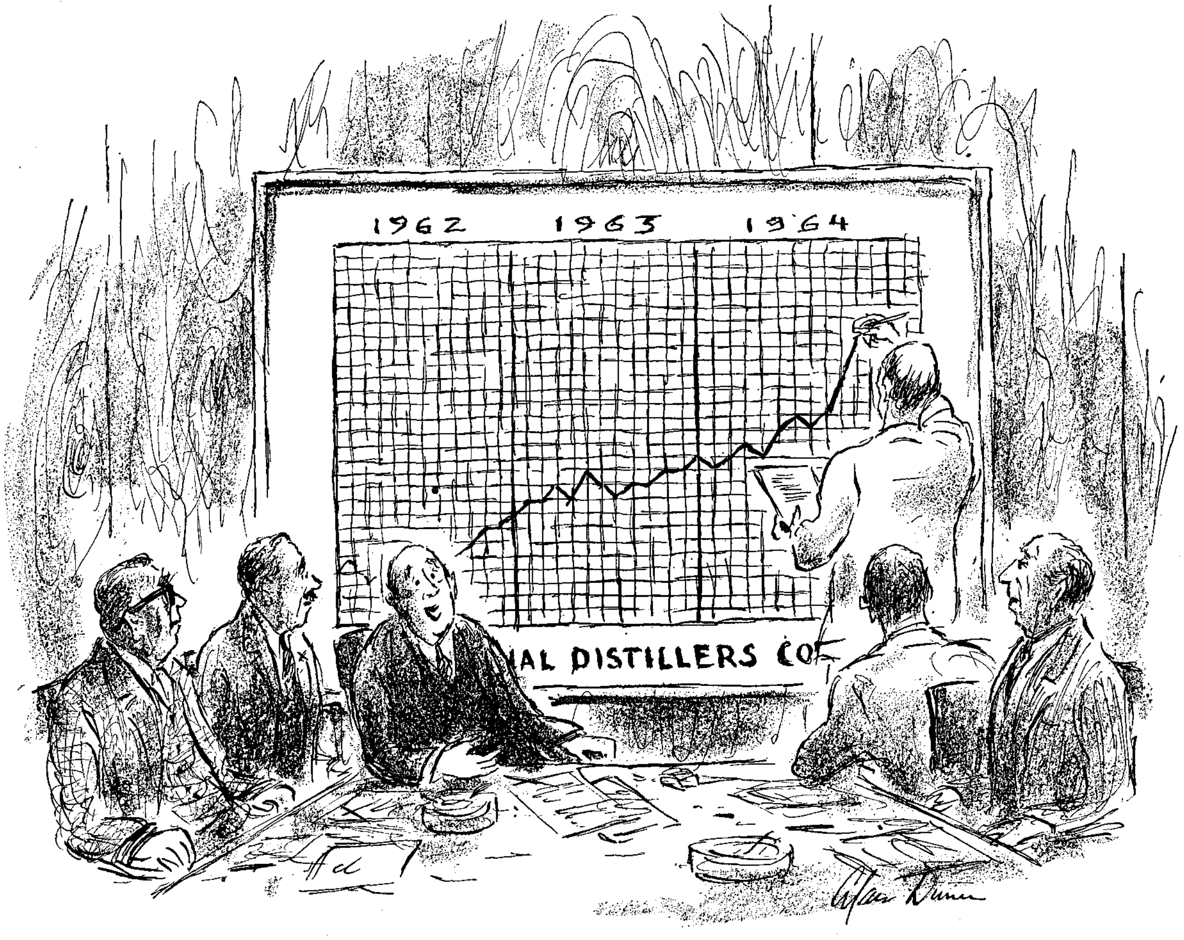
DICTIONERIES

Nephew

CHARLES TERRASSE, the favorite nephew, frequent childhood subject, and fortunate heir of the painter Pierre Bonnard, who is being given a major show by the Museum of Modern Art, came over here with his wife for the *vernissage*, and we caught him at the Hotel Pierre a few days before they flew back to France. "Neither of us had ever been here before," he said, conversing easily in French. "*Nous allons d'étonnement en étonnement. Nous voulons tout voir.* We've been from the Métro to Rockefeller Center. We've seen Chelsea, Harlem, Greenwich Village, and the Stock Exchange. We've eaten at French restaurants, Italian restaurants, Chinese restaurants, and the Colony. But the thing that impresses me most is your museums. *Vous avez des musées merveilleux!* The Metropolitan is full of chefs-d'œuvre. The Goyas! The Manets! The most moving, to me, is Rembrandt's 'Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer.' I wish I didn't have to go back so soon. We leave New York with a great deal of regret."

M. Terrasse, a slender, fine-featured man, wearing a brown suit, a bow tie, and thin-rimmed dark glasses, said that he wouldn't tell us how old he was but that he remembered going on excursions with his uncle when he was four. "I was born at Le Grand-Lemps, in Dauphiné, in the home of my grandparents, who were Bonnard's parents," he said. "My mother, Andrée, was his sister. My father, Claude Terrasse, was a well-known composer. Bonnard used to visit Le Grand-Lemps and take me for walks when I was a child. He was like a father to me. I called him Tonton Pierre. When I was very young, my family moved to Paris, where Bonnard lived. *J'étais toujours fourré dans l'atelier de mon oncle.* His father was a *fonctionnaire* and didn't want him to be a painter; he wanted him to be a tax collector, with a secure income. We were *petits bourgeois*. Comfortable. I had a donkey in the country, and my grandfather had horses and cows. *Nous n'étions pas riches, nous n'étions pas pauvres.* When Bonnard began to paint, around 1890, when he was in his early twenties, his father was much disturbed. He gave him fifty francs a month. Bonnard then lived with his grandmother in Paris. *Il avait sa chambre et son couvert.* When he was twenty-three, he painted a poster for France-Champagne, for which he was paid a hundred francs. Toulouse-Lautrec was so taken with this that he spent forty-eight hours tracking down who Bonnard was. When Bonnard sold the *affiche*, he wrote to his father, who danced for joy in his garden. In the letter, Bonnard had made a sketch of *himself* dancing for joy."

Since 1937, M. Terrasse has been *conservateur*, or curator, of the National Museum of Fontainebleau, which is in the Château.

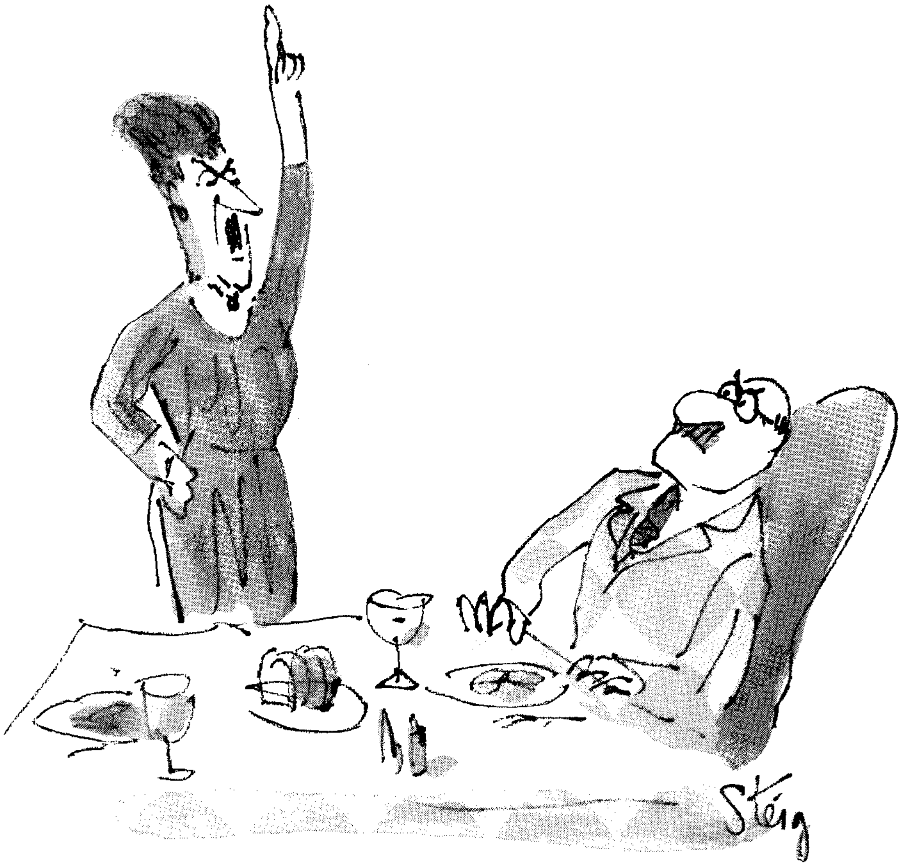


"*Gentlemen, I think this calls for a drink!*"

"*Une maison de famille des rois de France*, built by François I, in the early sixteenth century," he said. "It's a unique museum. Much of the décor is sixteenth-century; the mural decoration is largely seventeenth-century. We have four hundred thousand visitors every summer."

The Terrasses divide most of their year between the Château and a Paris apartment, but spend part of the summer and fall in a house on the Loire, near Chambord, which they rent from Henri Cartier-Bresson, the photographer, who was a great friend of Bonnard. M. Terrasse has retained around twenty Bonnards out of the many he inherited, and he has lent one, "The Studio at Le Cannet, with Mimosa," to the Museum's show. He has written a life of his uncle up to 1927 (Bonnard died in 1947, at seventy-nine), and is now working on a biography of François I. "My uncle didn't care about money," he told us. "He liked to have enough to live comfortably, and to stay in good hotels when he travelled—he had to see new things—but he didn't care for *luxe*, and he didn't care very much about selling his things. A collector once came to see one of his paintings and offered him a hundred thousand francs for it. Bonnard said nothing. The man offered him two hundred thousand francs. Bonnard said nothing. His visitor then offered him three hundred thousand francs. Bonnard said nothing. His caller handed him a blank check and asked him to fill it out. 'Fifty thousand francs,' Bonnard said."

We thanked M. Terrasse for his recollections, and he said, "One of my chief *étonnements* here was the sight of the bison and the grizzly in the Central Park Zoo. I had never seen these before. I am coming to feel that everything is bigger in America—even the bears."



"Only God can order me around!"

• •

•

ADMIRERS of Cantonese cooking visiting the Mattapan section of Boston may find refuge in Ye Olde Brown Jug Chinese Restaurant, on the corner of Morton Street and Blue Hill Avenue.

Premiums

ONE afternoon last week, we visited the twenty-sixth annual New York Premium Show, at the Coliseum, and learned that a Premium Show is an exhibition, put on by manufacturers and advertising men, of dishes, toys, utensils, and the like that other manufacturers and advertising men award as contest prizes or else give away or sell at bargain prices in connection with toothpaste, automobiles, soap flakes, and the like. Joining the premium buyers, for whom the show is held, we made a quick tour of the displays of the premium sellers, during which we learned that there are "in-pack," "on-pack," and "mail-in" premiums, premiums that can be obtained for various numbers of trading stamps, premiums that can be won in contests among the users of certain products, premiums awarded to dealers who buy enough of a product from a manufacturer, and premiums presented to star salesmen.

Among the objects with which the sellers are hoping to tempt the buyers this year are a device for making grilled-cheese sandwiches in a pop-up toaster, worth $2.49 retail; an Amphicar, worth $2,975 on land or sea; and an electric peeler-dicer-shredder-slicer, whose retail value has not been definitely established. On our way around the Coliseum, someone handed us a copy of a speech that had been made at a conference of the Premium Advertising Association of America on October 27th by Mel Hattwick, who is chairman of the Advertising Federation of America and advertising director of the Continental Oil Company. We stopped at a Coliseum snack bar for coffee and read the speech, in which Mr. Hattwick noted that the theme of the Premium Advertising Association's conference was "Gateway to a New Plateau for Premium Promotions" and argued that morality in advertising was the only way to reach that new plateau of prosperity and professionalism, and, incidentally, the only way to avoid regulation by the federal government.

Inspired by Mr. Hattwick's vision of the fruits of self-regulation, we stopped to talk with Mr. Max Walzer, vice-president of A. Walzer & Son, who was sitting in a chair next to a large bundle of mink skins. Mr. Walzer, apparently at peace with himself and unafraid of the federal government, explained that his bundle consisted of the skins of genuine wild Labrador mink, which when turned into a coat would be worth fifteen thousand dollars—the most valuable premium ever offered, and worth its price to any premium buyer interested in offering it to a dealer, a salesman, or a contest-entering consumer. We nodded and left.

•

OVERHEARD (small girl talking) in the main auditorium of the Hayden Planetarium: "When are we going to get down from here?"

THE LETTER

TWO workmen were disinterring part of a Roman pavement. Most of the Roman remains in Vaison-la-Romaine had been uncovered or dug up years ago, polished and labelled, and carefully placed in a small museum, which hardly anyone visited, but because of the Theatre Festival the town had decided to see what more could be found. The little amphitheatre just outside town was one of the best preserved in Provence, and for three weeks in the summer plays were performed there every night to the clicking sounds of crickets, with a row of cypresses and a sky full of stars as a backdrop.

Desultorily, the workmen shifted pieces of stone, blew the dust off them, and threw them aside. I sat on a stone wall watching, avoiding the caressing shade of a plane tree, baking and melting in the sun that destroyed all distinctions of color and form, so that what I was most aware of was the light, dull sounds of stones falling together, the occasional murmur of voices, the smell of dry dust with a hint of ripe pumpkins and melons in it, and the sensation of dust between my toes.

The letter had arrived that morning. I took it out of the pocket of my shorts and looked at the envelope, and I started to laugh. In childish, awkward handwriting, it was addressed, on the envelope itself, to "Dear Miss Shiela." Poor stupid, ignorant Herbert, in dreary Munich. I shouted and rocked with laughter, almost falling off the wall.

One of the workmen turned to the other and said, "*Elle s'amuse, la petite.*"

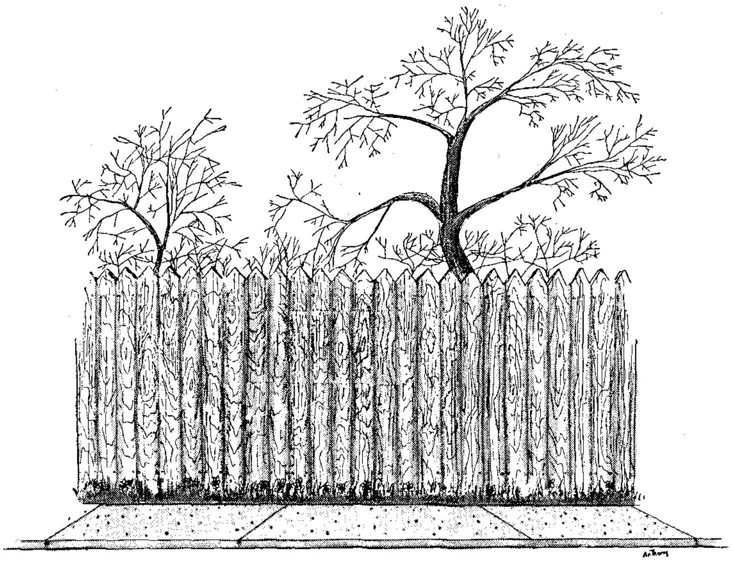
HERBERT and I had been students at the same art school in Paris during the last year, and, being the two youngest in the class—he was twenty-four and I was seventeen—we had spent a lot of time together. The Académie Bashkirtseff was not one of the fashionable, progressive art schools on the Left Bank but a quiet relic from the time when life-drawing classes had been one of the few excitements open to serious, well-brought-up young ladies. My mother had studied there when she was young. Now, eight years after the Second World War, a few girls from finishing schools came in once a week, but for the most part the students were middle-aged women, occasional G.I.s who had been unable to get into any other school, and people it was impossible to categorize, like the retired bank clerk who had come into some money and had visions of himself as a second Gauguin.

The studio was small, but even so there were not enough students to fill it. The atmosphere was one of gentle lethargy and decay. We sat through the long mornings and afternoons with indirect light filtering in through a dirty skylight, drawing models whose limbs always seemed to fall into the same positions, or, if some huge creative effort on the part of the drawing master had cajoled them into a more interesting pose on Monday, to shift gently back by the end of the week. In the painting classes, an old piece of red brocade, a blackout curtain, a piece of purple felt, and a green tablecloth alternated their uninteresting colors and textures behind the sallow flesh of the models. Of all the students there, only Herbert and the bank clerk had any real sense of vocation, and they had chosen the school for just those qualities I most disliked about it—the quiet and lack of pretension.

He was good-looking in a way, Herbert—tall and blond, but straggly, like one of his own drawings. He walked with a stoop, and even though he was tall, his head seemed to be too large for his body. It looked like a clay sketch for a portrait of a young poet; the planes and features were beautiful, sensitive, expressive, but roughly put together. Everything about him gave an impression of adolescent, almost spastic awkwardness, and would, I am sure, until he was ninety. Even his clothes, which were neat and unassuming in themselves, seemed to have been dropped, or grown, on him haphazard.

Elaine, one of the other students, said that he reminded her of Dostoevski's Prince Myshkin, and it is true that the mixture of awkwardness and nobility in him was disconcerting. Elaine came to the school in January, the middle of the school year, and she often joined Herbert and me for lunch at a student restaurant on the other side of the Parc Monceau, a small park with the richest babies and best-dressed nannies in Paris. When there were three of us, I enjoyed our going to student restaurants, museums, and cafés together, but when Herbert and I went alone I was ashamed of him.

The young men I longed for had sallow faces, dark crew cuts, and heavy eyelids, and they wore black turtleneck sweaters and suède jackets. It embarrassed me to walk down the street with Herbert, for fear that we might meet a young man like this, who, seeing me with Herbert, would assume that I was Herbert's sort of girl and not his sort. For this imagined audience, I would do everything to suggest that Herbert and I were not a couple; I would try to walk on the other side of the pavement, I would shrug irritably if he touched my arm when we crossed the street, and answer in monosyllables when he talked to me. Luckily, since the Académie Bashkirtseff was not on the Left Bank, in the heart of Existentialist country, my shame was not often apparent for everyone to see. But I lived on the Left Bank, in a small room in the apartment of an elderly writer and his wife, and every evening the same problem presented itself to me. Should I spend the evening with Herbert in some anonymous *quartier*, not caring, in an area where my ego was not at stake, that we looked like two naïve young foreigners? Or should I go home and sit in my room and read, or discuss classical Greek sculpture with my landlady? Or should I brave the fearsome Montparnasse cafés alone and wait, with my face slowly stiffening into abject pathos, for someone who would surely recognize that I was one of Them to sweep me down into the dark, secret depths of their lives? Or should I take Herbert with me to the Montparnasse cafés and prove that I

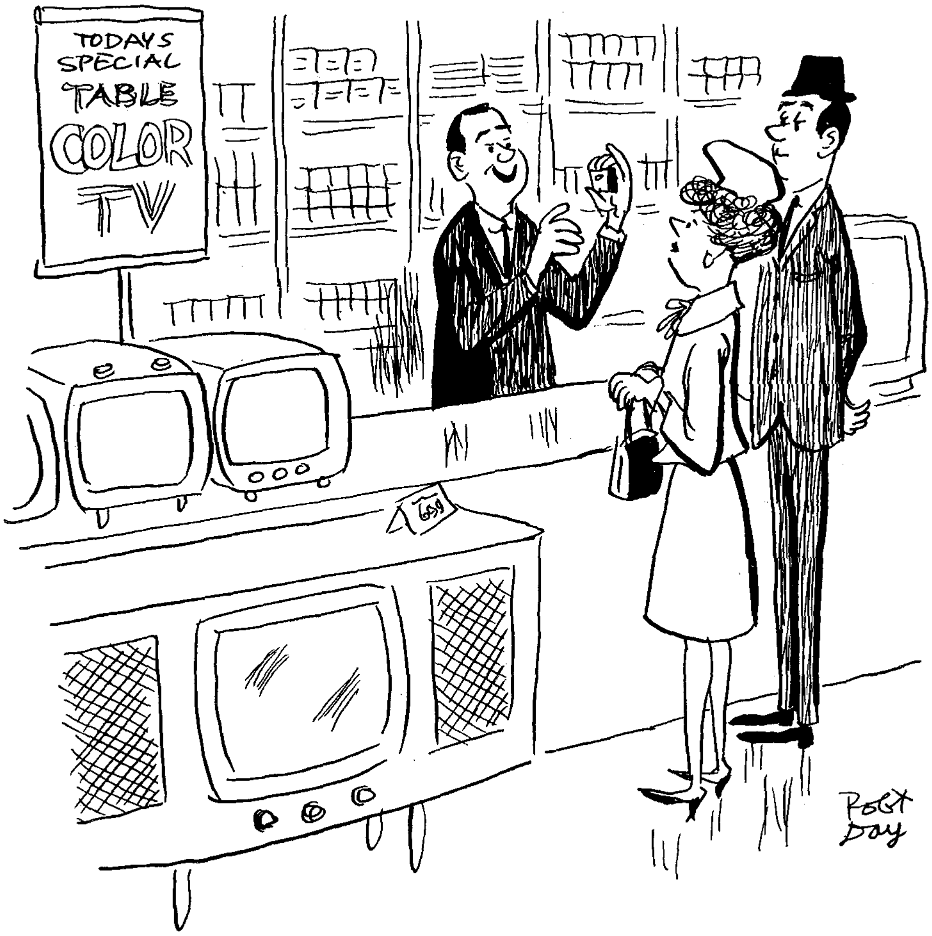


was, after all, to be classed with him as a naïve young foreigner? I was quite ignorant of the extent of my own innocence. A childhood spent reading bad novels and detective stories does not lead to a sense of reality, and I was unable to differentiate between my own experience, which was nil, and the sophistication of Mike Hammer and Simon Templar.

When Elaine was with us, it was all right, because she was older than both of us—she was in her late twenties—and she found Herbert interesting. But she had her own involved and exciting life to lead. She had been an actress for several years in London—like me, she was English—and since, like Herbert, she was an idealist, the continual humiliating effort to attract the attention of agents and producers had sickened her; she had come to Paris to paint and be free and open herself to art and to love. I'm sure she must have been a very good actress, because she had a pale, shining, freckled face and green eyes that took on an extra charge of light when she smiled.

At the art school, she met one of the G.I.s called Al, who was very tall and dark and marvellously handsome. I was a little frightened of him, because I always seemed to see him standing in the half darkness, heavy and impassive, like an Easter Island statue. His drawings were surprisingly delicate, in black ink on stark white paper; I had never seen him use any other medium, or any color, and I had never heard him speak. Elaine told me that his vocal cords had been severed by a bullet in Korea and he could speak only in a hoarse, throaty whisper.

But before she fell in love with Al and disappeared to pass her time with him in ways we never presumed to imagine, she had drawn Herbert out and slightly changed my perspective on him. I took it for granted that he was in love with me, because I had never known any young men who were not—I had never known any other young men at all. And the fact that he was in love with me only made me despise him more, because, in addition to not being an Existentialist, he allowed me to treat him so badly. It never occurred to me that he had opinions and virtues that could be taken seriously, and when, one day in a café in Montparnasse, he and Elaine began making disparaging remarks about a group of sullen-eyed, suède-clad young men, it was a shocking revelation. I was afraid the young men might overhear, and I wanted to say to Herbert, "No, no—you don't despise them; they despise you."

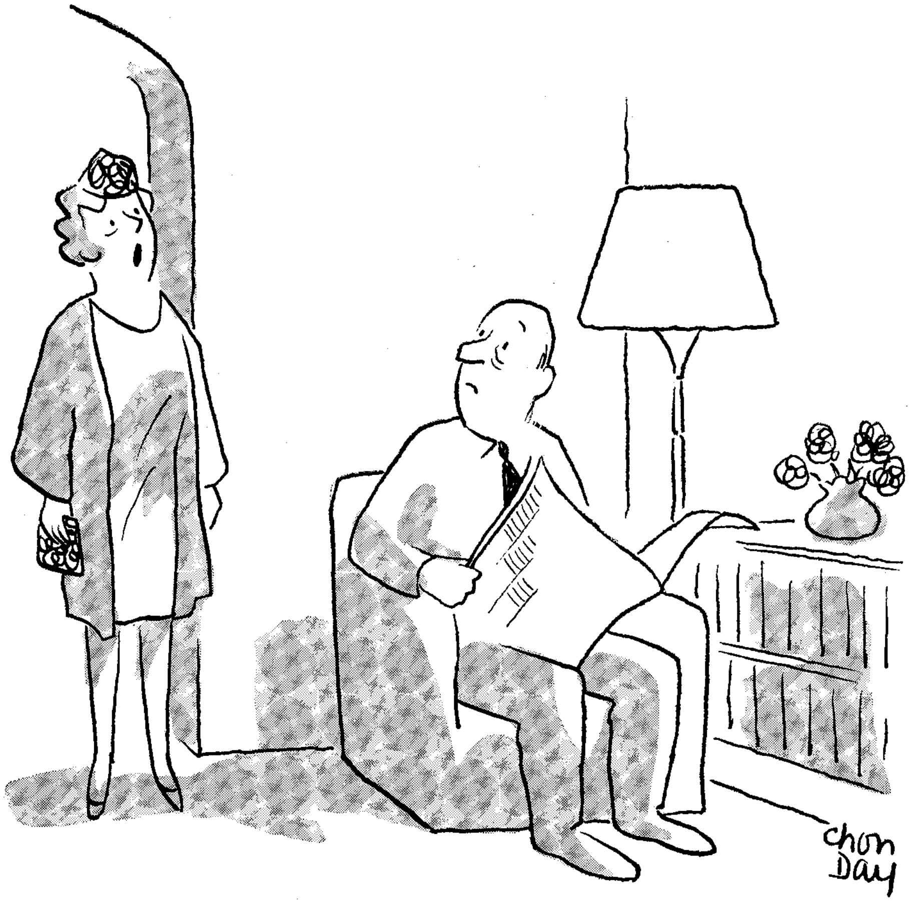

TODAY'S SPECIAL TABLE COLOR TV
Robt Day

"Easily connected to any set, it blanks out picture and sound for thirty seconds when triggered by the word 'deodorant.'"

Herbert had just been telling us that he was surprised to have come across no anti-German feeling in Paris. In Munich, where he lived, he had been warned that Germans were still very unpopular. He had braved this, because the only thing he was interested in was art, and Paris was still the center of the art world. Elaine said that it was obvious to anyone that Herbert was not the type of German who had been a Nazi; the Germans people hated were the tough, arrogant, insensitive ones, not the artists. Everyone knew that there were two types of German—the mystical romantic, living for art and poetry and pure love (here she gave my fringe a gentle tug and smiled her beautiful smile at Herbert), like Werther, and the jackbooted Prussian militarist. The idea of this sharp division seemed to worry Herbert. He told us that both he and his older brother, Sigismund, had been members of the Hitler Youth; everybody had been. They didn't know anything about politics, and it was not the organized sports and campfire songs that had appealed to them so much as the long days and nights in the open air in the mountains, with the great pines swaying above their heads as they slept. Sigismund had been a pianist, almost a child prodigy; he had given many concerts while he was still in his teens. But, unlike Herbert, he had been old enough to fight in the war, and because he was a culturally valuable person he had been a member of the élite of the élite, that special unit of the S.S. responsible for Hitler's personal safety. His special position hadn't helped him in the end, though, any more than he had been able to help Hitler, and he had been killed.

Even I was astonished at this story. The same questions disturbed us all. How could an artist, who knew nothing about politics or war, end up as a member of the most vicious and terrifying group of men in Europe? But again, if he knew and cared nothing about politics, how could he refuse when the position was offered to him? The questions seemed insoluble, and we paused.

It was at this moment that Herbert burst out. He despised these young men who sat about in cafés all day doing nothing, he said. They were not



"A funny thing happened on my way into the garage."

• •

artists. To be an artist you had to work—it was the hardest work there was! Herbert himself worked very hard. His drawings and sculpture were extremely good, quite different from anything that was fashionable at that time—fluid and formless and full of feeling. He loved the Expressionist painters, particularly Munch. He once showed me a picture by Munch of a pine tree on a snow-covered mountainside, which was his favorite picture. Herbert himself, when he was only twenty, had had two pieces of sculpture in the Venice Biennale Exhibition.

WE saw very little of Elaine during the late spring. She would come to perhaps one life-drawing class a week. The bank clerk, who had warmed to her enthusiasm, quite lost interest in her. Herbert and I began to get on better. It turned out that he thought I had been leading a very gay life in the cafés of Montparnasse on the evenings I was not with him, and he had been jealous—which made me feel that simply by hankering after something I had achieved it to a certain extent. So I accompanied Herbert more happily to the Musée Guimet, and the Cirque Médrano, and the Botanical Gardens, and plucked up courage to take him with me to some of the darkest and cheapest jazz clubs.

Then it was the end of June, when the school closed for summer vacation, and Herbert had to return to Germany. I was going down to the South of France with my landlord and his wife, to see one of his plays, which was being put on in the Theatre Festival at Vaison-la-Romaine, but we were not leaving for another week. I would have stayed nowhere because of Herbert, but I didn't want him to go and leave me alone in Paris with nothing to do, and he was afraid we might never see each other again, and could not bear the thought of leaving. (I would be coming back to Paris the next year, but Herbert's family had spent all the money they could afford on his education, and he would have to remain in Munich.) He had just enough money to make the trip home in comfort, but he stayed on in Paris. His rent had been paid until the end of the week, and he decided that by travelling third class he could save enough for food. But every day he grew more worried, because his family was expecting him and his father was not well. Each day he would say, "Tomorrow I must go," and when tomorrow came he would send a telegram putting it off. We spent the days wandering about the hot summer streets, nearly empty now as people went off to the sea or the mountains, hardly speaking, each of us lost in his own thoughts—Herbert's of painting and the sorrows of parting, mine of the exciting life that was going to open up for me in Paris next year—and eating picnics of bread and grapes under the bridges by the narrow, oily river, until finally Herbert had to catch his train for Munich at eight o'clock the next morning and I had to catch mine for Avignon at twelve.

We decided to stay up all night for our last night in Paris. I was determined to make an effort and be nice to Herbert. I would buy us both dinner at a little Polish restaurant in Montparnasse where a lot of poor students and local artists ate, and where I went sometimes even when I was alone. The menu was written in chalk on a blackboard, and when you were very broke you could get a plate of vegetables for only forty francs. The first person we saw when we went in was Elaine. She was sitting with Al at a corner table and smiling at him, so that they both seemed to be wrapped in a cloud of light. Even her dark-brown hair, which stood up all over her head like a poodle's, had a depth that wasn't just color but shadow. We waved excitedly and went over to say hello. The two other chairs at the table were empty, and Elaine glanced at Al as if to say, "Shall we ask them to join us?" Al gave a sort of half nod, and we sat down. Elaine looked at him again with the same questioning expression; she was obviously longing to tell us something.

Al turned to me and said, in his hoarse, low voice that was not a voice, "Elaine and I were married this afternoon."

"It's a secret," said Elaine. "No one is meant to know." She smiled round the room. "We would have asked you, but no one came to the wedding. Absolutely no one except the witnesses—a cleaning woman and a porter. We're going to go and live in Italy and paint."

How lovely, how idyllic, how beautiful. We hoped they would be very happy. I imagined Al's black-and-white drawings of Italy, and Elaine smiling in the sunshine forever. We ordered our meal, and when Elaine had poured us each half a glass of wine from the last of their carafe Al ordered another one.

This was the restaurant where the two most sophisticated moments of my life had occurred—at least, that is how I thought of them. The first one was when a young actor told me that I looked like an ingénue. I knew him well enough to say "*Bonjour*" to, because he often came in to eat with his girl friend, an actress, who sometimes used to pose for the life-drawing class—and who had an astonishing body, everyone agreed. One day when I was sitting opposite this young man, eating spaghetti, he said, "But look, when you put your head down like that you are really quite pretty. One could take a charming picture—Ingénue Eating Spaghetti." For years afterward, whenever I wanted to impress anybody, I would bury my chin in my plate and peer up under my eyebrows.

The other occasion involved a Greek-American sculptor named Alex, who had once been a shepherd in the wild Macedonian hills; a Scottish writer; and a Negro woman painter wearing a beret. They were sitting at the same table as I was, talking about Greenwich Village. This was where the woman came from, and I gathered the impression of a twilit fishing village where all the houses were built on stilts above the roaring sea, and all the women wore berets and all the men wore beards, and they continually drank tea.

Alex started to play a game. "Who did you sleep with last night?" he asked the Scotsman.

"Last night? Oh, I guess it was Florence."

"And you?" He turned to the Negress.

She was middle-aged but still attractive—jolly and alert, like an officer in the Wafs. She shrugged and smiled.

"Don't you remember, dear?" Alex put his hand on her knee and turned to me. "And you?"

"Nobody," I said.

He started round again, and it went: "Mary." "I don't remember." "Nobody."

But by the next time round I had cottoned on. "Elise," said the Scotsman. "John," said the Negress. And I said, "I don't remember." I felt that I had passed a test with flying colors and proved I was one of them.

How could Herbert ever appreciate the extreme sophistication of a moment like that? Fortunately, none of these people was in the restaurant right now.

FORD FOUNDATION

Al and Elaine had finished their wine in silence. I felt instinctively that Al would have been a morose man even if he had had a voice, so his silence was not expressive. But Elaine was staring at him in a daze of love, unconscious of time. They got up to go before we were through. Elaine impulsively kissed us both and said, "You're so sweet, you two." Al turned as if he had half forgotten us and whispered "Goodbye," and then they disappeared into the blue-gray evening, toward Italy.

When they had gone, I began to feel uneasy and exposed. I talked animatedly to Herbert about the only people we both knew—the people at the art school—using many first names, trying to create an enviable little inside world for the benefit of whoever might be listening. Herbert sat hunched in his seat, looking out of place and uncomfortable. He was too sad and anxious and guilty to want to talk about anything except, maybe, his home and parents, or our relationship over the past year. I chattered on, as if he was by far the most interesting and desirable person in the room, only betraying myself now and then by anxious glances over my shoulder to see if anyone was reacting. I told myself that in order to keep in a good mood and make Herbert's last evening a happy one, I had to talk instead of listening to him, because I bored myself less than he did. He shifted restlessly, and kneaded the large knuckles on his sculptor's hands. When I asked for the bill, he said, "I wish that we could talk together."

I was bewildered. "But we've been talking all evening."

"No, not you and I, talking together."

I paid the bill openly, thinking that I was enough a woman of the world not to be embarrassed, and Herbert turned away. He could not be embarrassed by honest poverty—an artist can be honestly poor all his life. Anyway, other people's opinions of him were something that Herbert was never aware of. Their opinion of him as a sculptor maybe, or as a German, or as a son—but as a person, never. I don't think he was aware of himself as a person. But as we went out he said, "I do not like that a woman should pay. It is not right."

"But I wanted to, Herbert—it's our last night. And you haven't any money."

It was just beginning to get dark. Paris was already taking on its summer character, but it was still early enough in the year for it to feel strange to have eaten dinner in daylight. We walked very slowly down the Boulevard Raspail, toward Saint-Germain. I was grumpy again, because my efforts to be nice to Herbert and make our evening pleasant didn't seem to be working—also because I wasn't in love, like Elaine. Herbert had his hands in his pockets; he looked at me sadly, like a dog, from time to time. He was in love, but he couldn't show it the way Elaine could show hers.

When you have decided to sit up all night, and have no money, there is a huge blank area after dinner until about two in the morning when the hours go incredibly slowly. Ten o'clock is still too early for the evening to have got properly under way. Other people are planning to go to the cinema, eat, go on to a party, and be in bed by two, whereas you have nowhere to go; you can't afford to go anywhere. You carefully put off spending your last hundred francs, taking your walk, saying whatever it is you want to say, because if you use up these time fillers too soon, what ever will you do for the rest of the night?

After walking around the Place Saint-Sulpice, the Place Furstenberg, the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés in gloomy silence, with the night stretching unalterably in front of us, we finally settled down in a small, cheap café opposite the fashionable Cafe Des Deux Magots. I watched the rich people and the Existentialists, and identified myself in a muddled way with both; and Herbert slumped down, thinking, I presumed, of his long journey, his sick father, his anxious mother, and his fruitless love. People came and sat and drank and talked and went away. Gradually, by the sheer fact of our continued presence, we began to feel more at home. An unspoken solidarity grew up between us, the corner of the terrace, the man selling newspapers by the Métro, and the waiters. Herbert and I began to make comments to each other about the people who passed. We were old Parisians, we were together, and we had been sitting there for three hours already; we were an in-group.

Surprisingly soon, we realized that it was already past two o'clock and time was beginning its crescendo toward dawn. We got up and started to walk through the back streets of Saint-Germain and Montparnasse. The air was voluptuously soft and warm, and there was a wonderfully expansive feeling of summer. The streets were not closed and silent, like midnight streets in winter; the sky was full of soft light, and there were occasional sounds of music and laughter. Our footsteps did not reverberate hollowly on the pavements but sounded as casual and natural as footsteps in midafternoon. Many people slept, but many did not.

As we passed a high wall, we were suddenly overwhelmed with the scent of blossom. Neither of us knew what it was; it could have been magnolia, or jasmine, or lilac. We stood in the middle of the street and inhaled deep breaths of it; it was so delicate, and yet so sweet and strong. We tried to climb over the wall, to see the tree and the hidden garden, but could see nothing. The sky was soft and dusky blue, the street empty, with high walls on either side, and this wonderful, intoxicating scent invisibly filled the air. It was strongest in one particular spot in the middle of the street; if we moved too much to one side or the other, or even too close to the garden wall itself, it would disappear into the warm, dusty smell of the city. So we stood in the middle of the street, crying out with delight, lifting up our heads and turning this way and that as if we were under a shower of cool water after a long day in the sun.

We stayed there for a long time, until all at once the pleasure was too much and we dragged ourselves away. Herbert danced down the street, singing and swinging his arms, like an oversized baby gorilla. He kept stopping and throwing out his arms, saying, "It is beautiful! Most beautiful!"

We ran and danced down to the river, singing a popular song called "Johnnie, Tu N'es Pas un Ange," which had been on all the jukeboxes that spring. Down on the quays, we came across a little church, huddled in its graveyard in the starlight, surrounded by ancient, crumbling streets. The rough old stones felt warm under our hands, and when we gazed up at the gargoyles on the roof they suddenly leaped closer as our eyes focussed on them against the lighter sky.

Herbert talked about Munich, and the art school there, and his favorite professor, and the paintings of Munch. I promised I would visit Germany soon, and he said he would take me round the museums and show me the churches and the student taverns where they drank yard-long glasses of thick brown beer. He talked about his home and family—his mother, who was so good and patient, and his father, who was a bourgeois and a businessman but so proud that his sons had become artists. The death of Sigismund had been a great blow. He had been famous as a pianist, and in the S.S. he had been able to take care of his hands. But now he was dead, and they had only Herbert left.

We sat in the graveyard and thought of talent that dies young, of art that is forever unexpressed. The sky began to lighten; we moved down to the cobbled quayside, huddled together against the sudden chilliness of the breeze in the increasing gray light of dawn. The water and the trees and the walls of the opposite bank of the river materialized, neither so close nor so far away as the eye had expected. Everything shrank from being invisible, but known, to being merely visible. The night had been full of the warm southern softness of summer, but dawn was a northern reminder of resignation, frustration, mortality. In three hours, Herbert would be on the train to Munich.

Dawn comes suddenly, but it isn't yet day; it is a cold gray limbo between night and day, between darkness and

COMMON PRAYER

Crows thrown in a light sky, leaving the air
Caw-riddled where they fly, turn in a black patch
Over the valley, switch to a shadow
On the hill where the yellow larches march

Between sharp fir and delicate willow.
Although it is autumn, there is no mist
In the evening. The air is sharp as frost
Against which leaves fall and a hill stands out.

It draws a clear but casual distinction
Between this earth and that sky. Crows fit in
Or leave; eels twist up to sleep again
Beneath deep roots and a remembered stone.

After quick spring and a long summer,
Grass is dun and the trees' skeleton
Stands strict against the sun in the west—
Not giving up, but gathering the ghost.

The blue is very blue against which those
Top limbs, top branches slip lightly up.
Edge and crown of the hill stretch with them.
Trees, of a still white fire, leap at the rim.

—Jon Swan

• •

light, between cold and warmth. Scruffy, unshaven, and tired, Herbert went to fetch his baggage. He had one old, heavy blue suitcase, bound round several times with a leather strap, which contained everything he had brought to Paris for a year's stay, and a large portfolio for his drawings. We struggled through the Métro, in the rush hour, to the station.

The train was very crowded, and nobody seemed to know which bit of it was going where. Herbert got on and dumped his suitcase and portfolio in the corridor without trying to find a seat. There were not many minutes left. He was engulfed in his worries again. His father was ill; his mother had been waiting for him and expecting him every day; and he had a long journey ahead of him, in a crowded train, with hardly enough money to buy a cup of coffee. And he was leaving me. He held my hand through the window and said, "One thing makes me most sad—that I have never touched you."

His face was all twisted with worry and sincerity, and his hands were dry, with clay still in the fingernails. Oh, how his bad, pedantic English annoyed me! The guard started to shout, doors were slammed and then opened again as people jumped out, arguing.

Herbert leaned farther out of the window and said, "I love you. I will write to you. It has been beautiful to know you," and we kissed each other goodbye. I had never kissed a man before. I was overwhelmed with the sadness of parting as I felt his hesitant, dry, boy's lips on mine, and I started to cry. He was so noble and sensitive and good.

The train shuddered, doors slammed finally, and more heads and shoulders were thrust out of windows, but nobody pushed Herbert aside. I heard someone say, "*C'est gentil, ce sont des jeunes amants.*"

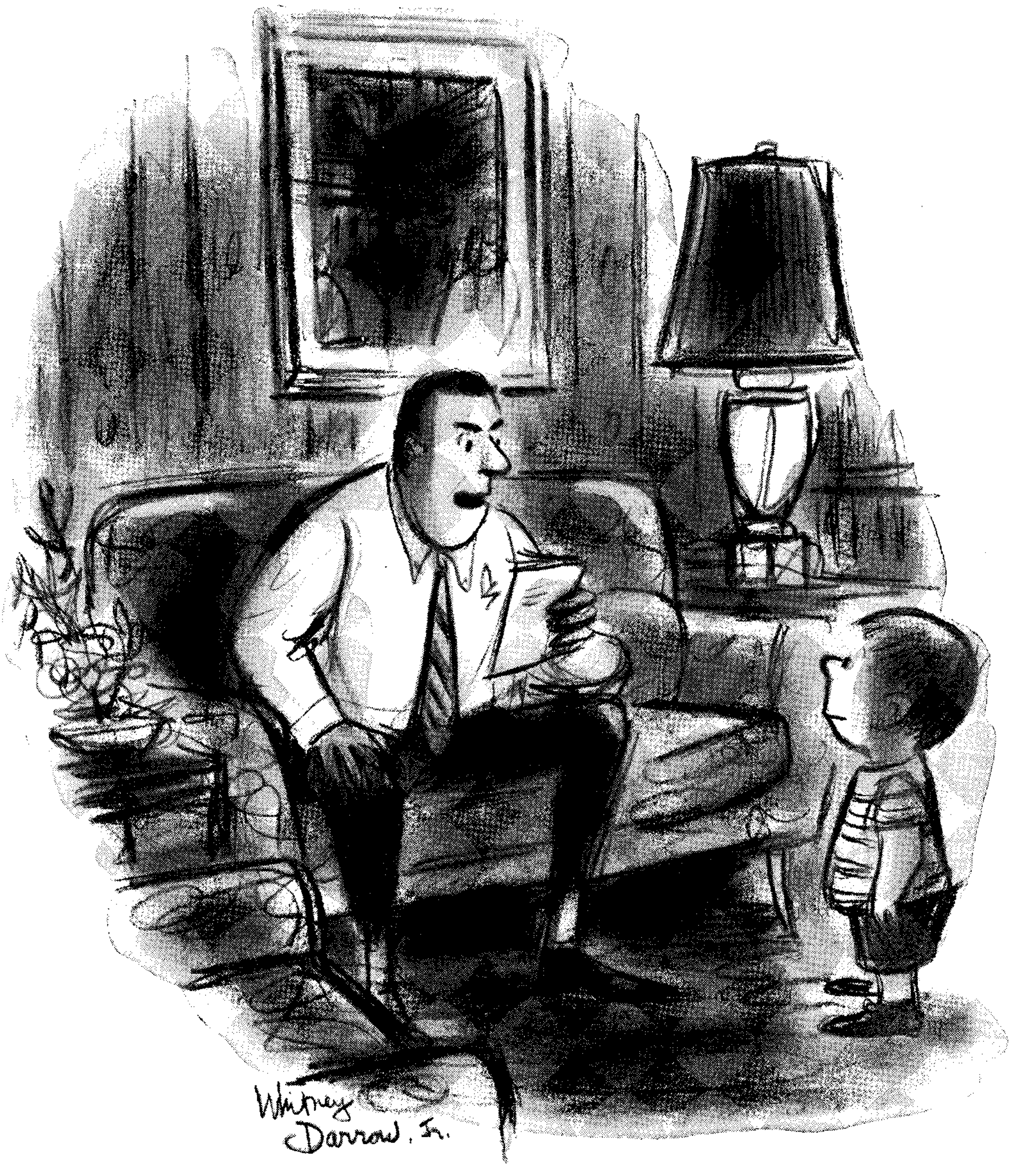
Finally the 8 A.M. to Munich started off, our hands slipped apart, and we waved until nothing personal could be distinguished any longer. I stayed until the train was well out of sight, with tears on my cheeks, as a tribute to Herbert.

TEN days later, already brown from the sun, I received his letter. He told me about the journey—how uncomfortable and lonely he had been, and how he had dreamed of me—and how in the park the other day in Munich he had seen a dog, an Irish setter, long and graceful and delicate, that had reminded him of me so much that he had begun to cry, there in the park. And then he told me that when the train had arrived at the station of his home town, which was on a hillside just a little way outside Munich—a small town of wooden houses and dark pine trees and gray clouds dripping with rain—his mother had been waiting for him. She had met every train for the past two days, hoping to find him, because his father had been very much sicker than she had told in her letters; in fact, he was dying. He had been asking every few minutes for Herbert, whom he had not seen for more than a year, wanting to see him before he died. But when Herbert and his mother got home the father was in a coma, and he died a few hours later, without regaining consciousness.

I looked up from the crumpled letter at the dusty road and white houses still shimmering in the heat, and then back again. Herbert the absurd, the unloved, had suddenly become a figure of tragedy, in keeping with the purity of his soul. I began to groan for shame that I could not return so pure a love, and to cry for pity—for his father, his mother, and for Herbert.

The two workmen looked at me in amazement. One of them said, "*Mais qu'est ce qu'elle a? Elle est folle?*"

—DINAH BROOKE


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"You'll have to do a lot better than this, young man, if you expect to develop inner resources to cope with your leisure time when you grow up."

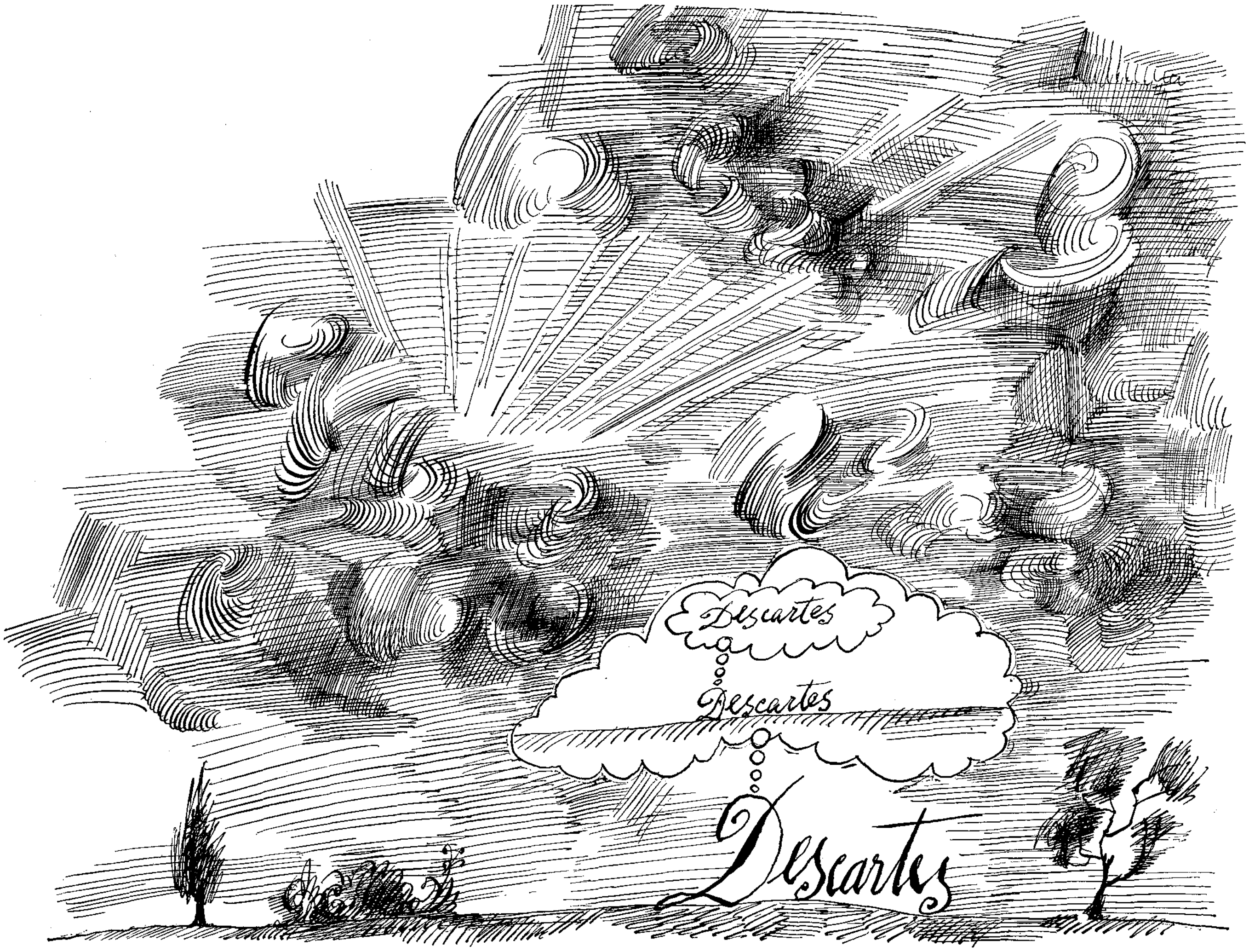
• •

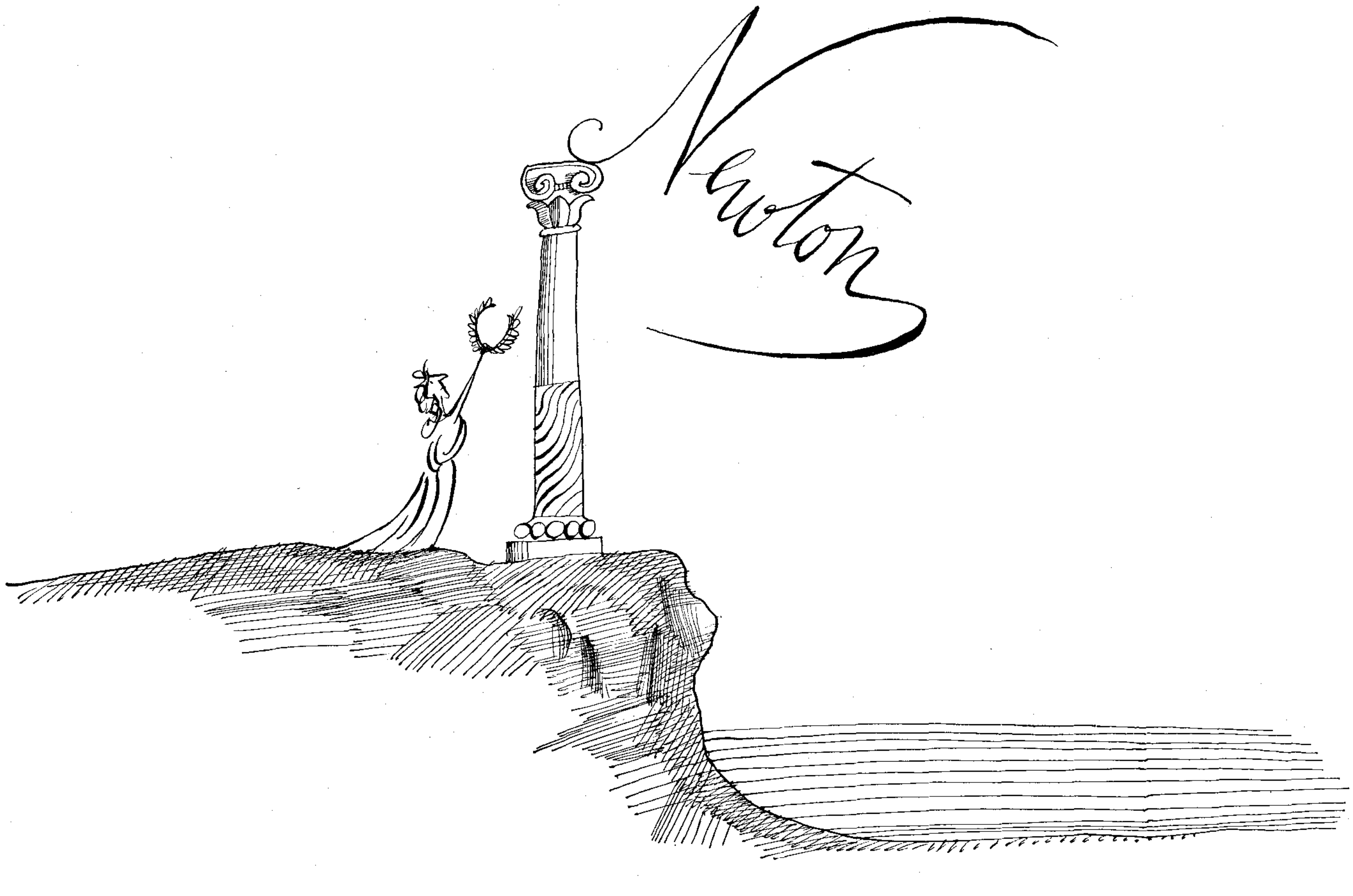
•

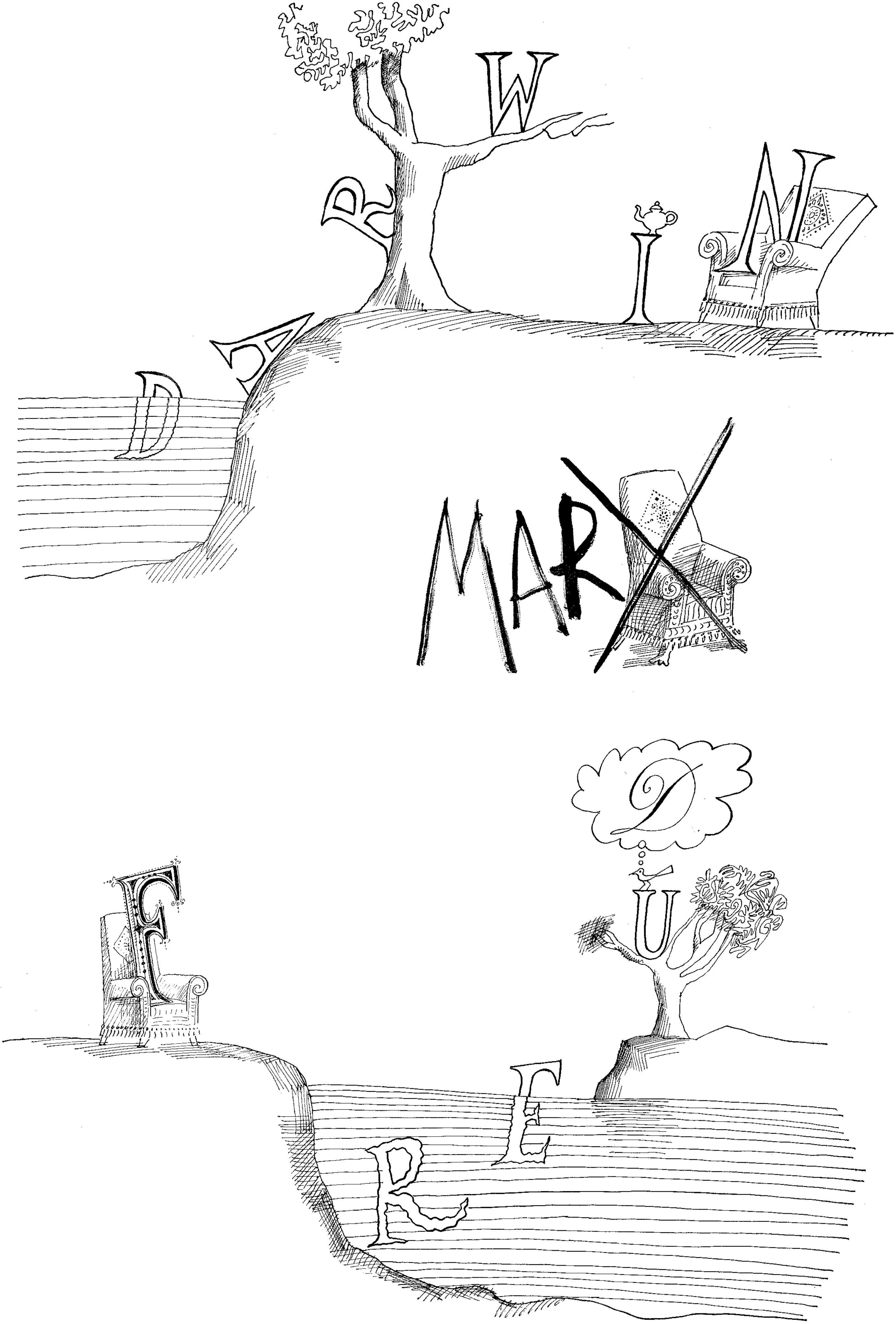
Formerly a nurse, now a licensed horse trainer, Mrs. Mary Keim has one of the most astringent tackrooms anywhere with all sorts of mendicants to keep her horses "in good shape physically and mentally."

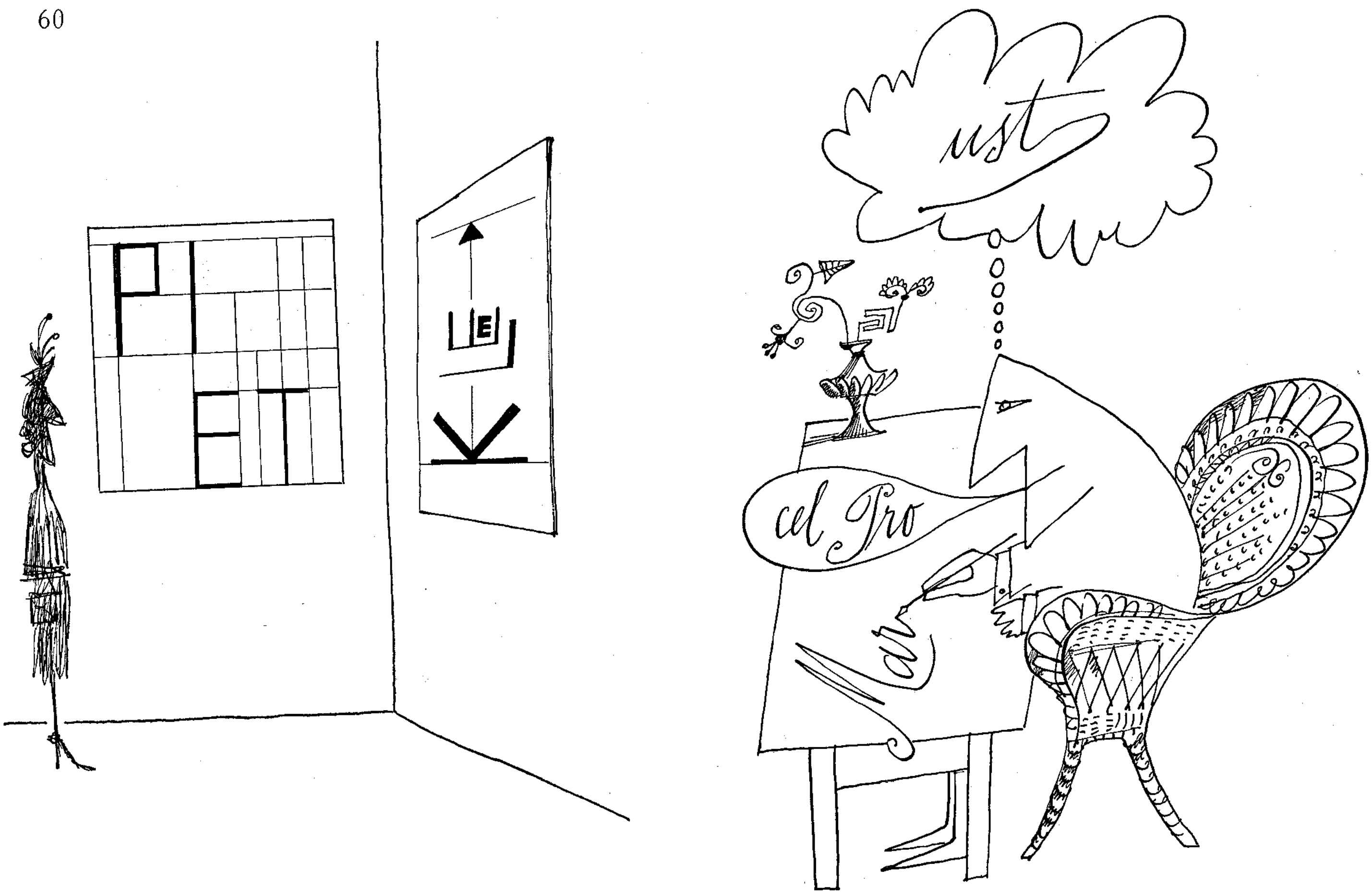
—*Chicago Daily News.*

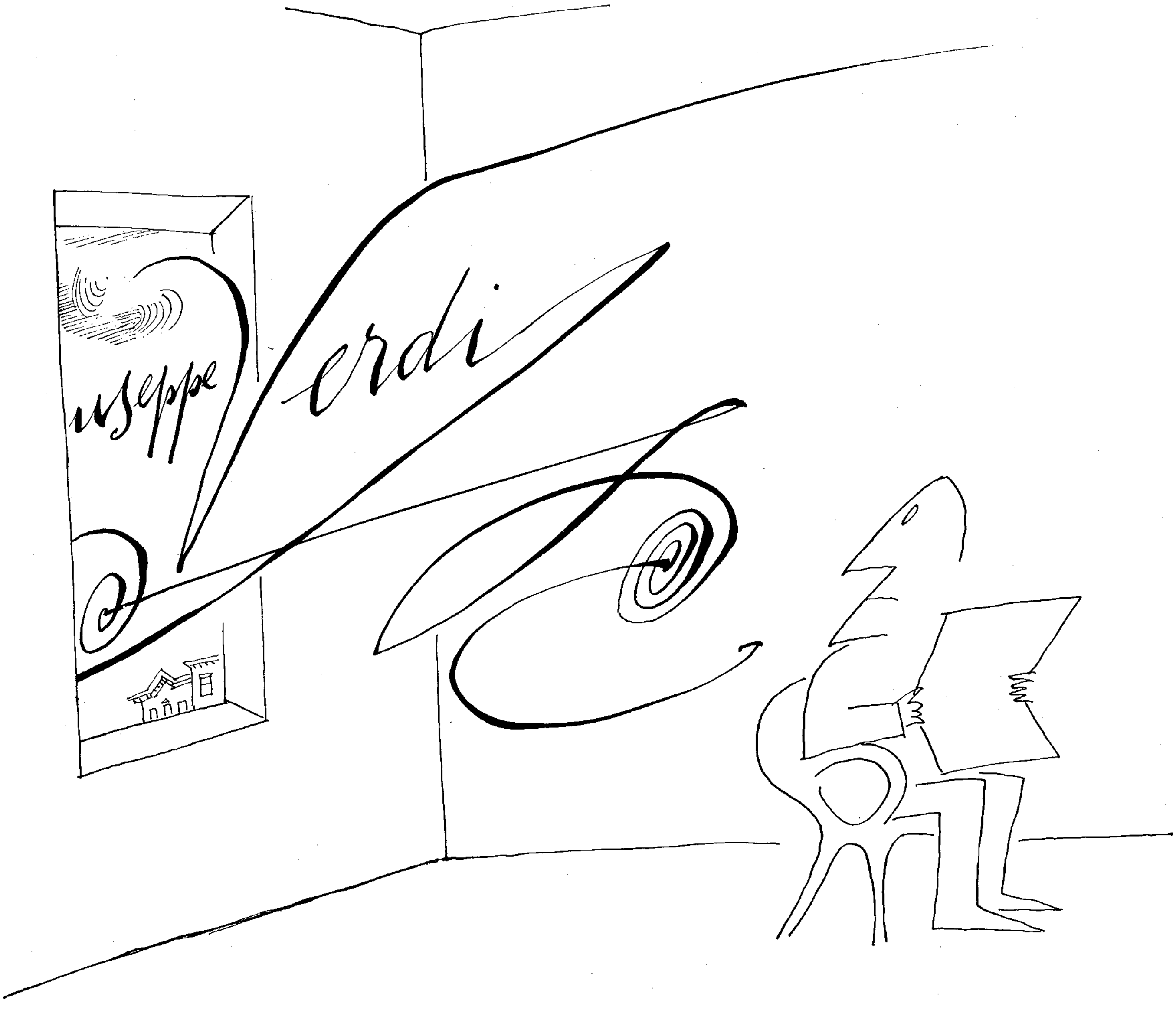
Well, they say beggars can ride.

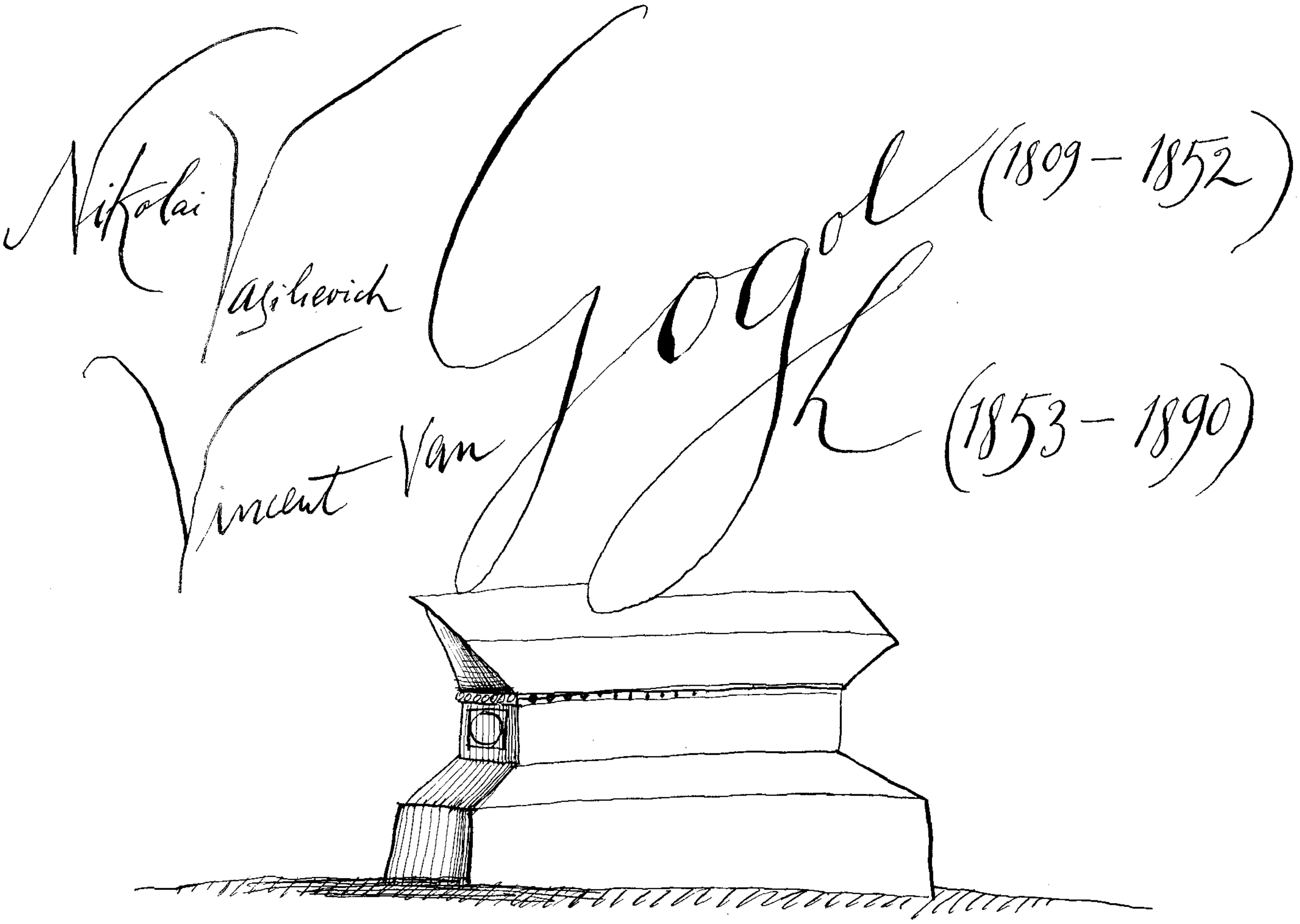

Descartes
Descartes
Descartes

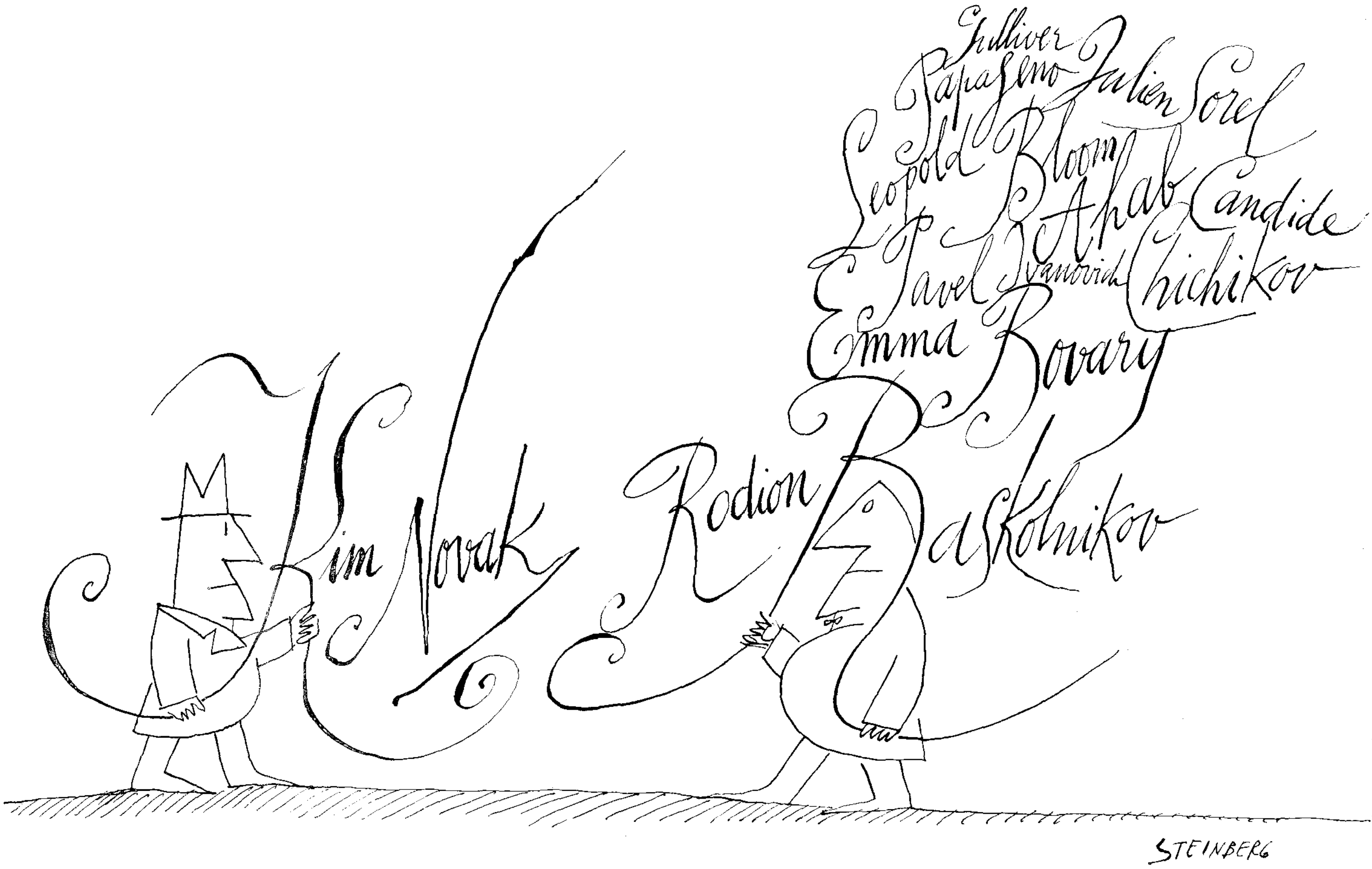

Newton


DARWIN
MARX
FREUD


E
ust
cel Pro
Mar


useppe
Verdi


Nikolai
Vasilievich
Gogol
(1809 – 1852)
Vincent Van
Gogh
(1853 – 1890)


Gulliver
Papageno
Julien Sorel
Leopold Bloom
Ahab
Candide
Pavel Ivanovich Chichikov
Emma Bovary
Kim Novak
Rodion Raskolnikov
STEINBERG

STORIES

MY father came home one evening in early spring, about two months before my sister was born, to find my mother standing, hand to head, on the rag rug in the living room, wearing the brown wool bathrobe she had put on when she got up in the morning. She had not even combed her hair. I had come home from school at three-thirty to find her in the same condition, sitting on a chair in the dining alcove. She had left the front door to the apartment half open.

She stood in the center of the rug in the living room and called out to my father, who was taking off his rubbers and his overcoat in the front hall ten feet away. "Come and look, John!" she said. "You can stand right here on this spot and see everything we own." She had been going through the apartment for more than an hour, opening and shutting drawers and doors, and turning on every light in the place, though it wasn't yet dark. My father stood behind her and put both hands on her shoulders, but she pulled away and began to cry. "It's ugly," she said. I was sent down to the drugstore for ice cream, and when I got back my mother was lying under the quilt in their bedroom and my father was cooking up some ham and eggs.

My mother liked pretty things, and there were few in the Chicago apartment, except for those she brought from home or made herself. We had moved to Chicago four years before from a place I shall call Meredith, a Michigan town across the lake where my father and mother were brought up, where they were married, and where I was born. My father had been in the insurance business there with his brother, my Uncle Ed, but he wanted to break away from home and break Mother away from her family, and he took a job in Chicago with Cudahy Packing, in the accounting office. Though he made more each week than he had in Meredith, it didn't go far beyond our food and rent, and there was no family around to ease the strain. My mother had to work, too. She taught kindergarten in the same school that I went to. I was eight then and in the fourth grade.

After the first term that year, Mother took a leave of absence, because of the baby expected in May. Once she stopped teaching, she began to worry. She tried to keep busy. She painted the bedroom suite robin's-egg blue—it took three coats to cover the mahogany stain—and decorated the bureau drawers and the bedstead with hand-painted roses. She made gesso picture frames, modelled figures out of clay she had brought home from the school storeroom, and painted glass bottles and vases. Once, she made bread. I came home from school that day to find her on her knees on the living-room floor, the rug pushed aside, pressing and pounding dough on a piece of floured yellow oilcloth. The loaves rose unevenly and burned.

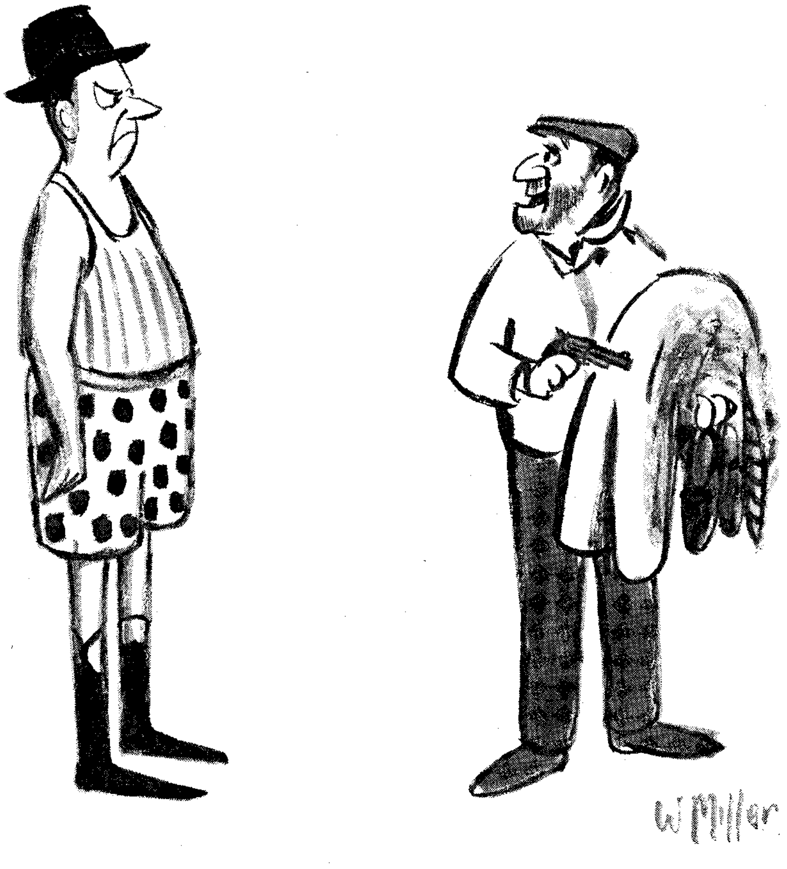
My mother's family, the Bishops, were very close. Her father, a doctor, had prospered in Meredith and built a large, comfortable house, with rooms for each of the children—three daughters and a son—which were kept for them after they moved away. None of the children stayed away for long. Mother and I spent our summers there, even after we moved to Chicago.

I slept lightly the night of my mother's attack of nerves, and I woke now and then to hear her low, persisting voice and my father's, dry and rough sometimes, and then with a high twang, as if he were a child complaining. Later, I woke and the apartment was quiet, though the lights were still on. I went into the living room and saw them sitting at the table in the dining alcove. My father was drinking coffee, my mother looking into her cup. I felt something secret and frightening between them, as if I had come upon them in an embrace. They did not see me. I was afraid one of them would punish me—I wasn't sure why—and I went back to bed.

She couldn't stand it in Chicago any longer, my mother said to me the next day. She had to go home, back to her own house and her own room. She was worn out, and sick and tired of having to do all the housework. I had been born in the Meredith hospital—years later, I learned that Dr. Bishop, my grandfather, had delivered me—and she wanted the new baby to be born there, too. All my father told me was that he and Mother had had a talk and they had decided that going back to Meredith was the best thing. I would stay with her; he would drive us over, and then he would have to come back to Chicago and go to work.

I was glad to be leaving the city. For one thing, it meant no more school that year. I wouldn't have to go to classes in Meredith, my mother said; she would teach me. School bored me. I had been reading since I was four, and there was little said in a classroom that I didn't know. And I loved the Bishop house. It was huge; there were trees to climb, and lots of yard. Aunts and uncles and cousins lived nearby, and relations were in and out all the time. I was the only small boy in the family, and a spoiled favorite. I luxuriated there.

My father drove us

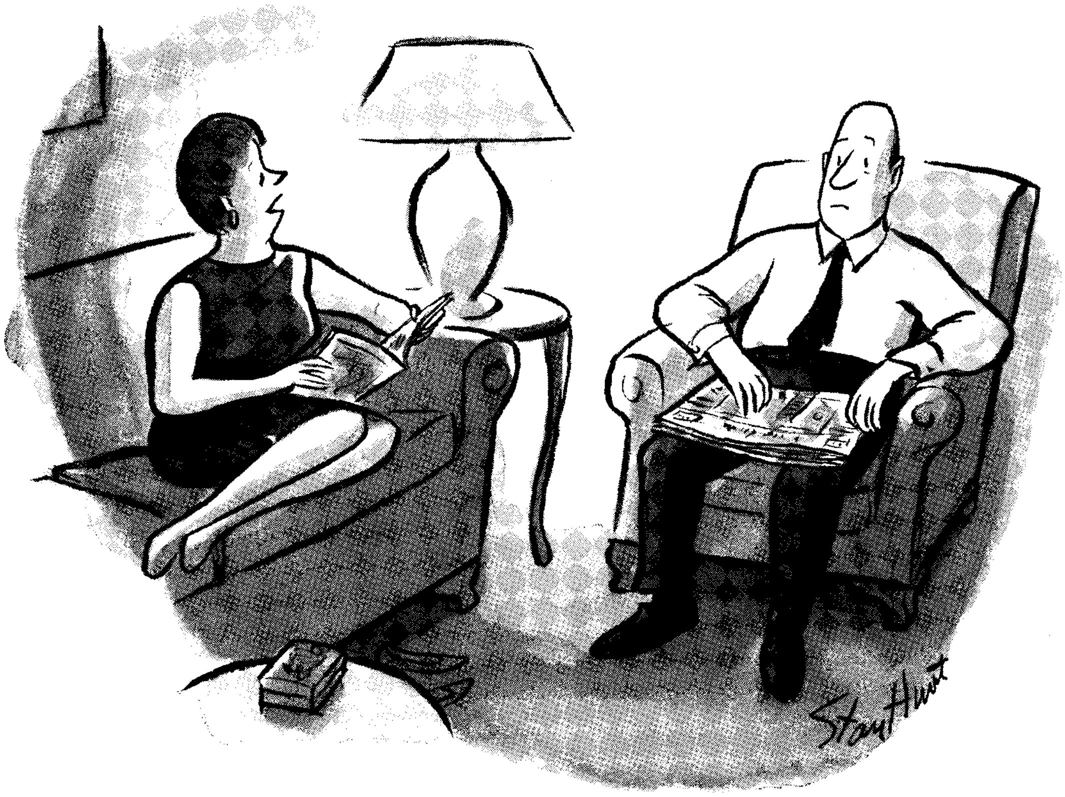


"Believe me, Mister, I'm not really mean. It's just that I'm a firm believer in the theory of over-rob."

over to Meredith the next Saturday. We were out of the apartment and on our way by seven in the morning; from Chicago to Meredith, thirty-five years ago, was an all-day drive. The three of us sat in front, with me by the window. The back of the car was piled high with bags and parcels and my toys. I waved goodbye to things along the road. I thought I was clever; it was a baby trick that I knew annoyed my father. "Goodbye, house!" I cried, waving out the window. "Goodbye, school! Goodbye, streetcar!" Through Jackson Park, through Hammond (Goodbye, gas tanks), through Gary, through Michigan City (in Indiana!), and up into Michigan on Highway 31, past sand dunes held together by scrub oak and maple and beach grass and studded with jack pine. I read signs out loud. "Eats." "Time to Retire." "Pop's on Ice and Ma's Inside." "Jesus Saves."

"What, Bobby?" my father would say to me sometimes, in spite of himself.

"Nothing. I'm reading," I would say. I got on his nerves. He was whistling bugle calls, softly, from in back of his teeth. "You gotta get up, you gotta get up in the morning!" "Soupie, soupie, soupie, not a single bean!" He had been an Army captain in the war.



"It's a long time since I've heard you heave a sigh of contentment, Edward."

• •

WE drove straight to the Bishop house and into the back driveway. The sun was already low, and the bedroom and attic windows on the west side of the house blazed orange. My grandmother—a tiny, nervous woman—stood on the concrete front steps waiting for us. She waved once, and by the time we had gone around the corner and turned into the back yard, she was already there. My grandfather and my mother's younger sister, Aunt Elda, were just behind her. Mother and I were embraced, caught up, and swept into the house like the queen and her crown prince come home. My father and the Doctor waited and came on behind.

Dr. Bishop had built his house in 1903, soon after he had moved to Meredith from Corinth, a nearby village, and while his children were young. The house, a three-story gabled building of brick and stucco, sat on a double corner lot, surrounded by grass, trees, and flowers. There was grass everywhere—to the west, a lawn broad enough for games of softball and croquet; to the east, a shady yard where only feathery grass and lilies of the valley would grow. There were good climbing trees—a black cherry that bore fruit pillaged by robins and sparrows, a silver maple, a Japanese walnut whose nutmeats were shaped like wrinkled hearts. The garage had a rose trellis in front that could be climbed, and a roof low enough in back to jump from. After a few minutes in the living room, I excused myself and went outside. We hadn't been there since Christmas, and I wanted to see how things were now that it was spring. Crocuses, yellow and purple, were in bloom on the west lawn, still winter brown but mottled with pale green; daffodil shoots were breaking out of the soil along the side of the house. My grandfather's tan coupé was parked in front, and I got in and sat behind the wheel. The car smelled of wintergreen and iodoform. I felt myself master of the house, and my father a visitor, come just for the day.

For the next few weeks, I had the time of my life. My mother and I had never been so close; things had never gone so much my way. Except for Sundays, when my father came, I had her pretty much to myself. My father's visits were brief; he worked until noon on Saturday, and could not reach Meredith until after dark on Saturday night; he left again after dinner on Sunday, by two-thirty or three.

Mother slept late in the mornings. I was an early riser, and my grandparents got up even earlier. My bedroom was above the kitchen, and I would wake to the sound of pots banging in the sink and my grandmother singing—"Bringing in the Sheaves," "Work for the Night Is Coming," or "Seeing Nellie Home." Until ten or so, when my mother awoke, I played in the yard or on the porch. If it was raining, I played in the music room or the library—small rooms off the front hall, one with a piano and one with sets of books in glass-doored cases. My mother had breakfast in bed, and I would have a second breakfast with her. Then, when she was up and dressed, she came down to the music room and our lessons began.

They were hardly lessons, except for arithmetic and spelling. We were studying the myths and legends of Greece and Rome, and we took turns reading aloud from Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." The stories I liked we read over and over again—Pandora's box, Perseus and Medusa, Midas and his daughter turned to gold, Ceres and Proserpine. Sometimes we took parts. I would play Epimetheus to my mother's Pandora, or Pluto to her Proserpine. We made peepshows in oatmeal boxes, to be looked at through a hole pricked in one end—Perseus holding high the snaky head, Pandora opening the forbidden box, dark Pluto upon his throne. Or we sat at the piano and made up songs about Ceres crying for her lost daughter, Midas boasting of his gold.

In the afternoons, when the weather was fair, we went walking, though not far and not for long—down Superior Street to the public library, or up Utica Street to a ravine about two blocks away. My mother dressed for our walks as if they were all-day outings, in her loose, wheat-colored coat, and her fox fur with jaws that snapped. I liked the ravine. It was one of several in Meredith, a town cut by small creeks that rise from pasture land to the south and empty into the Deer River, which empties into Lake Michigan. Where we went, the ravine was broad and shallow—it became deeper farther along—and a path led down an easy slope from Utica Street, across the creek on a wooden footbridge, and up the other side. Just off the path was a grassy clearing, and beneath a butternut tree there someone had set a green slatted bench that commanded a small prospect of the creek, the footbridge, and the upper ravine, where there were small fenced-off vegetable gardens. My mother liked to sit on the bench for an hour or so while I played. It was pleasant in the early afternoon, before school was out and the ravine became noisy with children. At that hour, the place was our own.

Except for the clearing, and the gardens above the bridge, the ravine grew wild; it was a tangle of sumac and scrub maple, wild grape, mulberry, barberry, and rosebushes gone to seed. To me it seemed a jungle, the dark unknown, as I thought it must have seemed to the first white men settling there—which, after all, had been less than a hundred years before. My imagination, fed and inflamed by the reading of myths and fairy tales, took root there and flowered. I saw spirits and demigods everywhere. Trolls lived beneath the footbridge. A hollow tree led to Pluto's kingdom, where dogs with eyes as big as cartwheels stood guard over his treasure. There were magic circles of toadstools in the clearing. The creek was a great sea, or the Styx, or the Nile. I began to tell such things to my mother—hesitantly at first, but she urged me on. Soon I was spinning fantastic tales—things I had long thought but never expected to say aloud; she would join in and carry me further. I had had the idea it was wrong to speak of such matters—imaginary playmates, winged horses, magic carpets, bogeymen. They weren't real. Yet here was my mother, who had been too busy or too nervous before to listen, not only allowing me to run on but running on herself. It was unheard of, and I felt there was something wrong in it. My mother was not supposed to be a child.

We began with stories and went on to plays, acting out our fantasies, half my mother's and half mine. Some of them were exciting enough to keep me awake, dreaming them over, at night. Once—it must have been late in April, for it was almost hot in the sun and my mother had taken off her coat—I was exploring the lower reaches of the ravine and came back to find her dozing on her bench.

"Hey," I said. "Wake up!"

She hushed me. "I'm the sleeping princess," she said. "I've been sleeping here for a thousand years."

"It's time you woke up," I said, before I saw that we were on the threshold of a new game. I had found a speckled brown-and-white eggshell and meant to ask her what bird's it was.

"Don't wake me harshly," my mother said. "It might be fatal. A certain prince is to wake me and bring me back to life, but he must do it gently."

I knew the game then. "First I must perform certain tasks," I said.

We made them up. I would begin on the far side of the creek, at the top of the hill, and climb the small maple there (the dark tower, my mother said), then run down the path and cross the trolls' bridge—silently, or they would hear me and tear me to bits. Once safely across, I was to gather a bouquet of wild flowers and place them in my mother's hand.

"I have to go through the bramblebush first," I said. But my mother said no.

"Then I have to kiss you on the eyes," I said, and she agreed.

So it went. She was asleep, half seated and half lying, on the bench. I gave her a bouquet of white and purple violets and I kissed her, and she awoke, fluttering her eyelids, rising, yawn-

THE WELCOME

For leagues the bunting rose on telephone wires,
And we made way like gates, giving away
Everything handy, gingering old horses,
And pressing back as plastered as posters
Against the shopfronts, spilling their bargains.
Balloons blew wholesale out of the mouths of tubas,
Billboards collapsed on multicolored hams,
And we waited. His lunch lay thawed in restaurants,
His cushions plumped, the girls asleep in cakes,
The corks already popped out of his magnums.
Our faces, all one way, went on and off
Like blinkers down the deserted lanes of the street,
Slowly the peach and lavender gulls stopped flying.

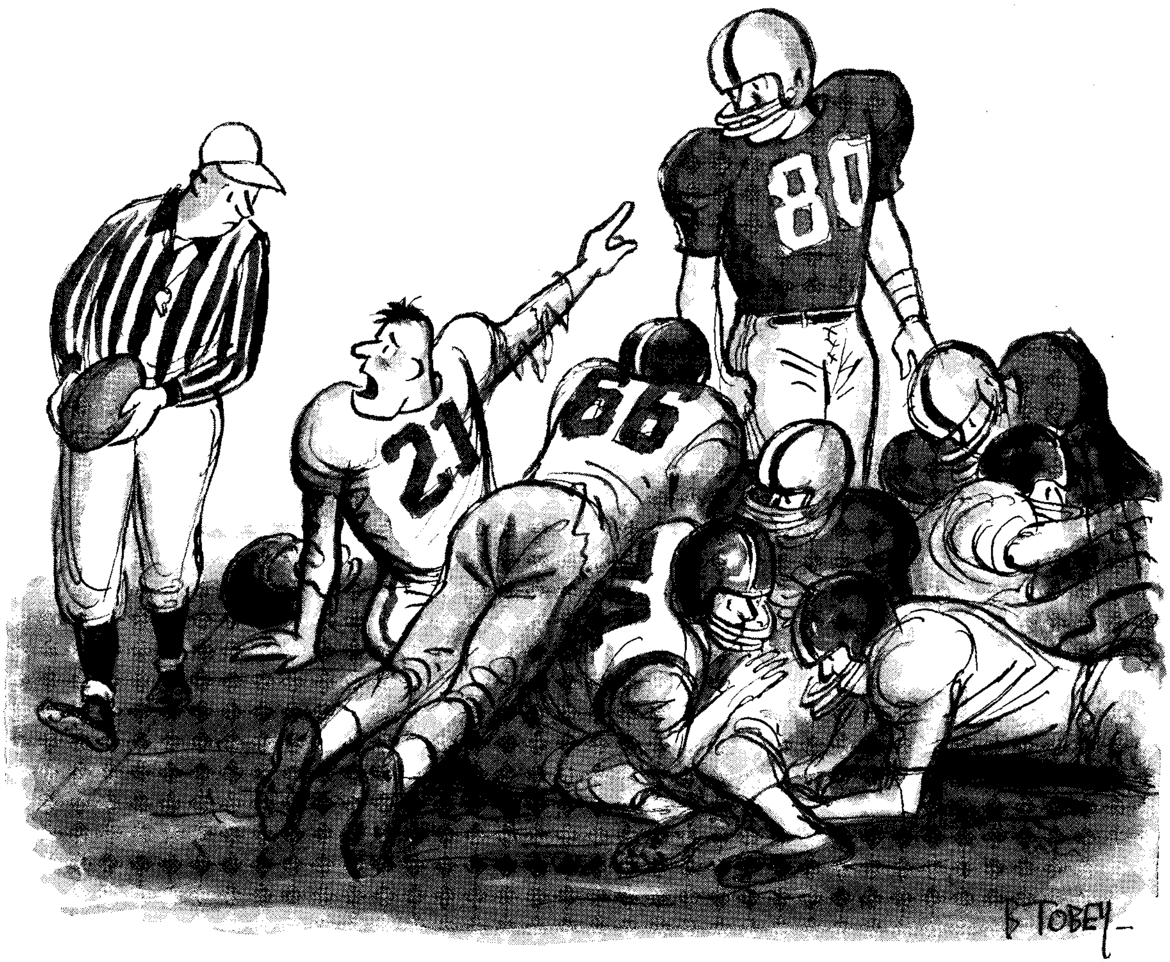
And he arrived on the wrong side of town,
With no doors sighing open, no rushing lipstick,
And no quick squeezes for the quick or the dead.
Jaywalking over rails and safety islands,
Through lawns and alleys, bumping barbecues,
And shuffling straight through hedges and ash piles,
Trespassing yards, with dogs dogging his heels,
Through summer mulch, the Vs of broken clotheslines
Following him like geese over our fences,
He slipped into the vacant heart of the city
And out the other side without a word.

—DAVID WAGONER

• •

ing, and sitting erect to stretch and smile. I hopped about for joy at her surprise and my mastery.

We played the game again the next day, and it grew more elaborate. A dragon, she told me, had put her to sleep a thousand years before. He still lived in the culvert at the lower end of the ravine, and I must destroy him. I did, and came staggering back with his brown head, a heavy rock. Then we married—the ceremony was long, and each of us played several parts—and then I charged the bridge, screaming, and drove out all the trolls.



"He's a sadist!"

• •

MY mother went to the hospital early one morning toward the end of April, sooner than anyone expected. We had gone to the ravine just a day or so before. My father was in Chicago; no one was prepared. I felt at loose ends all that day. Late in the afternoon, my father arrived, stopped just long enough to leave his bag and give me a glass jar of barley candy sticks, and went on to the hospital. He didn't come back for dinner. I was made to eat in the kitchen, alone, and sent up early to bed. I woke up—it must have been around three in the morning—as he crawled into bed with me, wearing his BVDs. What was he doing in my bed? He always slept in Mother's room. I pulled the covers around me and pretended to be asleep. He lay flat with his hands at his sides, as if he were standing at attention on his back. He was shivering. I sat up and looked down at him, and he looked up at me as if he wondered who I was.

"You have a baby sister," he said, and began to chew at the knuckles of his right hand. "She's dead," he said. I thought he meant my sister. "Your mother is dead," he said, and put his fist in his mouth.

I didn't know what he meant.

There were noises in the kitchen, and I went down by the back stairs to see what was going on. My grandmother and my grandfather sat there drinking tea. I wanted to ask them what my father was talking about; I guessed him to mean my mother was very tired, and worn out from having my sister. "Is Mommy all right?" I said.

My grandmother said yes, she was out of her suffering. My grandfather said nothing. I sat down, and my grandmother poured me some warm tea and milk.

"Why is Daddy sleeping in my bed?" I said.

"Hush, Bobby," my grandfather said.

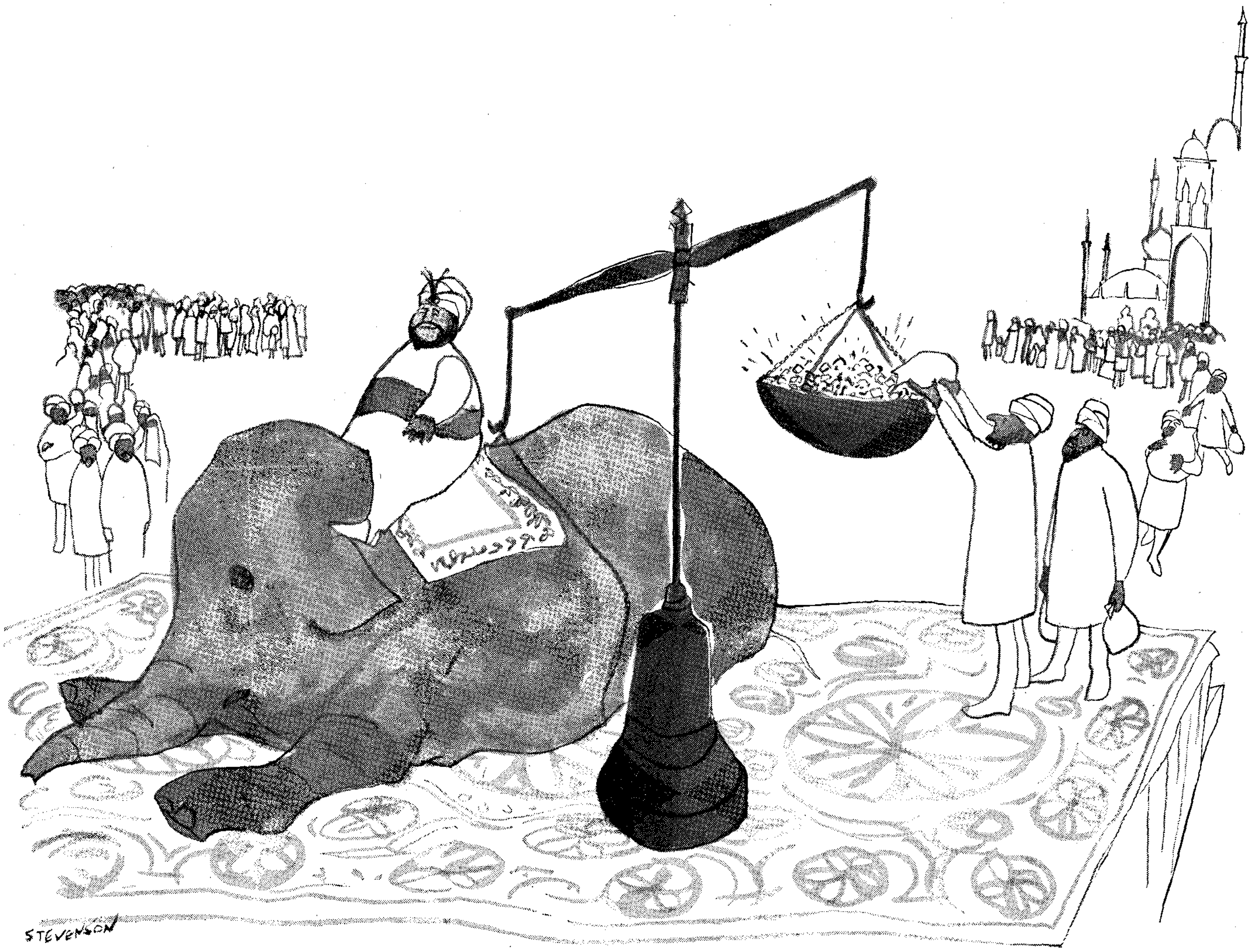
"We'll talk about it in the morning," my grandmother said. "It's the middle of the night."

My grandfather took me back to my bedroom by the front stairs. In the upstairs hall, there was a cedar chest. We sat down on it, and he told me what had happened.

"Your sister's name is Helen Marie," he said. "She is a fine, healthy baby, and she will have brown eyes and brown hair just like you and your mother. A few hours after the baby was born, Ruth—your mother—passed away in her sleep. Your father talked to her before she died, and so did your grandmother and I. She saw the baby and said she wanted to call her Helen Marie, and then we left her alone to sleep. She was tired, but she was well. Then a clot of blood formed and went to her heart and killed her. Her heart stopped beating. There was nothing any of us could do—" He checked himself then, as if he had been talking to someone else and I had just walked into the room. His voice had trembled. I felt embarrassed. And I could not quite believe him; I felt he was telling me a story and not all the truth, for reasons I did not understand. I did not think my mother was dead.

I woke late the next morning with the feeling that there was something I had to do; I could not remember what it was. My father was gone. When I got to the kitchen, my breakfast was on the table and my grandmother sat at the kitchen counter, polishing silverware. The sun was high enough to shine through the walnut tree in the back yard and into the kitchen windows. Flecks of greenish light and shadow were on the white enamel table and on my breakfast. I was in a hurry to get outside.

"Don't bolt your food, Robert," my



"Maybe I'm wrong, but in the old days didn't we weigh the prince without the elephant?"

• •

grandmother said. "I want to talk to you." She sat down beside me, so that I could not see her face clearly.

My mother had passed away, she told me, but she was not dead. We should think of her as asleep. We would see her again, and we would all be together one day. She was waiting for us now in Heaven.

"Can she see us?" I said.

Yes, she could see us. She was watching us, and waiting.

I could see her, wearing a white robe, holding on to the gold gateposts of Heaven and leaning out, looking down through the clouds. I wanted to ask if she had wings.

Here was another story, like my grandfather's, but this was one I could understand and believe. My grandmother's voice was firm, and what she told me was no more than what I already knew. Mother was not really dead; my father, though he wept and bit his fist, had been wrong. I let my grandmother hold me for a moment, and went out to play.

Dying, in the Bishop family, was no more to be talked about freely than other natural functions. Mourning was brief, and the children were usually spared. I did not attend my mother's funeral or her burial, or see her dead. After that morning, there was no more talk of her death in my hearing. Early in the afternoon, my father took me over to his father's house, and I stayed there for three days, helping my other grandfather tend his chickens and paint his truck, while the body of my mother lay (unknown to me) before the glazed green tile fireplace in the Bishops' living room. I knew, surely, that I was being kept out of the way for her funeral, but I didn't know why. I did not return to the Bishop house until the day after her burial in the family plot in the cemetery at Corinth, ten miles away.

When my father came for me, it was not to take me with him back to Chicago. He had talked things over with my grandmother and the Doctor, he told me, and they all thought it would be better if Helen Marie and I stayed on with the Bishops for a while. It was almost summer, soon it would be hot, there was more room in Meredith, and we would have better care. By fall, he'd find someone to keep house for us in Chicago, and everything would work out all right. He left me at the Bishops' and drove back to the city.

A week or so later, Helen Marie finally came back from the hospital. A nurse, Miss Rutledge, brought her. They took my mother's old room, and Miss Rutledge stayed on, sleeping next to the crib. My sister nearly died in her first few weeks at home. She had no wet nurse, and none of the formulas worked. She came down with croup. The house stank of sour vomit and diapers, and echoed with her angry crying. My youngest aunt, Aunt Elda, came home to live, quitting her job in Ann Arbor. The kitchen became a laboratory, the counters and the enamelled table cluttered with beakers, scales, and cans of Dextromalt, Karo

from
the
goddess
of
fragrance....
20 CARATS
perfume
20 CARATS
Dana
Dana

No need for us to tell you anything about British-tailored DAKS trousers. Our imitators have long been emphasizing our virtues.

DAKS®

BRITISH-MADE TROUSERS FROM $35

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. IMPORTED BY DAKS U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK

syrup, powdered milk. Everything in the house went toward keeping the baby alive. I was left out—hurried through breakfast, dinner, and supper, and shooed away to play. I felt sapped of life, as if it were being transfused from me into that raging, insatiable monster. I hated her; if it weren't for her coming, my mother would still have been there.

Then, one day, Helen Marie was well and Miss Rutledge left. My sister lay in her buggy in the side yard each morning, taking the sun. We opened windows and put up the porch screens. People came to call. We went for drives along the lake shore in the evening. My father came nearly every weekend, and he stayed for two weeks in July. He gave me a back-yard gym and a bike. We drove to the Corinth cemetery, where he showed me my mother's grave. There was no sign of the burial; the plot had been sodded and the grass was dark green. By midsummer, my grandmother, who wore black for the first months, let herself be persuaded by Aunt Elda to put on her flowered summer frocks again.

I was giving little thought to my mother's absence. The details of a new, busy life filled my days and sent me to bed tired at night. I made friends with the Keller boys, who were visiting for the summer at a house up Utica Street, and I introduced them to the ravine, where we played rougher games than my mother and I had played. Old Mr. Keller, their grandfather, was a wholesale grocer; we cadged wooden boxes from him and built a clubhouse in their barn. I was seldom home.

All the family was taking my mother's loss calmly, or so it appeared. Yet each Sunday, when my father came from Chicago, we drove to Corinth to visit my mother's grave. We brought fresh flowers from the garden for the spiked green tin vases, stuck in the ground by the new headstone. The plot was large, and held a dozen graves; there were shrubs in the corners, and beds of flowers along the edges. My grandmother and Aunt Elda tended the beds, transplanting new flowers from the garden at home, while my sister lay in her wicker basket near them, and my father and Dr. Bishop, talking, walked up and down the cemetery paths. With garden shears, I clipped at the long grass that the caretaker's mower missed, until I was tired of work and was sent to play. We were domesticating her death.

Our visits to the cemetery came to be

Chessmen courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Gift of Gustavus A. Pfeiffer. 1948 and 1953

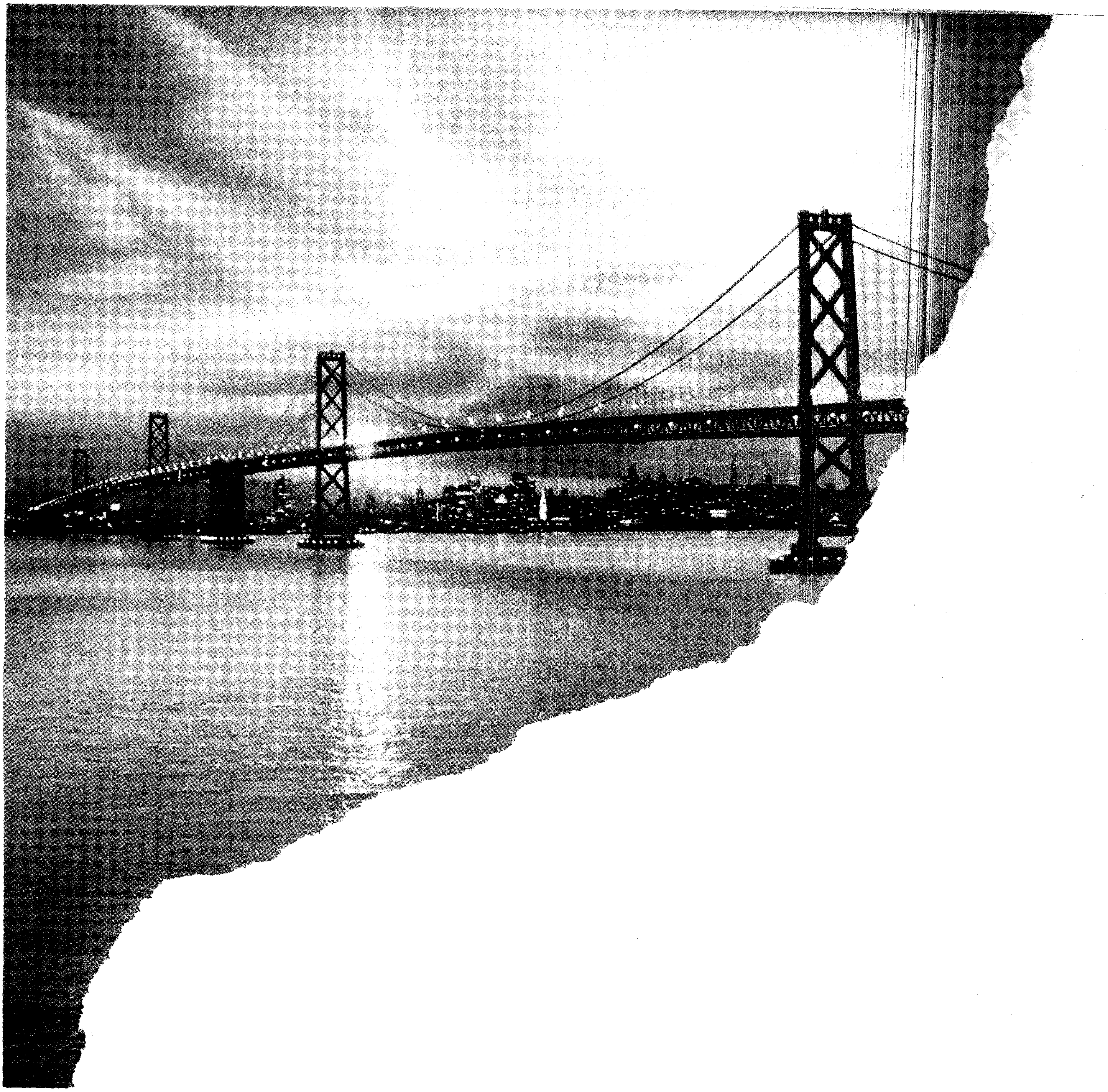
The thoughtful move in any matter of business or finance is an appraisal of the professional qualities of the bank involved. At home or abroad, the Irving is known as "the bank for bankers and businessmen."

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

Capital Funds over $175,000,000 *One Wall Street, New York 15, N.Y.* *Total Assets over $2,000,000,000*

GEORGE A. MURPHY, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM E. PETERSEN, *President*

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



You can't get the whole picture in just a day or two.

In San Francisco, a five minute walk will take you from the glamorous Union Square shops to the heart of Chinatown—the largest Chinese city outside the Orient.

From there, a ten minute walk will take you to North Beach—a leisurely area of antique shops and outdoor cafes that, each evening, becomes a neon-lighted Barbary Coast of night clubs, cabarets and after-hour coffee houses. After that, you can take one of the world's shortest bus rides to the top of Telegraph Hill for a commanding 360° view of the entire Bay Area. Looking down, you will see Fisherman's Wharf, the docks along the Embarcadero, the *Balclutha* (last of the San Francisco square-riggers), and a dozen other interesting sights that you have yet to visit.

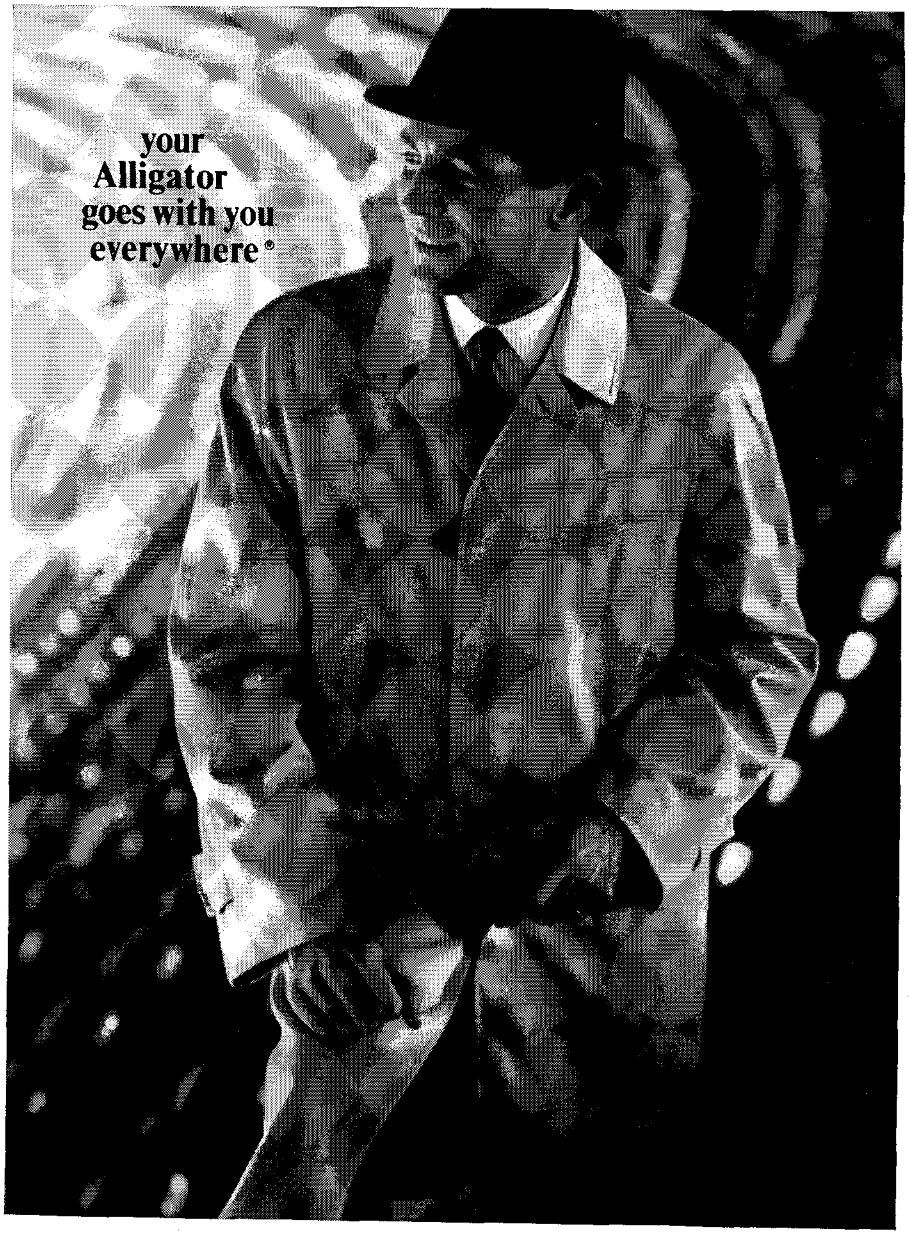
Time permitting, you might be able to see a little more of San Francisco before dark—but there will still be enough left over to last you another three or four days. Then there's San Francisco *after* dark . . . and that alone will take you a *week*. Why not plan on it when you come?

SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

For a free illustrated guide write to San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau • Department NY • 1375 Market Street • San Francisco, California 94103 as familiar and as natural as our visits, often during the same afternoon, to my great-aunts and cousins in Corinth who were still alive. My mother's death, and her lying buried there, came to seem natural, too, as natural as spring giving way to summer, and summer to fall. And yet, though I understood that my mother's body lay in the Corinth cemetery, I still had the feeling, supported by what my grandmother had said of Heaven, that she was alive. It was a feeling I kept to myself.

Now and then, I felt her presence—not as a ghost, not anything I could sense. She seemed to be with me, but just on the other side of a tough, clouded membrane that neither she nor I could pierce. And a few times, I felt her more intimately, in some buoyancy of spirit, or in a sharp, momentary recollection of my well-being before her death, or in the occasional will to be well or to do well that sprang up inside me just when I was at my worst. And once, late in August, I thought I saw her ghost—thinking, at the same time, that it was an illusion. I was standing outside the Bishop house, leaning against one of the pair of catalpas planted beside the front walk. It was toward evening, on a Saturday, and I was waiting for my father to arrive from Chicago; he usually drove up about nine. The front-porch light and the lights in the living room had not yet been turned on. My grandmother and Aunt Elda were somewhere in the back of the house. My grandfather was out on a call. Through the large window of the music room I saw a figure in white pause in the doorway to the room, as if listening or looking for something, one hand raised to turn on the light. But no light went on, and after a moment the figure withdrew, as if satisfied that everything was in order. It had to be my grandmother or my aunt—perhaps they had heard a noise—yet I shivered.

IN the fall, my loneliness overtook me. I looked around, and saw that my mother had indeed gone for good, and that my father had left my sister and me to be raised by people who were gray and old. I had been advanced another year to the sixth grade, skipping the fifth, which meant that the boys in my class were all two years older and stronger than I. I found myself first in class in studies—I didn't have the cunning to play dumb—and last in sports. I gave up sports. The Keller boys had gone, and after school

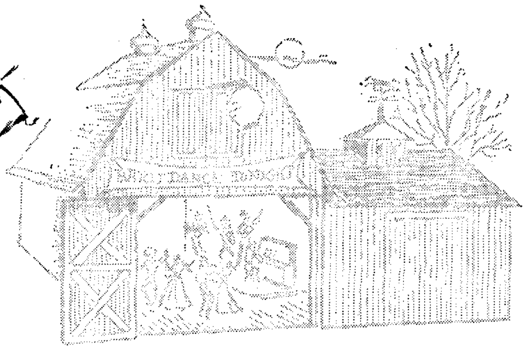


**Rainy day—every day—
Alligator is the
all-weather coat you'll live in.
Styled right, made right,
priced right—these are the
coats that ought to
cost more but don't.
No wonder they're
America's most wanted coats.**

(Shown above) Alligator Samthur®—extra fine cotton gabardine beautifully woven of all two ply yarns. Good looking styles you like best, in the most wanted colors, $23.75. With zip-in acrylic pile warmer $35.95. Other Alligator coats, water repellents and waterproofs, $11.95 to $71.75 at better stores everywhere.

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles ® **Alligator** THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

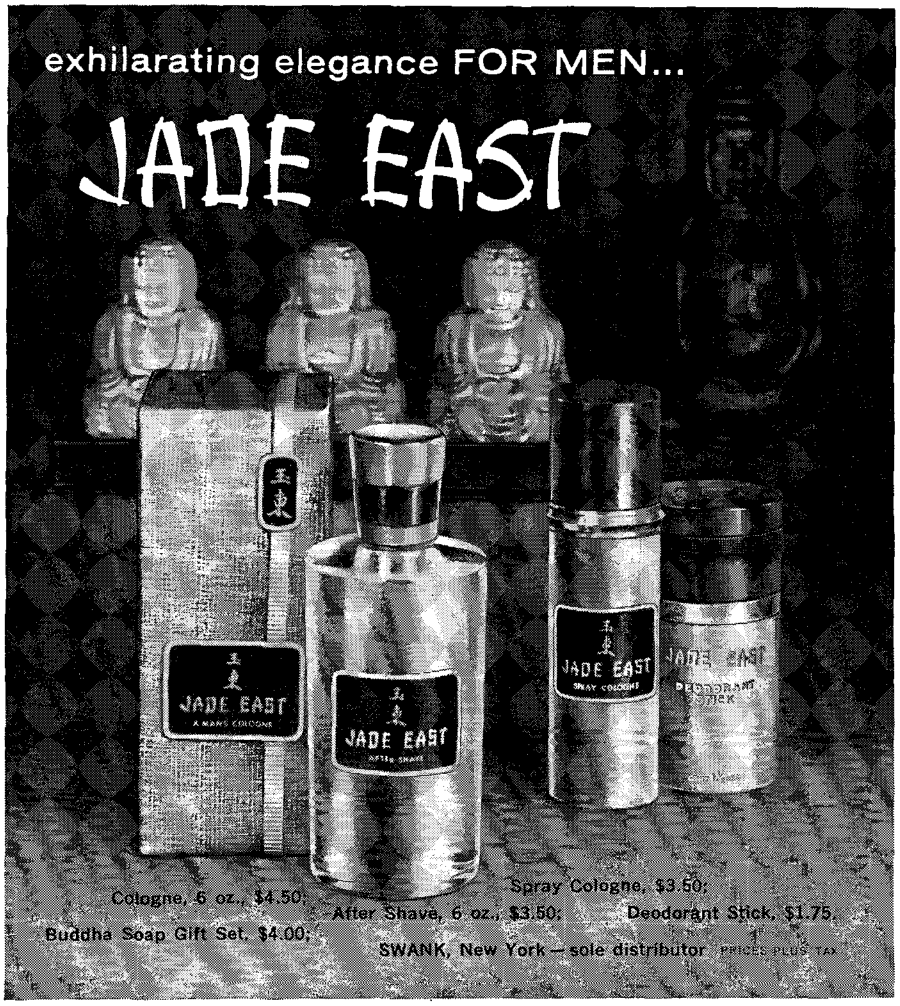
TROUSERED BY **CORBIN**



ONLY CORBIN MAKES
NATURAL SHOULDER TROUSERS®

COUNTRY HARVEST CLOTH

Our Country Harvest cloth is a tweed of homespun yarns with a smooth touch. Rich in foliage colors, nothing beats it for virile good looks and dependable performance. Coordinate it with an odd jacket or your favorite sweater! Cut in the Corbin manner for calculated comfort. Pleatless fronts. Write for the select store nearest you: Corbin Ltd., Dept. 4A, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.



exhilarating elegance FOR MEN...
JADE EAST
JADE EAST A MAN'S COLOGNE
JADE EAST AFTER SHAVE
JADE EAST SPRAY COLOGNE
JADE EAST DEODORANT STICK
Cologne, 6 oz., $4.50;
Buddha Soap Gift Set, $4.00;
After Shave, 6 oz., $3.50;
Spray Cologne, $3.50;
Deodorant Stick, $1.75.
SWANK, New York—sole distributor PRICES PLUS TAX

I'd go down to the ravine, or hang around my room, or go off to the public library. I became a bookworm. I brought home six books at a time and went through two a day. "This is our walking encyclopedia," my grandfather said.

The librarian was kind, and took me for a prodigy. I may have been, but I dissipated my gifts. Though I read the proper books she gave me, it was with none of the ardor with which I turned to books I took from the adult shelves and kept hidden in the children's room, behind bound volumes of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. I discovered a taste for horror. Rohmer, Wallace, Poe, books on witches, voodoo, prisons, executions, hospitals, plagues, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, tidal waves, grave robbers, cadavers, wars—I gourmandized them all. Nothing could frighten me enough. The books were weak things, but I got from them what I needed to frame fantasies of my own. There was a reason for this, of course; I know that now. I told myself tales to keep from thinking of what was worse—my abandonment, my mother's death. I lay in bed and saw Chinese pirates, hatchets raised, creep out of secret panels in my walls. The laundry chute in the hall next to my bedroom hid monsters. Falling asleep, I saw the ceiling descend upon me slowly, and I started up, panting. Asleep, I woke from dreams in which someone or something just outside my window was rapping, crying to be let in. I had nightmares. I was covered with boils that burst, and out of them came snakes, mice, bats, and little cursing black men.

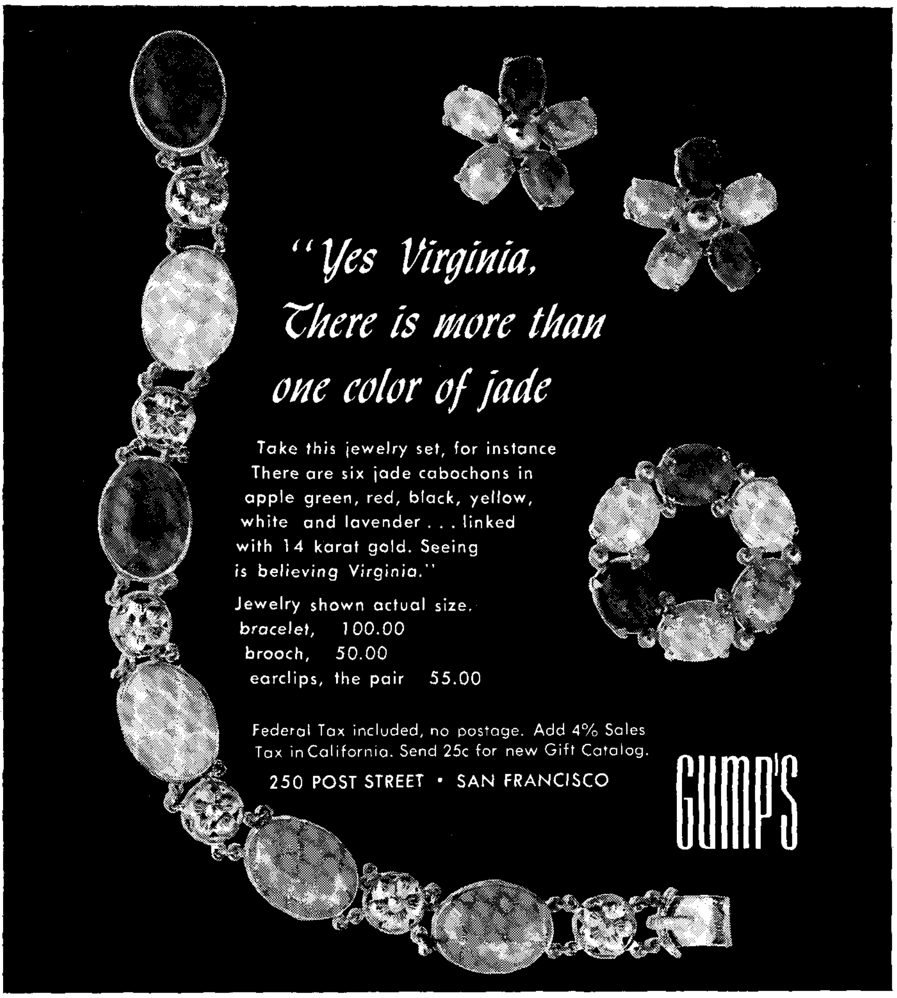
Odd sensations began to come over me. Lying in bed one night, I felt my big toes growing—growing until they felt like potatoes. It was ridiculous, but I was afraid to look at them. They were the *wrong size*, they would have to be cut off. I couldn't bear the thought. I wiggled them, and they felt bigger, and then the feeling passed and I fell asleep. But the illusion returned from time to time, until I lay awake waiting for it, stiff with anxiety. I was frightened; it was something over which I had no control.

Later in the year—it would have been November or December, for the grass in the park I cut through on the way to school was tipped with frost—I was assailed by something, not so much a sensation as the lack of it, that frightened me more. I was late for school, the first bell had already rung, and I was hurrying through the little park (it was only a block square), run-

PHOTOGRAPH: BARCLAY
CHAIRS: LAVERNE

Walk On Air Everywhere In Bates Floaters* *Original Bates Floaters corner the market on comfort and provide ceaseless smartness. The shearling lined Knock-A-Boot, left, is the shoe that was selected to be worn by our Olympic team at the 1964 Winter Games in Innsbruck, Austria. It is silicone treated and has skid-proof tank track soles. The three eyelet tie is unlined and has strong country and travel aptitudes. These, and other Bates Floaters, from $12.95 at the finest stores throughout the country. Bates Shoe Company, Webster, Massachusetts.*

**Floaters—Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*



Take this jewelry set, for instance
There are six jade cabochons in apple green, red, black, yellow, white and lavender . . . linked with 14 karat gold. Seeing is believing Virginia."

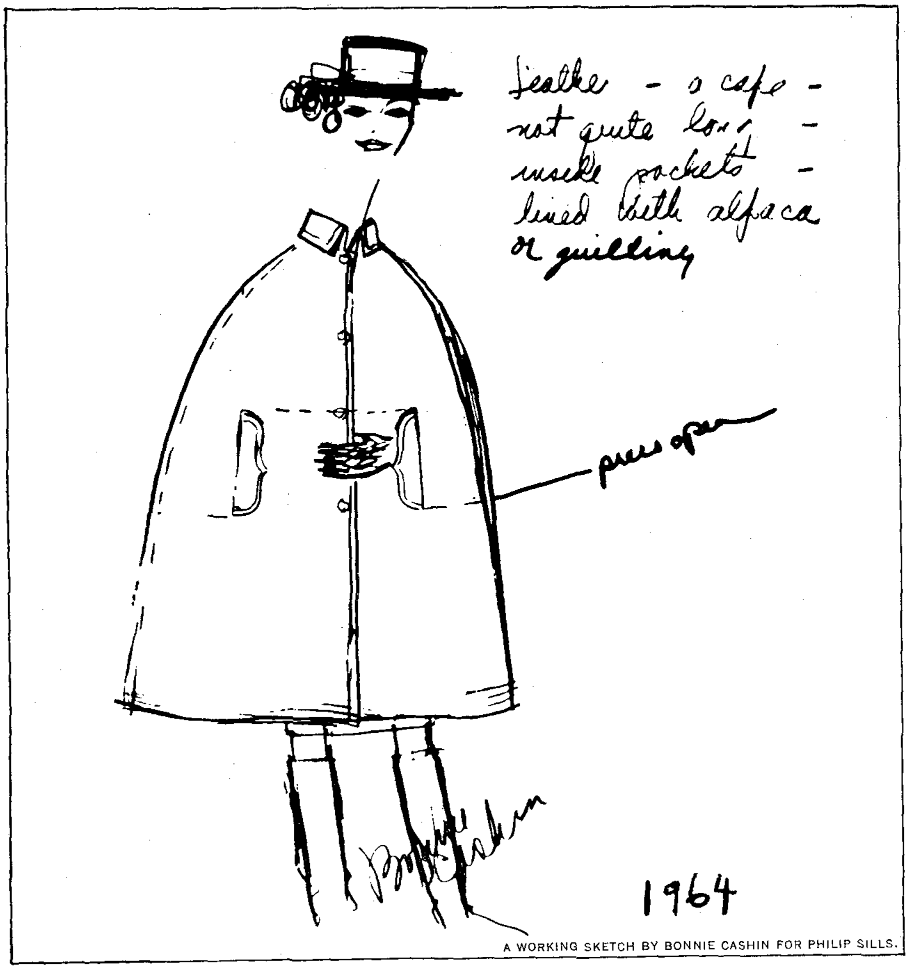
Jewelry shown actual size.
bracelet, 100.00
brooch, 50.00
earclips, the pair 55.00

Federal Tax included, no postage. Add 4% Sales Tax in California. Send 25c for new Gift Catalog.

250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO

GUMP'S

AT LORD & TAYLOR, ALL BRANCHES; NEUSTETER CO., DENVER; LIPMAN, WOLFE & CO., PORTLAND.

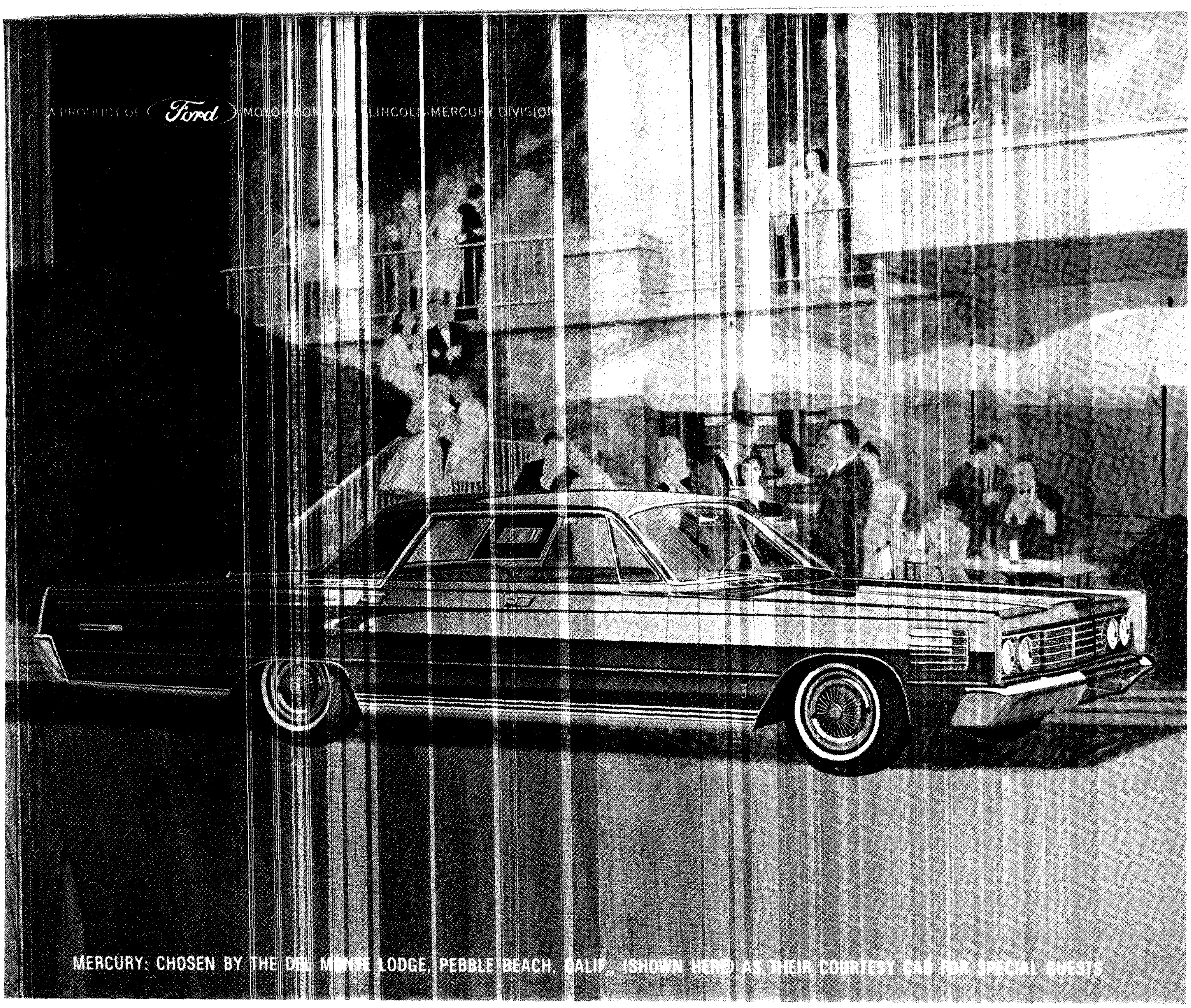


A WORKING SKETCH BY BONNIE CASHIN FOR PHILIP SILLS.

ning over in my head a poem I had memorized and was to recite before the class. I had chosen it myself; it was by Eugene Field, the stanzas were short, and the story concerned a boy and girl who died from eating green peaches. I was halfway through the poem and halfway through the park, walking quickly, when I felt my heart slow and my senses and my brain stop dead, though everything outside me was going on just the same. I seemed to be in another world, as if I were a ghost, as if I were enclosed by glass. In that state, wherever it was, everything seemed to be whirring and disconnected, like stripped gears. Wheels in my head, and wheels outside. I was choking with impatience and disgust; it was as if the firmament had cracked and through it I could see chaos. And then the world came flooding back. It had only been a few seconds; I had gone on walking, and I was nearly across the park. The brick school was just before me, with knotted, leafless vines of ivy snaking across its face. The tardy-bell began to ring, slowly. I hurried. Above me, there was a flurry of sparrows. I looked back from the steps. Everything was where it should be, looking new.

That experience of dislocation or estrangement—whatever it was—returned often, but only when I was alone and out-of-doors. By late fall, I was going to the library even more, for in that place, so full of promises and distractions and fabricated terrors, I was set free from my own fears. And there was company in the library, too. Anyone could enter—people of whom my grandmother disapproved, people we would never have in the house: Mincing Walter, who dressed in checked suits and lived with his sister; Jerry Morris, the tongue-tied boy, whom we called "Dewwy Mahwiss," and who tried to read aloud to himself in the library; the river-bottom Irish; Negroes; servants; strangers; farmers; Jews. Their leavings were among the oily pages of the popular novels. I found crumbs, flowers, letters, lists, hairs, ink blots, pins, and pencilled vituperations in them. The library first gave me what I discovered later in amusement parks, resorts, museums, transcontinental trains—a promiscuous society in which I could be silent, secret, and free, enclosed and sustained by unknown possibilities, and where there was the promise, always, of finding again what I had lost.

My dread, though, was becoming too great to be contained for long,


A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION
MERCURY: CHOSEN BY THE DEL MONTE LODGE, PEBBLE BEACH, CALIF., (SHOWN HERE) AS THEIR COURTESY CAR FOR SPECIAL GUESTS

This is the beginning of a new generation of Mercurys now in the Lincoln Continental tradition

You've never seen a Mercury like this before. Clean, sleek, beautifully proportioned. It now rides on a longer wheelbase, has a wider stance, and the kind of luxury features and options once reserved only for the most expensive cars. The idea behind all this newness was to create a car that reflected the Lincoln Continental tradition—the Lincoln Continental way of doing things. See how well this new kind of Mercury suits you. Soon.

Mercury

REMY MARTIN
MAP REPRESENTING VARIOUS GROWTHS OF THE COGNAC DISTRICT
FRANCE
OCEAN
ATLANTIQUE
COGNAC
GRANDE CHAMPAGNE
PETITE CHAMPAGNE
BORDERIES
FINS BOIS
BONS BOIS
BOIS ORDINAIRES
N
E
S
W
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC V.S.O.P. IS DISTILLED UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES FROM WINE PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE CHAMPAGNE DISTRICTS IN THE HEART OF THE COGNAC REGION. HERE THE FINEST GROWTHS OF COGNAC BRANDY ARE PRODUCED AND AS DECREED BY FRENCH LAW ONLY BRANDIES OF THIS SUPERIOR ORIGIN MAY BE LABELLED "FINE CHAMPAGNE"
PRINTED IN FRANCE
IMPORTED BY
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEWARK, N. J.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
E. REMY MARTIN & Co.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
Established in 1724
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED AND BOTTLED BY E. REMY MARTIN & C° COGNAC FRANCE
REMY MARTIN

Proudly we turn our back...

The back label of Remy Martin "Fine Champagne" Cognac shows a section of the map of France, which explains why some Cognac is superior to others. Even though all Cognac must come from the small select Cognac region of France, in "Fine Champagne" Cognac *only* the prized, precious grapes grown in the two tiny innermost parts of the Cognac area can be used. No other grapes will do, *by law*. Only V.S.O.P. quality Cognac is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. Enjoy Remy Martin, the Cognac of connoisseurs for more than two centuries. Remy Martin V.S.O.P. "Fine Champagne" Cognac, one of the world's most luxurious drinks—acclaimed as the finest in 110 nations.

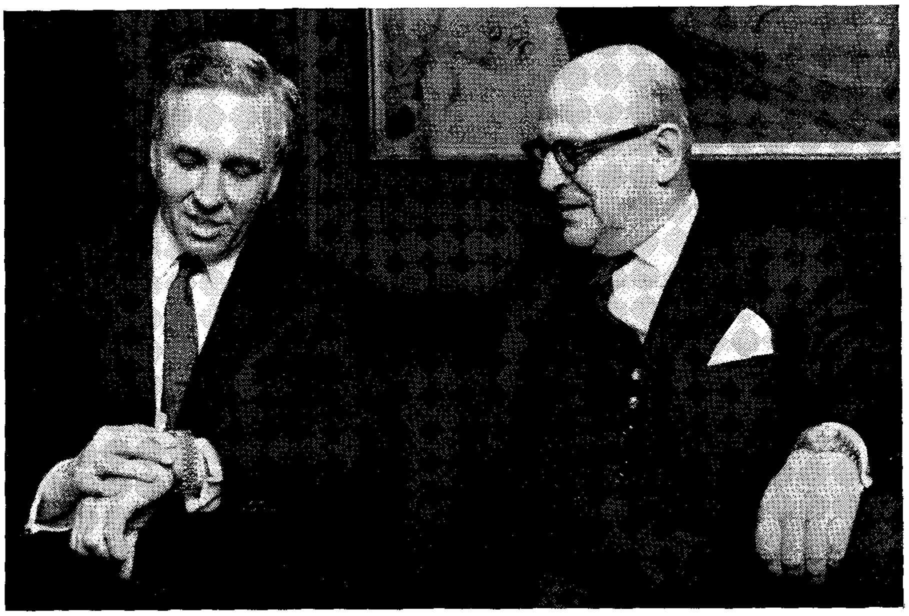
THE SIGN OF THE CENTAUR IS YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

and I began to fear common things—the night, sudden noises, blood, footsteps in the dark, waiting for someone. I seldom went to the ravine now. It made me uneasy—even the clearing where my mother and I used to play. To get to the library, I passed the ravine at another place, where Superior Street crossed it on a fill. The ravine was wilder and deeper there than where we had played, and frightening to me near dusk and after. The sidewalk was of rough concrete, the kind that jars a roller skater's teeth and joints, and it had been tipped and buckled in several places by the roots of trees. Between it and the drop into the ravine, there was only a double-railed, whitewashed fence. Below was a tangle of brush and brambles. When I was three, I had been told the bogeyman lived there. Now I thought of tramps and gypsies and wild beasts. The creek moved more swiftly at that point, and disappeared into a corrugated-iron culvert to pass under the street to the other side. In dry months, the culvert could be crawled through; I went into it one day and out the other side, carrying a flashlight, on a dare from the Keller boys. The headless corpse of a girl had been found there once, we had heard. I found nothing but slime, sticky cobwebs, stink, and the droppings of animals. Where the street crossed the ravine, it seemed to grow dark half an hour before it was dark in the rest of the town, and walking there at dusk was like crossing a narrow bridge over a black pool from which the blackness might rise to overwhelm you. In summer, spiders threw threads across the way to tickle the nostrils and earholes, and I learned to walk with my hands pawing before me, like a man gone blind. An owl lived in the great oak that rose from the ravine floor and towered above the elms that lined the street. There were bats in the evening, and after a rain earthworms on the sidewalk would squish underfoot.

During the winter, though, there seemed less to fear. Unleaved trees offered no hiding place, and snow changed the ravine, covering its thickets and briars, levelling its contours, and lightening its dark places. I minded the walk less, and began to forget I had been afraid. Snow packed hard on the path across the troll bridge, and I'd sled there after school until suppertime. I was good enough at that, and soon I found myself one of a gang.

By late winter, I was becoming my grandparents' child. Nothing came of



"Where did you get your Rolex?" Mr. Cournand asked Mr. Hartford.

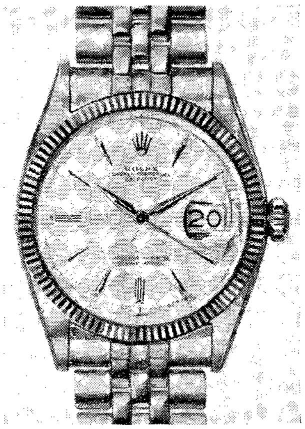
You might think that's a pretty silly way to start a conversation.

Especially a conversation between Edouard Cournand and Huntington Hartford.

You'd think it might have started with Mr. Cournand asking Mr. Hartford about the editorial policy at SHOW Magazine. Or asking if he's written any good books lately.

Or Hartford might have asked Cournand about his flying-ace experiences during WWI, or about his development of the first one-piece transparent airplane canopy. He could have even asked Mr. Cournand what you're supposed to promise her before you spring the Arpege.

But it all started with "Where did you get your Rolex?" Which might seem a silly way to start a conversation. Unless you own a Rolex.

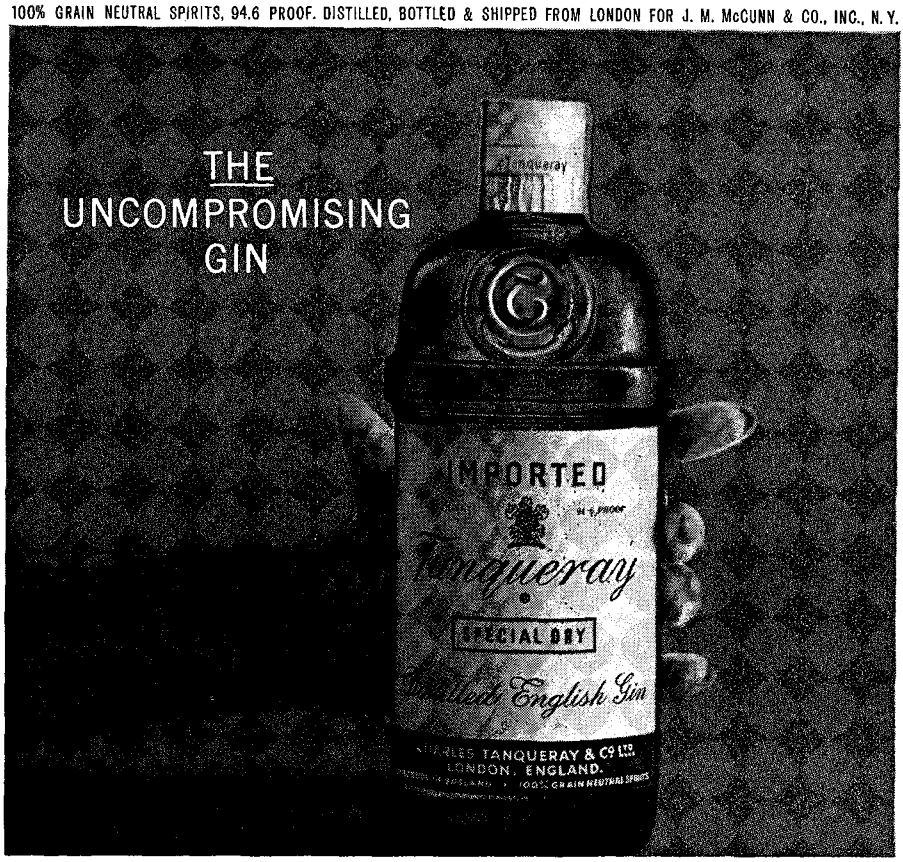


THE DATEJUST Superb 18K gold Oyster Perpetual (waterproof*, selfwinding) with 25-jewel officially certified chronometer movement. The date, which changes automatically at midnight, is magnified by the Cyclops lens for easy reading. With 18K gold matching bracelet. $1,000 f.t.i.

**When case, crown, crystal are intact.*

Official Timepiece, Pan American World Airways ROLEX
AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORP., 580 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF. DISTILLED, BOTTLED & SHIPPED FROM LONDON FOR J. M. McCUNN & CO., INC., N. Y.



• Tanqueray's indomitable flavour cannot be smothered...by vermouth, by tonic, by juice. Heroic in defense of its English character, and of its spunky, British antique green bottle.

(TANKER-RAY)
Tanqueray
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN

HOW WARMLY WELL-AND-TREE'D IS
GEORGES BRIARD!

this well-and-tree platter is like no other you have ever seen / it is the *newest* Briard Hot Butler / with three commodious compartments / to keep the meat course aloof from the vegetables / and all deliciously hot and ever-so-handy right at table or buffet / and liberate the hostess

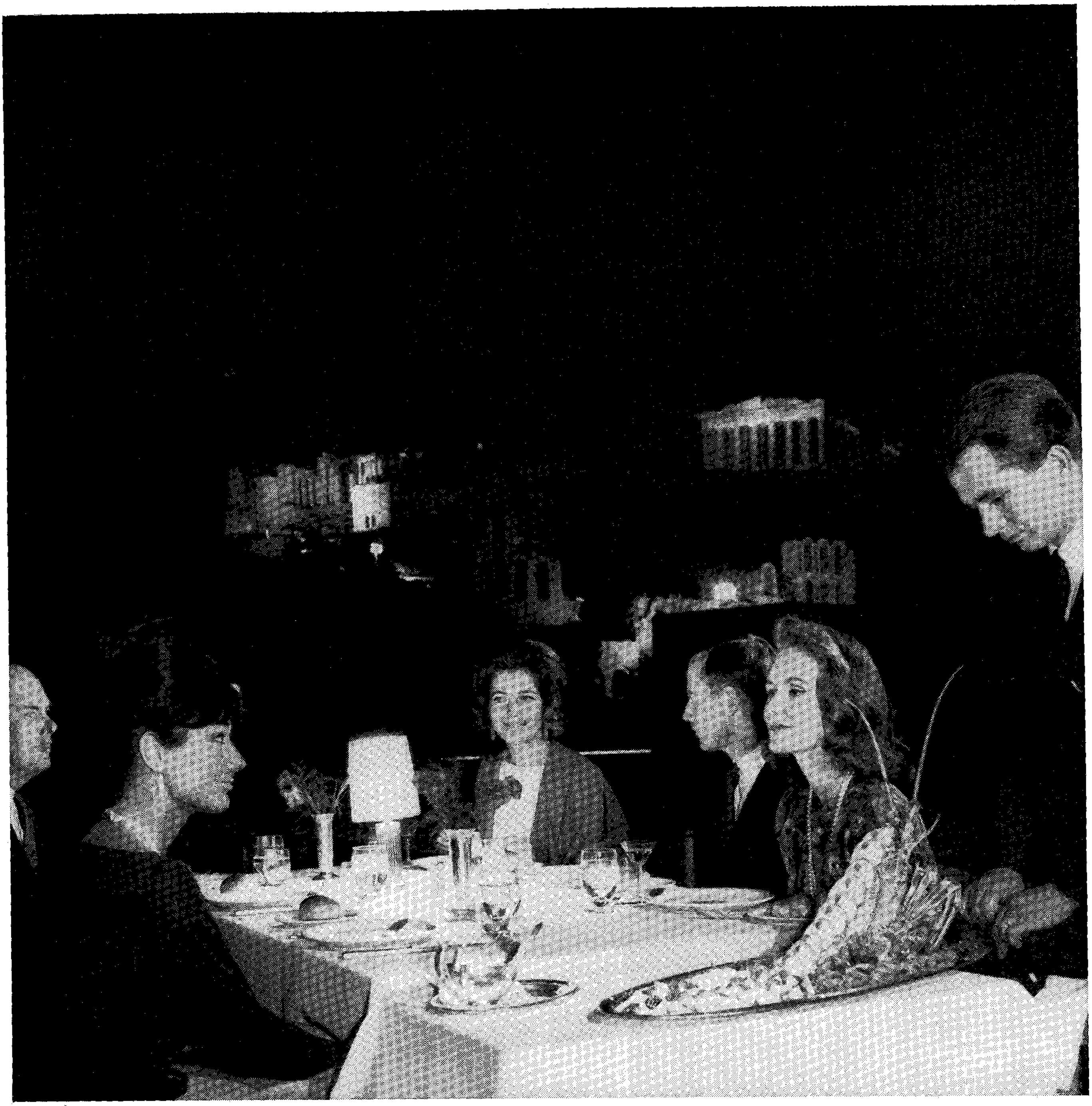
The wonderfully versatile Hot Butler well-and-tree tray is automatic, electric and a joy to behold in walnut and gold and gleaming white. $9.95 A WOODLAND product. At fine stores like Bloomingdale's, N.Y. • Garfinckel's, D. C. • Pogue's, Cincinnati Marshall Field, Chicago • Jordan Marsh, Miami / M. Wille Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

my father's plans to bring my sister and me back to Chicago. He had been able to drive to Meredith each weekend while the weather held, but now he could come less often on the icy roads. I began to draw close to my grandfather. He was gentle, or he had become gentle; he could not speak sharply to me. Of him, now, I remember only glimpses. He stands before the mirror in the upstairs bathroom and spreads Burma-Shave on his face; his thick mustache is as white as the shaving cream. He comes home late from a call and tears bits of bread into a bowl for his bread and milk. He introduces me to the president of the First Bank of Meredith, a very old man who wears a gray sweater under his coat; the president's father was the first white man to set foot in Meredith, I am told. "How could he tell it was Meredith, *then?*" I am supposed to have said. And now I see my grandfather playing croquet at dusk in the yard; he is in shirtsleeves, and his shirt shines white. Moles have undermined the lawn—their tunnels are everywhere—and the croquet balls go comically astray.

My grandmother, worried by my brooding and my wandering, did what she could to keep me out of mischief; she called my mother to her aid. Mother was watching me day and night, she told me over and over. Mother was praying that I would be good, so that I could join her one day. Whenever I did anything bad, Mother saw me. Wherever I was, there was no hiding from her. She knew.

I only half believed such stories, but they weighed on my soul. What if they were true? What if I were to miss out on Heaven because I didn't brush my teeth at night? What if, through some such foolish omission, I never saw my mother again? It was safer to be good, and I became a good boy, except for the times when a burst of anger or high spirits carried me away, and except for my thoughts, which I thought invisible. I became overscrupulous. I washed my hands five times before meals and appeared at table with clenched fists to keep out the germs. I knew no gradations of sin, or of forgiveness. I saw gold stars and black marks in the book of life, and nothing in between. I behaved, and my imagination continued to grow rank and wild.

BY springtime, my mother had firmly assumed her place in Heaven—a Gothic figure, smiling severely, as



In Greece, you can wine and dine like a gourmet

for just $3

Pamper your palate with suckling lamb, veal "stiphado", eggplant "moussaka". Savor the sunny wines that enhance each meal, the wines of Rhodes, Attica and the Peloponnese; and Greece's own pine-scented retsina. The many fascinating Greek delicacies combine the flavor of Europe with the succulence of the East. And Greece's restaurant's offer you a host of tempting seafoods with delightfully different tangs.

Here, in a land that boasts a magnificent civilization, you can still wine and dine within the echo of the Gods—for just $3. Greece will spoil you. She's famous for spoiling her guests. She offers you delightful restaurants at the foot of the Acropolis, and charming tavernas along narrow streets and country lanes. She offers you an ancient heritage, and spotless, modern accommodations. Plan on seeing Greece this coming spring. For colorful brochures call us at HA 1-5777, or drop a line to the National Tourist Organization of Greece, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017, or see your Travel Agent soon.

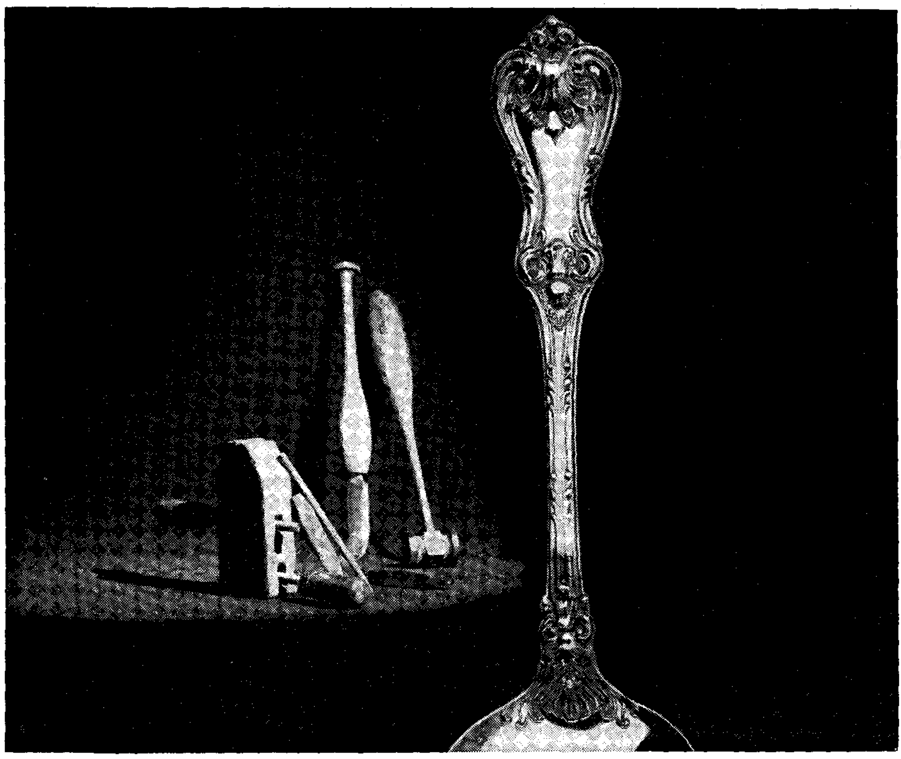
GREECE

stiff as her body in its grave. When I thought of her, it was there in Heaven, beside the recording angel, or in the Corinth cemetery; I felt her presence no longer. Neither was I conscious of her loss, and memories of her alive were passing from my mind. My father, too, was receding; he had his place in Chicago now, my distant benefactor. Only when he was about to come to Meredith or about to leave did I feel our old ties. I was little trouble to anyone, and no one knew what was on my mind. I had turned to thinking of death, my mother's and my own, and although I could not conceive of being dead, I liked to imagine my dying, and I hoped to die while I could still be good and there was still a chance of Heaven.

In the attic of the Bishop house, I found the skeleton of a child, a girl of twelve or so, brought home by my grandfather from medical school and forgotten. It was packed in a wooden box with a sliding lid. Its bones were articulated, and it could be lifted out and hung, by a ring set in its skull, from a metal stand. It was beautiful. The child had been small—I was told years later she was Chinese—and she was about my height. I could feel with my fingertips the curve of her pelvic bone, the smooth tibia, the prick of her fingers, the hollows of her eyes. I would think of her dying and of the slow vanishing of her flesh. Then I thought of it happening to my mother, and that it would one day happen to me. Whatever the truth about Heaven might be, the softness of the flesh and the hardness of bone were sure. Lying under the covers of my bed in the dark, I cupped a hand over my flashlight and saw my own bones shadowed there in pink, translucent flesh. I found comfort in that, and in the child's skeleton, and discovered I was *not* so much afraid.

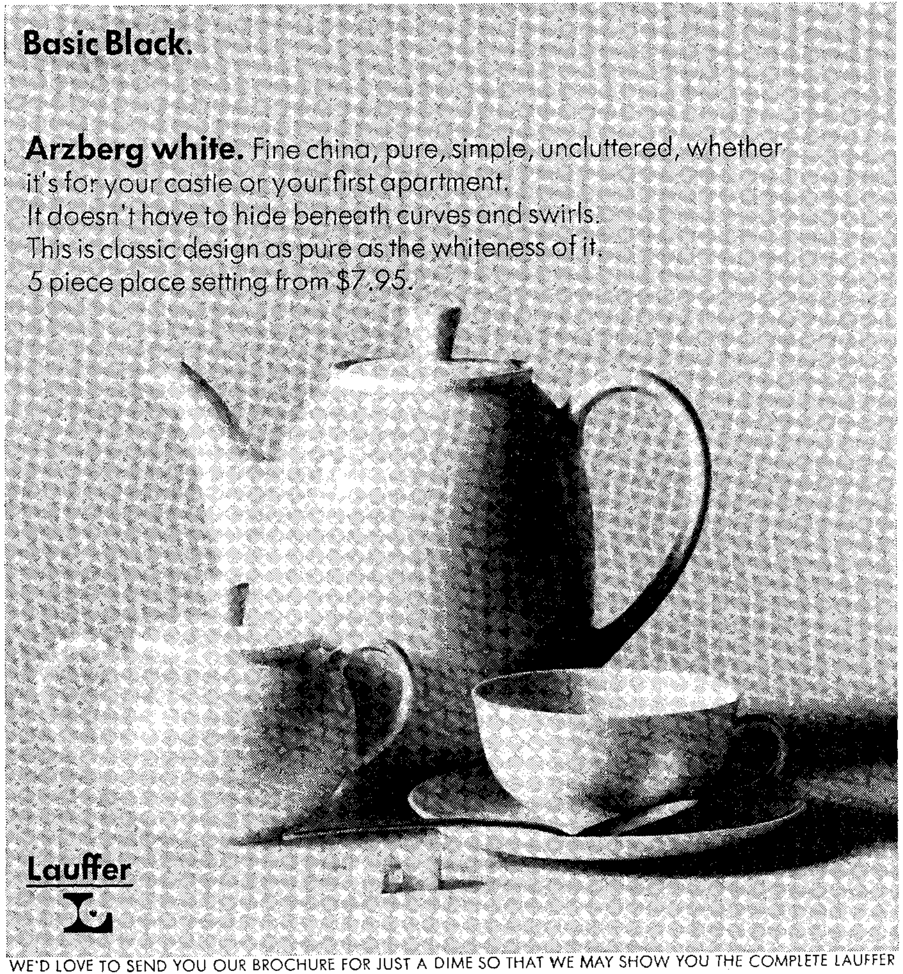
One Saturday in April, when Helen Marie was nearly a year old, my aunt went off to visit a girl friend in Grand Rapids for the weekend, and my grandmother suddenly took it into her head, early in the afternoon, to drive over to Corinth and visit her sister. My father could not come that weekend, and I was sulking. I didn't want to go to visit Aunt Sallie, and my grandmother—wonder of wonders—let me stay behind. Off she went, with the baby bundled in the wicker basket on the seat beside her. I was on my way to the library before they were out of the drive. I had found a new obsession, the tales of Robert Louis Steven-

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Edward VII in Frank Smith Sterling

48-pc. service for 12, $405. At Geary's, Beverly Hills; Charles Kerrison Jewelers, Charleston; Bohm-Allen Jewelry, Denver; The Carlton House, Houston; Jaccard Jewelry, Kansas City; Hancock House, Memphis; Julius Goldstein & Son, Mobile; Zell Bros., Portland; other fine stores. *Frank Smith Silver Co., Division of Webster Co., North Attleboro, Mass., Silversmiths since 1896.*



Basic Black.

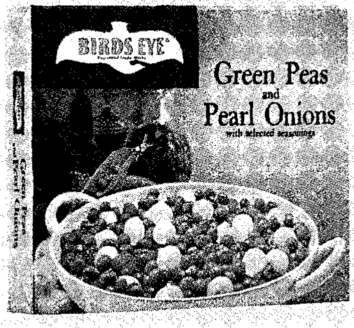
Arzberg white. Fine china, pure, simple, uncluttered, whether it's for your castle or your first apartment.
It doesn't have to hide beneath curves and swirls.
This is classic design as pure as the whiteness of it.
5 piece place setting from $7.95.

Lauffer

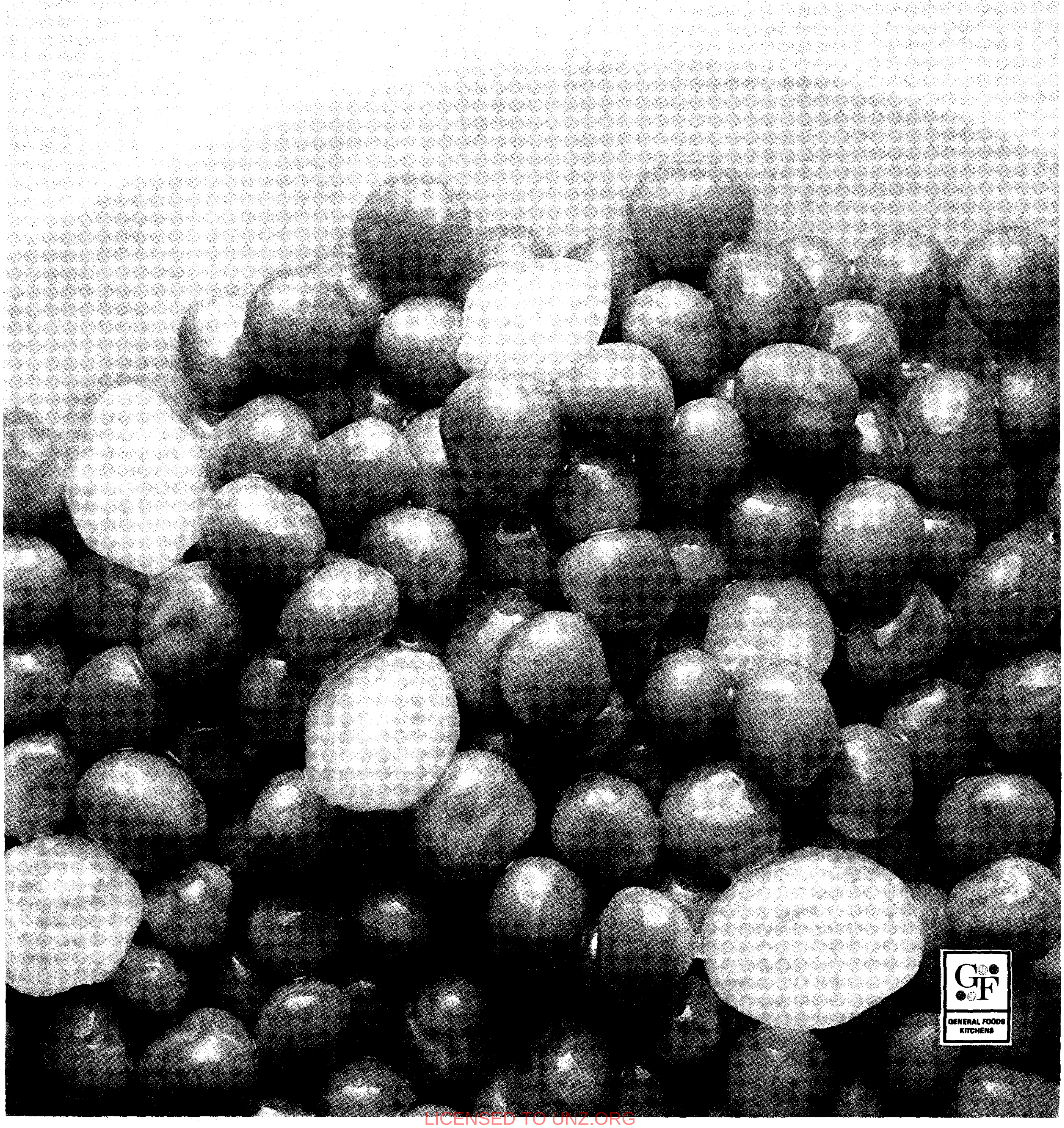
WE'D LOVE TO SEND YOU OUR BROCHURE FOR JUST A DIME SO THAT WE MAY SHOW YOU THE COMPLETE LAUFFER COLLECTION...OR FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE TO: H. E. LAUFFER CO., 11 EAST 26 STREET, NEW YORK 10.

If you suspect your husband is bored with your cooking…

You don't need a cooking course to interest him again. Let Birds Eye do it for you. Serve him this tempting combination of peas and tiny pearl onions enhanced with a selection of seasonings. Why shouldn't vegetables be interesting to a man? There are twelve exciting Birds Eye vegetable combinations to choose from.

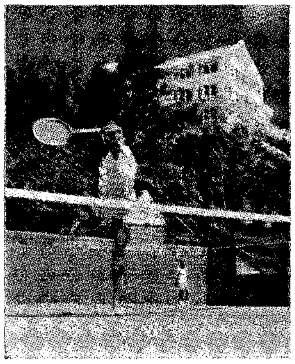


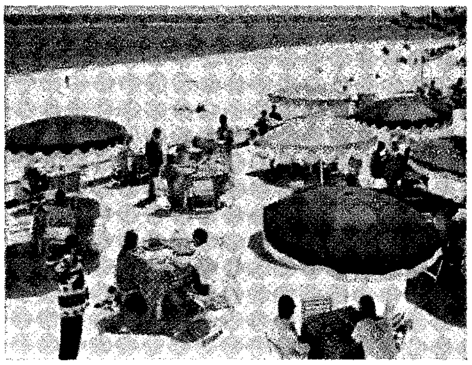
BIRDS EYE
Green Peas
and
Pearl Onions
with selected seasonings

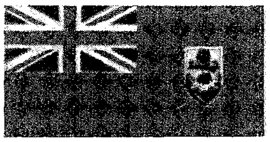


GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







ELBOW BEACH is for SUN People • moon people...BEACH People • pool people...THIN People • plump people...PARTY People • sporty people...ACTIVE People • sleepy people...BIG People • little people...MALE People • female people...

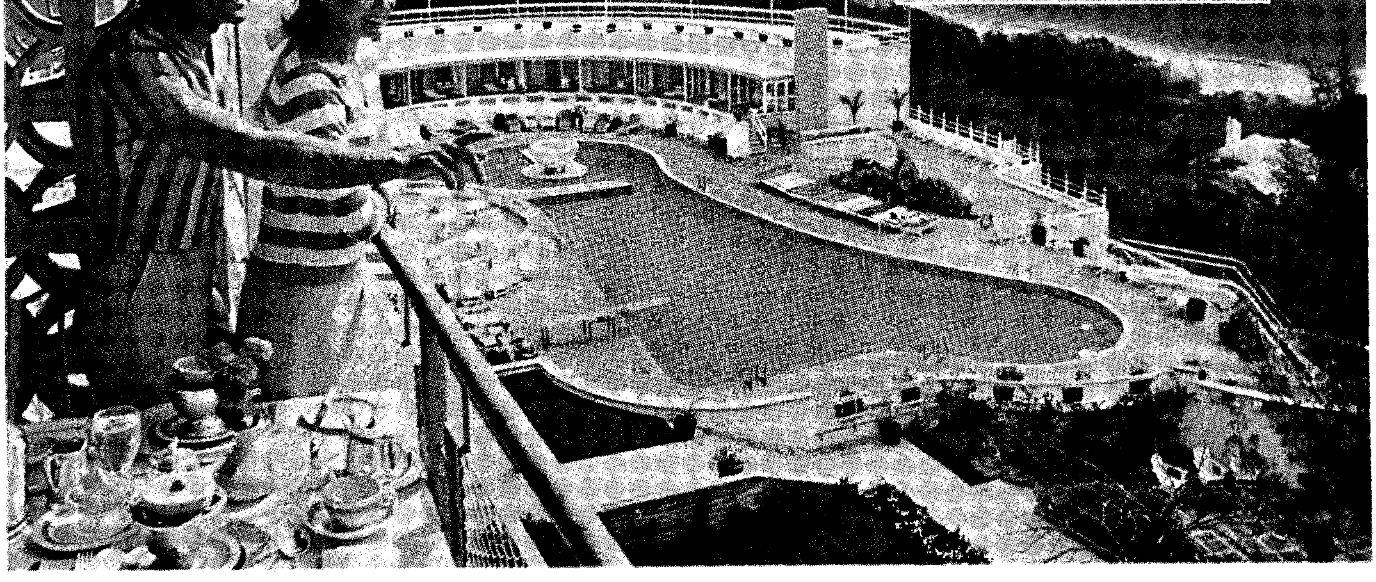
Hurrah for ELBOW... the people's CHOICE!

Elbow Beach Surf Club

BERMUDA'S FAMOUS OCEANSIDE HOTEL

Cy Elkins, General Manager.

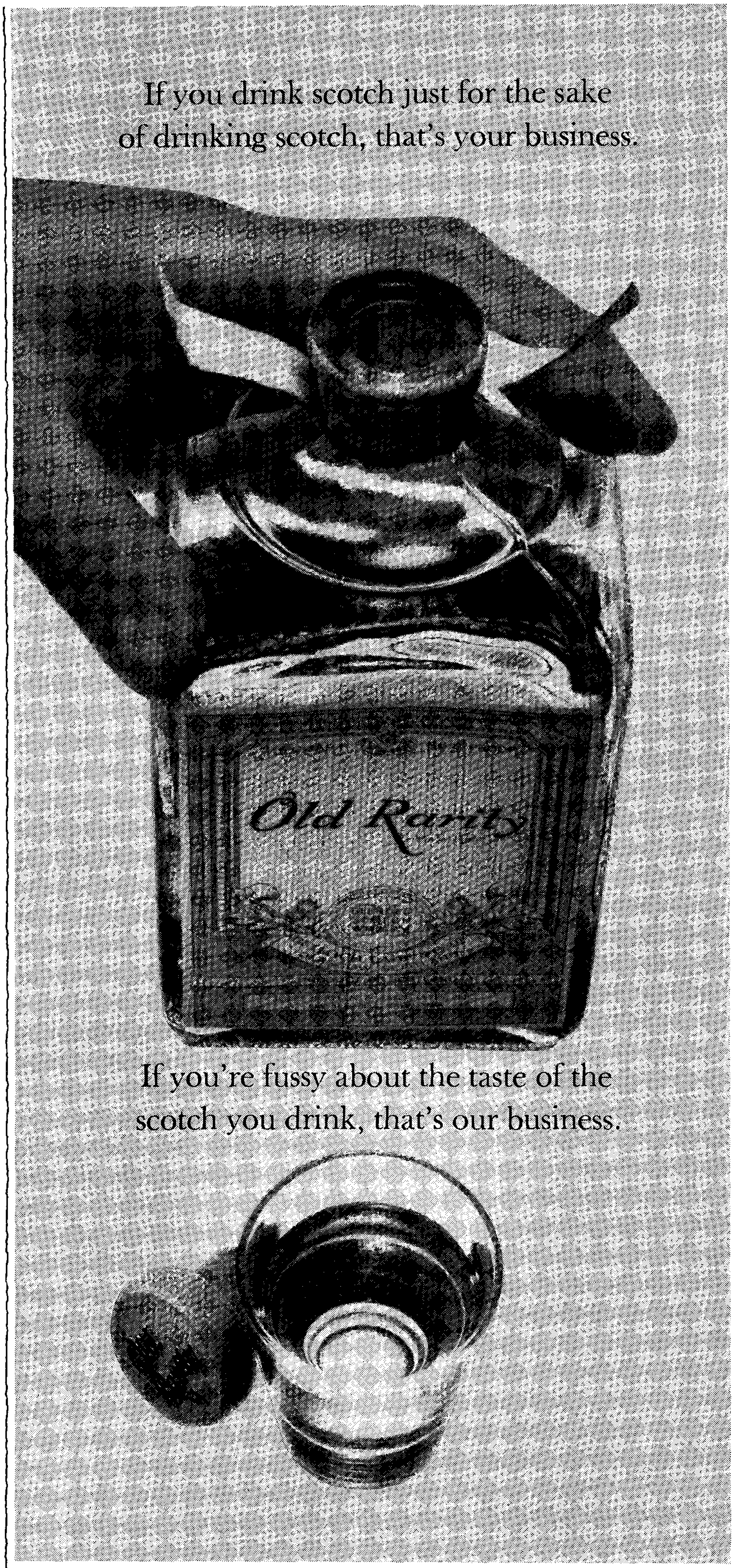
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
IN NEW YORK/BOSTON/WASHINGTON/CHICAGO/MIAMI/TORONTO



son, and was reading them straight through. They seemed charged with some kind of forbidden energy, and I was excited by them, without knowing why.

When I returned home hungry, about five-thirty, I found my grandfather, just back from his office, there alone. Grandma wouldn't be back until tomorrow, so we were bachelors, he said. She and Aunt Sallie had got to talking and she had decided to spend the night. She had called to tell him there was cold ham loaf in the icebox and potato soup on the stove, and she had made a spice cake that morning. We ate in the kitchen, put the dishes in the sink, and were settling down to a game of casino when the phone rang. It was the city hospital. Two out-of-town cars had collided on Deadman's Curve; at least six people were badly hurt; they needed him right away.

My grandfather drove off, and I went back to the library, having promised to be home and in bed before dark. I stayed too late, of course, until the lights flicked off and on just before closing, at ten minutes to nine. It was nearly dark. How had it got so late? I plopped Stevenson into his hiding place behind the bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* and set out for home. The sky, fortunately, was not yet black. (In that part of Michigan, our clocks were well over an hour ahead of sun time.) I ran, cutting across the library lawn, then past the telephone building and the low Christian Science church, past old Mr. Kane's brick house, across Troy Street, past the Tennyson Club, and down toward the ravine, where my old fears began to assail me. I can still recall it, to this day. The street is empty. A light suspended between two poles casts shadows that move with the wind. Something down in the ravine crackles in the quiet. It is only a hundred long steps to home, but I cannot make it. Someone—a tramp, or gypsy—is waiting for me, ready to force me into the ravine. Something brushes my ear, or I think it does, and I turn and run, down the long, safe way home. Circling the ravine by roads where the street lights are brightest, I run, down Troy Street, past the Simpsons', Browns', Burgers', Kendalls', Stricklands'—all houses I know. There is light on Troy Street still; the houses sit well back from the sidewalk, and the sky is open to the west. I decide to cut through the ravine after all—the other way, across the footbridge—and come home by the back door. The


If you drink scotch just for the sake of drinking scotch, that's your business.
Old Rarity
If you're fussy about the taste of the scotch you drink, that's our business.

Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif., Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof

DEN for MEN
ER SHAVE
OTION
ANDALWOOD
SANDALWOOD
TER SHAVE LOTI

Choice

of the well-groomed gentleman, Arden for Men After Shave Lotion. Its fragrance is subtle, woody, marvelously masculine, not at all sweet. Refreshes and rejuvenates your skin *after* shave, after shower or any time of day. 3.75, plus tax, at

Arden For Men
1 East 54 Street

ravine is broader there, and open enough to be light.

I wait, catch my breath, and begin to trot. Around the corner toward the ravine, past the Nelsons'. Mr. Nelson is busy with his car in the garage; his headlights go on, dim, but brighter than the purple air. He waves. I wave back and run on, on to the end of the sidewalk and the cinder path that dips into the ravine. The footing is worse than I expect; the spring rains have cut gullies in the path—miniature ravines leading to the creek, which has become a swollen miniature river. I am a giant, treading over mountain ranges. Near the bottom, the cinders have washed away, leaving slick orange clay, and the giant slips and falls. It is not much of a fall. I have twisted my ankle, though, and now I must go slowly.

But at the bottom of the ravine, it has grown dark, as black as the bottom of a lake. My ankle hurts, and I sit on the railing of the footbridge to ease it. A minute ago, it seemed to be light. When had it become dark? I begin to speculate—too busily to be afraid. What was the moment of the change? When I fell? When my knees hit the ground? My knickers are soaked through at the knees, and I feel the cold. Where was the split second before which it was light and after which it was dark? The objects around me begin to flow away, and once more that feeling of dislocation overcomes me and I seem to take leave of my body and senses.

In a moment or two, my sensations begin to return—I am still sitting on the bridge—and first comes the sensation of smell. But mixed with the smell of wet clay from the ravine comes something else: honey-and-almond, peppermint, tea, cold cream, linseed oil, and cloves—my mother's smells, coming to me singly and then together. Presently, I can taste as well, and then I can hear and see. The ravine comes to life in the dark, full of hidden shapes, like one of those leafy puzzle drawings in which are to be found ponies, or kittens, or Ali Baba and his thieves. I have a strong sense of my mother's presence, for the first time in many months. I should be afraid, but I am not, and I walk slowly, favoring my ankle, feeling that my mother is accompanying me, across the bridge and up the easy slope on the other side, until the appearances in the ravine are behind me. The way home, once I reach the street, is well lighted. A ball game has just broken up in the park

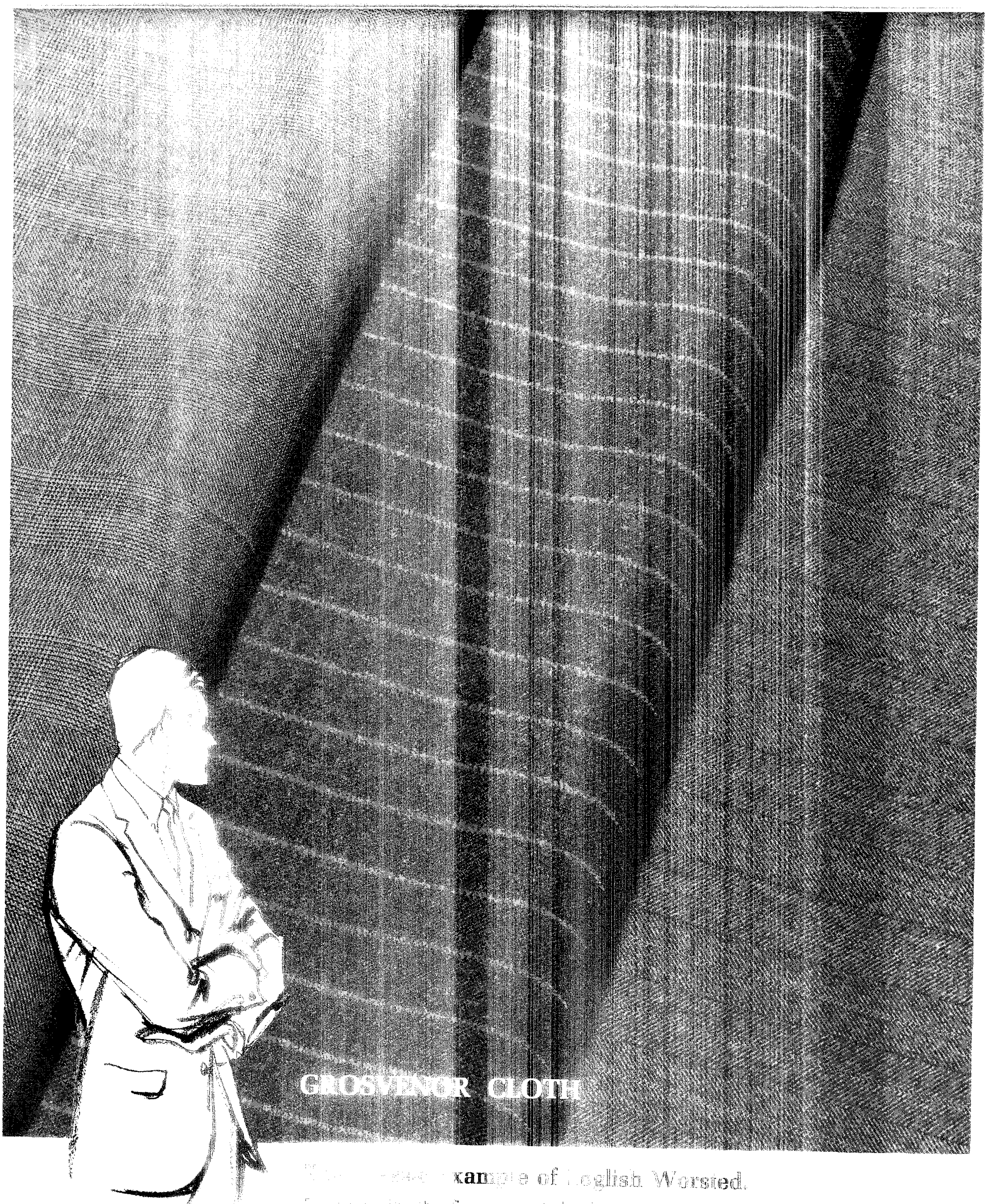
Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Texas	The Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Stern
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	*Lew Ritter*
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	*MacNeil & Moore*
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	*Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.*
Newton Centre, Mass.	Jack Lane
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	*Bayne-Williams*
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	*Ray Bolger*
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Gene Ronald
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



[illegible] example of English Worsted.

[illegible] the finest worsted fabrics are woven in England. A classic example is our Grosvenor cloth with all the inherent characteristics of quality and appearance for which English worsteds are noted. And traditionally, too, the finest natural shoulder tailoring is from Southwick. The perfect combination, then, Grosvenor Cloth and Southwick, for a superb suit. About $125, vested about $140.

Prices Higher in the West.

Southwick Clothes
BY GRIECO BROTHERS

The intrinsic chic of a raincoat by Lawrence of London, magnificently lined in nutria fur, classically simple in Dacron polyester and cotton from Galey and Lord. For nearest retailer write 1407 Broadway, N.Y.

Burlington

GALEY & LORD

R
Réplique
RAPHAEL
PARIS
PERFUME · TOILET WATER · BATH OIL · SOAP · DUSTING POWDER · TALC

nearby, and I hear the boys crying good night, and the crack, crack of a baseball bat striking the pavement.

I WENT up to the house by the back way and, puzzling out how to explain my lateness to my grandfather, let myself in. The doors were never locked. The back porch was dark; so were the pantry and the kitchen. Clicking lights on as I went, I walked through the back hall to the front of the house. Dark, except for the porch light outside. The house was empty; the Doctor wasn't home yet. What a relief! The large clock in the hall whirred, paused, clicked, and struck. Ten o'clock? I counted nine, then looked at its face. Nine o'clock. I had left the library only ten minutes before; I was hardly late at all. With luck, I would be in bed before my grandfather came.

It was quiet, though, with the house empty—and exciting, as if I were a spy in enemy territory. I had never been alone in the house at night. I felt victorious. I had not been afraid in the ravine; I could not show fear now. I sat down on the stairs and listened. Only the clock, with its halting tick, *tock-tick, tock-tick, like an old man* limping. A car going by outside, the beams of its lights sweeping the living room as far as the green tile fireplace. The living room in shadow, antimacassars on the dark-brown chairs and sofa showing palely. Someone walking outside, turning the corner. Coming here? No, turning the corner. Someone going home. Upstairs, there was no sound. My bedroom was up there in the back of the house. How was I to get upstairs and into bed, and turn out the lights behind me, and not be in the dark? I wanted my grandfather to find me asleep, with the downstairs in darkness, as if I had gone to bed before night. Ah, yes. There was a way. I turned on the lights in the upstairs hall by the switch at the foot of the stairs. Then I went back to the pantry and came through the kitchen again, switching off the lights behind me. Leaving a dim light on in the front hall, I went quickly up the stairs, through the hall, and to my room before there was time to think of what might possibly be behind the other bedroom doors. And now, in bed, I felt safe.

Not for long. I had counted on the Doctor's coming right home. I would hear his car in the driveway; the car door would close, and then the back door, and my grandfather would come

Alice's husband is so henpecked it's hysterical. He has to rent cars from National just because she saves S&H Green Stamps.

Let's level. All three major coast-to-coast car rental agencies offer sparkling new equipment. (National has '65 Fords and other fine cars.) All give smiling efficient service, same low rates, and identical company discounts. So why rent National? Because National Car Rental gives S&H Green Stamps at no extra cost. That's why. Your wife will love you for our generosity.

S&H Green Stamps...at no extra cost

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

In Canada, it's Tilden Rent-A-Car

My Joe rents National cars because
their radios play nice music.

up the stairs and find me asleep. "Robert, are you playing possum?" he would say, and I might sit up in bed and say yes, and where had he been? But he didn't come, and he didn't come. Where was he? Had he gone to the scene of the accident, to Deadman's Curve, and been killed there himself? I could see him lying among the bloody, contorted corpses, a car overturned just behind them, one wheel spinning.

The phone rang, bringing bad news. I could not answer; it would mean going out into the black hall. I let it ring, and lay there, counting the rings. Twelve times. Thirteen. Fourteen. Then nothing, though I heard ringing still in the empty house. Then there was nothing at all, and I lay stiff in my bed, hands on my belly, trying not to give in to my anxiety. A few weeks before, I had invented horrors and sought out fear. Now I was tired; I had had enough. Yet as I lay in bed with my eyes shut, straight as a stick, the covers up to my chin, images came unsummoned to my eyes. A bearded shepherd who held a ram on a leash, straining to break free. A drowned girl with staring eyes. A plane diving at me, its machine gun blazing through the propeller blades. I could not get past the images, across the threshold to sleep. It would be better to stay awake.

I got up and dressed again, and went through the house turning on all the lights. In the bedrooms, closets, bathrooms. The ceiling lights and the bridge lamps and the table lamps in the living room, the music room, and the library. The kitchen lights and the lights on the porches, back and front. The garage lights, which turned on from the back pantry, and the light above the sign in the front yard, reading, in gilt on black, "FRANK BISHOP, M.D." I turned on the cellar lights from the head of the stairs, and locked and bolted the cellar doors. Remembering the skeleton, I went upstairs once more and locked the door to the attic. I locked the front door, the side door, the back door. I switched on the radio, found a dance band, and turned it up high. I remembered the dining-room chandelier and turned it on, and then I went back to the radio and danced, screaming out the words to songs I knew, or making up my own.

My grandfather had to ring the front-door bell to get in. It woke me. He had not been killed after all; several people had been badly hurt in the accident, he told me, and he had been in the hospital operating room, work-

Berries Aren't Baked Beans!
Serve Berries With A Berry Spoon

(Exquisitely crafted in our exclusive Queen's pattern — not the King's)

Play the game with well-bred attention to details. That's what makes the hostess with the mostest. Not only the Jane-come-latelies, but way back to the Georgian period, hep hostesses have insisted on the Queen's pattern berry spoon, deep drawn in heavy Ellis-Barker silverplate. And at this price, why not? $8.00 with gold vermeil bowl and silverplate handle as shown. $7.00 all silverplate.

Visit our showrooms or write for copy of our illustrated folder.

Ellis-Barker
SILVER COMPANIES
LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS
1107 Broadway, New York 10, New York

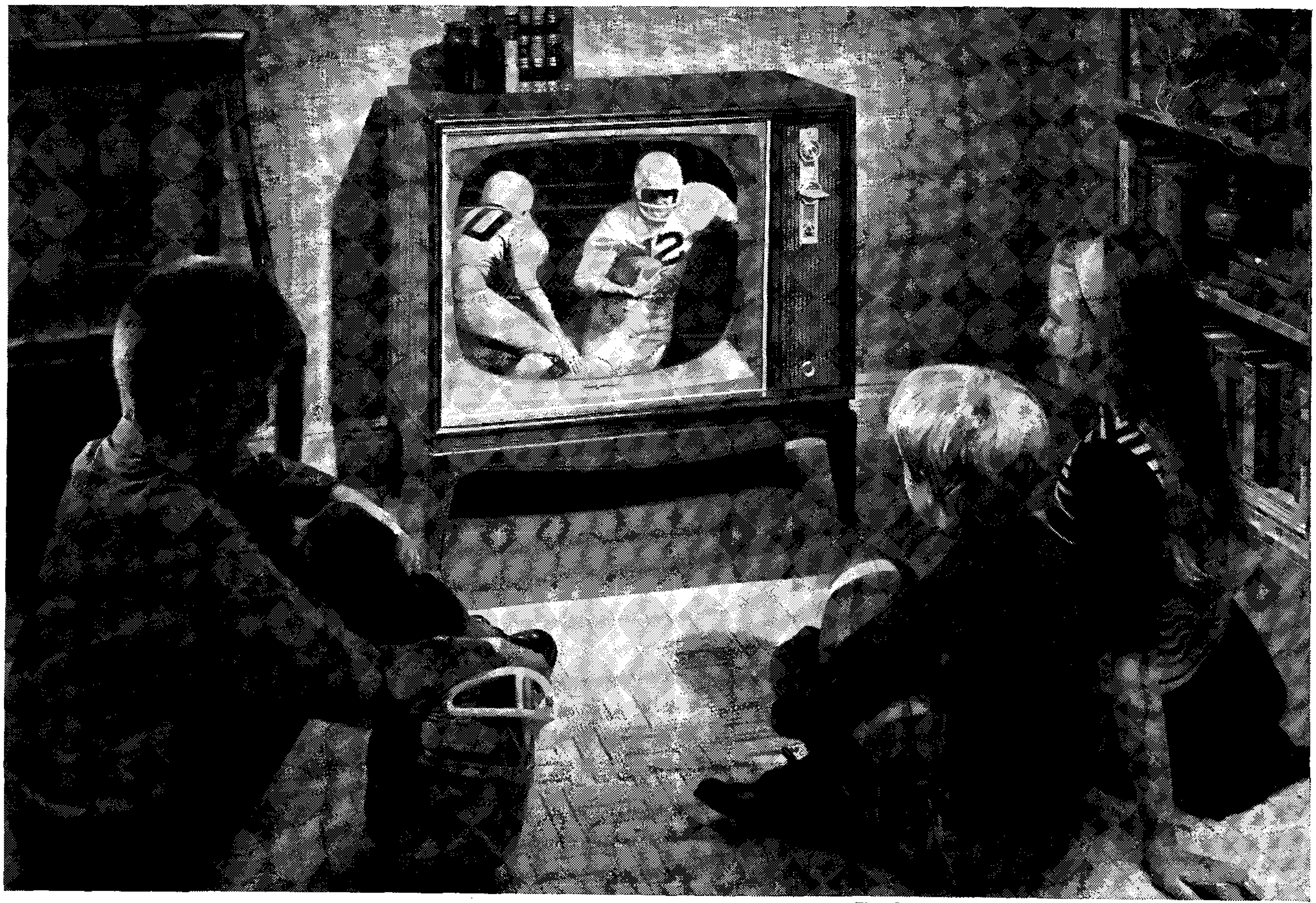
Alexander's, Washington, D. C./Mary Barlint, Inc., Greenwich, Conn./Black Starr and Frost, Ltd., White Plains, N. Y./ Buckingham and Flippin, Lynchburg, Va./Buffum's, Long Beach, Calif./Distinguished Gifts, New Orleans, La./Mary Gill Shop, Knoxville, Tenn./Hancock House, Memphis, Tenn./ J. Kim, Inc., La Jolla, Calif./Potter and Mellen, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio/C. F. Reuschlein, Huntington, W. Va./E. A. Rood and Company, Grand Rapids, Mich./Thalheimer's, Winston-Salem, N. Car.

Jensen's Christmas Gift Portfolio

The next best thing to a visit to Jensen's is our 1964 Christmas Gift Portfolio, full of unique and exclusive gifts from all over the world. Send for your copy now.

name ____
please print
address ____
city ____ zone ____ state ____

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PL1-2400



The Contemporary Model 307 in Walnut only $269.50.

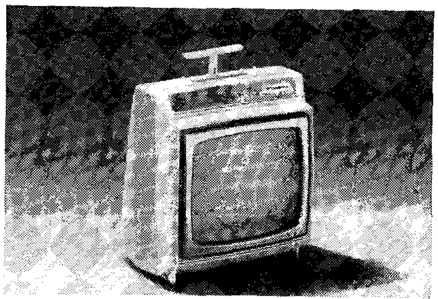
Let your family enjoy TV programs at their best with Magnavox BIG PICTURE TV.

Double your pleasure with this 330 sq. in. Big Screen — (twice the size of 19" sets) — and for only pennies per day. It's fully automatic too — just select your channel — videomatic will do all tuning electronically to bring you the clearest, sharpest pictures ever — day and night!

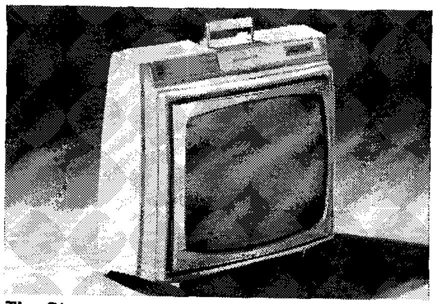
Magnavox "330" models cost you less to *buy* and less to *own* for they are sold direct through franchised dealers (saving you middleman costs) where *service*, as well as all parts, is *guaranteed for a full year*. Dealers are listed in the Yellow Pages.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

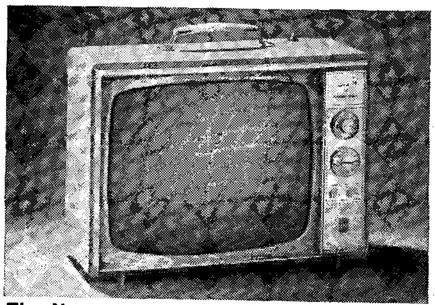
Magnavox Portables are the finest, and yet your best buy, on any basis of comparison. Compare these:



The Holiday 112 Personal TV has a 12 in.* (not 11") screen, 3 I.F. stages (not 2) and other quality features that bring you the best reception anywhere. **Only $99.90.**



The Stowaway 107—16 in.* easy-to-carry portable in a beautiful Champagne-colored case that's packed with high quality picture performance, yet costs you **only $124.90.**



The Nassau 121—19 in.* portable that has power transformer and other big set advantages, found only in much higher-priced TV's, for **only $149.90.** (**diagonal measurement*) ing with a surgeon, for hours. I had fallen asleep, finally, with the radio still on, and dreamed that all of us were sitting in the living room listening to the music—my mother and father, Aunt Sallie and Uncle Albert from Corinth, both my grandmothers, both my grandfathers, Aunt Nora and Uncle Ed (my father's brother), my aunts and my uncle on my mother's side, and my sister Helen Marie, who was grown. My mother got up to go to bed and kissed each of us good night. She came last to me and bent over—I was still my own size—and I kissed her on the cheek. I knew what no one else there knew, that she would die in the night, and I was not allowed to tell, or show my feeling. I could only kiss her good night. I woke from the dream into the brightly lit living room—I was lying on the sofa—and then fell asleep again, just before my grandfather came and woke me to come to the door.

He stood in the doorway and looked down at me.

"I put on all the lights," I said. "I was worried."

He turned off the radio, sat me down on the sofa, and sat down beside me. He felt my hands, and then he felt my forehead with his wrist. He smelled of ether. "What is it, Bobby?" he said. "You're as pale as a ghost."

What was I to tell him? I could not tell him the truth about what had happened in the ravine, or about the fear that assailed me when I got back inside the house. It would shame me, and besides, I hadn't the words. I would have to tell him a story. I told him I had come through the ravine and I had found my mother's ghost there, sitting on the bench where she used to sit, and she had risen and come toward me.

"You've been seeing things," he said. "There aren't any ghosts."

"I *saw* her," I insisted. "She was sitting on the bench, and then she got up and began to walk." I could see her more clearly as I spoke. "She was carrying a baby," I said.

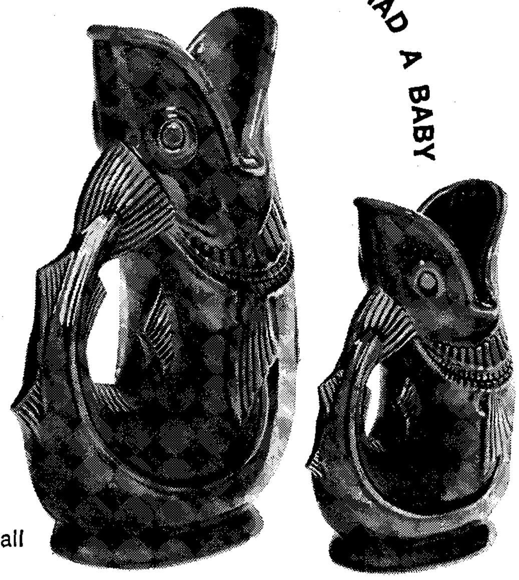
"That's enough, Bobby," my grandfather said.

"She was carrying a baby, and she walked toward me, very slowly. One of her legs was dragging. She was dressed all in white, and her hair was down, and there was blood running down her front." I would *make* him believe me.

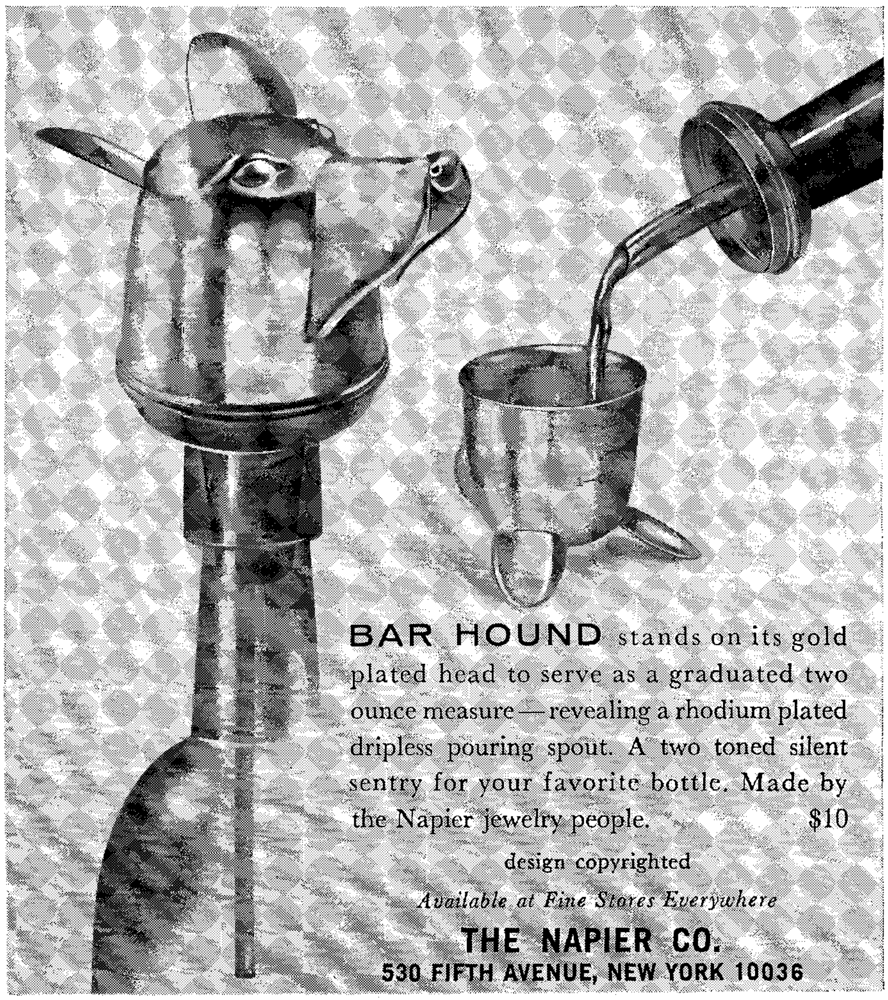
My grandfather had got up, but now he sat down heavily on the sofa beside me. "It was only your imagina-

Gurgles as it pours, just like its famous mother—miniature jug for that dash of branch water, or for individual cocktails—from England, green glaze, $4.50. Mother still available at $5. *Please add 75¢ each to cover shipping. Send for gift catalog.*

BOSTON'S SACRED COD HAS HAD A BABY



Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 02116
Area Code 617, COpley 7-9100



BAR HOUND stands on its gold plated head to serve as a graduated two ounce measure—revealing a rhodium plated dripless pouring spout. A two toned silent sentry for your favorite bottle. Made by the Napier jewelry people. $10

design copyrighted

Available at Fine Stores Everywhere

THE NAPIER CO.
530 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10036

“Since when do you drink Bourbon?”

“Since I tasted Jim Beam”

BEAM
THE WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON
JIM BEAM
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO.
CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

Understandable.

The taste of Jim Beam is distinctive. Light, mild . . . also straightforward and honest. The smooth, fine taste of Jim Beam Kentucky Straight Bourbon always comes through.

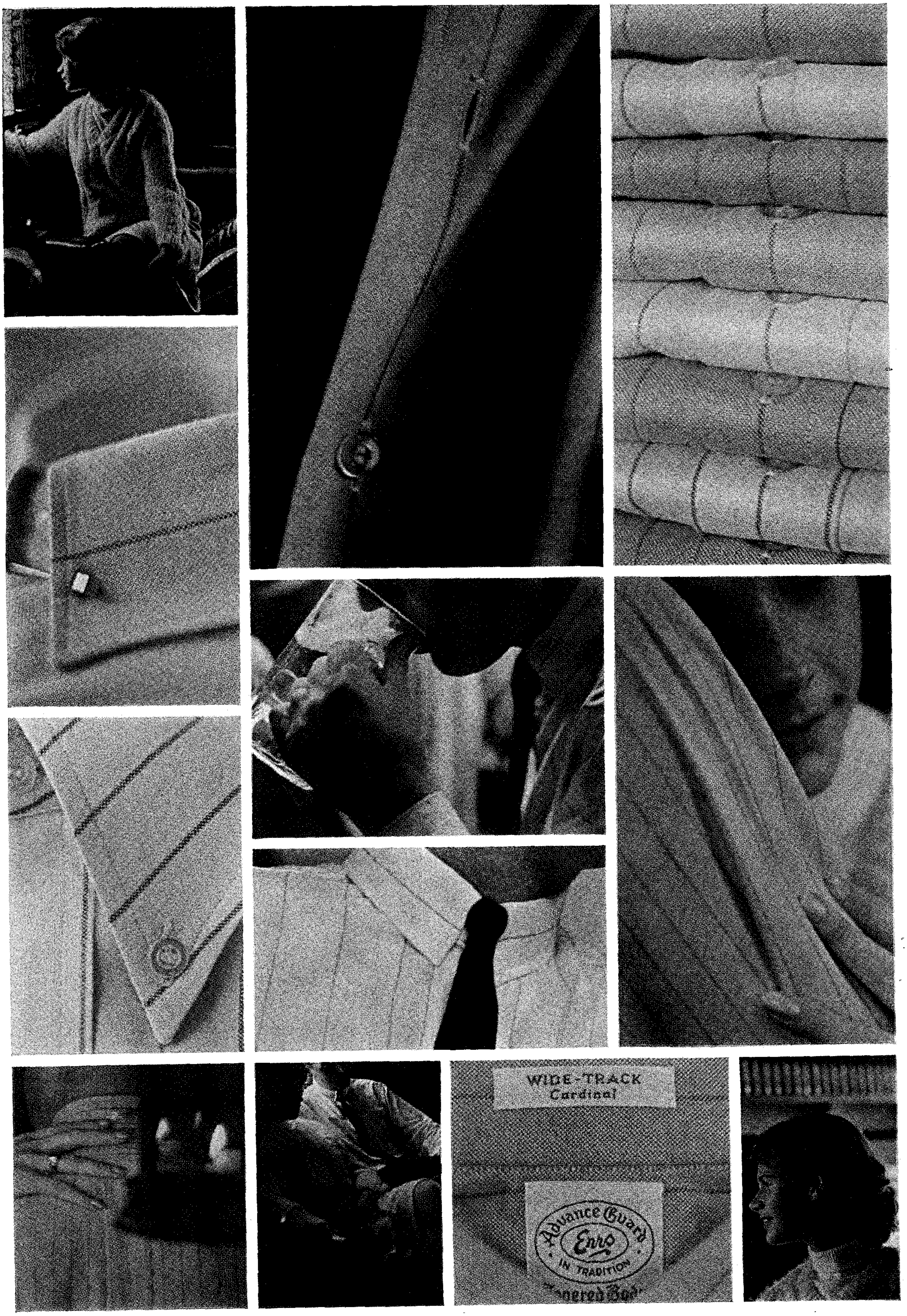
No need to acquire a taste for Bourbon.

Just acquire Jim Beam.

One family, one formula, for six generations . . . The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795.

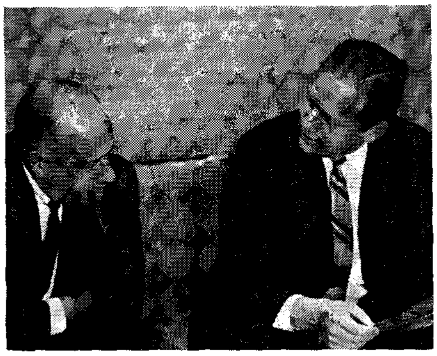
86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

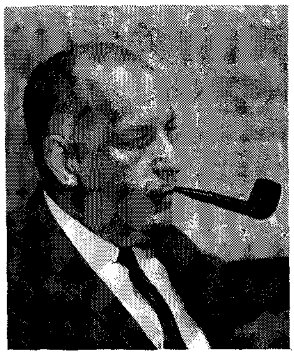
©JBCo

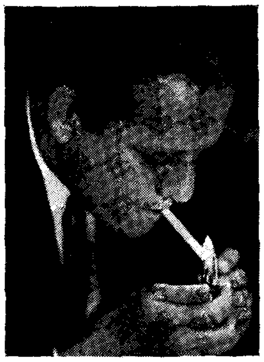

WIDE-TRACK
Cardinal
Advance Guard
Enro
IN TRADITION
...nered Bo...

Enro shirt company discusses wide-track with prospective advertising agency

M,. R., about this new
full color page on
Wide-Track stripes . . .


I think we ought
to write some
copy for it . . .


Why do we need
copy, Mr. M.?


To romance
the name
Wide-Track . . .

to tell how the
wide **spacing** makes
the stripes dignified . . .

to talk about the
the many different
combinations

The
pictures
do all that,
Mr. M.

But without copy
it isn't
really advertising!

How can I be your **agency**
if you won't let me
write any copy?

Good question.

Enro

©Copyright 1964 by the Enro Shirt Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
a division of Wilson Brothers

(shirtbuilders)

Shown at left:
Wide-Track Stripe
Oxford Shirts

About $6.00 at
fine stores everywhere,
including:

New York
Paul Stuart, Inc.

Albuquerque
Stromberg's
Asheville
Ivey's
Atlanta
Zachry
Baltimore
Kavanaugh's
Frank Leonard
Birmingham
J. Blach, Inc.
Charleston, W. Va.
Frankenberger & Co.
Charlotte
Sherman's Ltd.
Chattanooga
Miller Bros.
Chicago
Benson-Rixon
Cincinnati
Burkhardt's
Cleveland
B. R. Baker Co.
Columbus
The F & R Lazarus & Co.
Dallas
Irby-Mayes
Detroit
Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin
Houston
Foley's
Kansas City
Rothchild's
Little Rock
Howard Cohn Co.
Louisville
Levy Bros.
Stewart's
Madison, Wis.
The Hub
Memphis
Oak Hall
Newark
Bamberger's
New Orleans
D. H. Holmes Co.
Omaha
Nebraska Clothing Co.
Phoenix
Hanny's
Quincy, Mass.
Remick's
Sacramento
Julius Men's Shop
Salt Lake City
Auerbach Co.
San Antonio
D. L. Pincus Co.
San Juan
Clubman of San Juan
St. Paul
Field-Schlick
Scranton
Samter Bros.
Seattle
Klopfenstein's
Washington, D. C.
University Shop
Wichita
Henry's

S & Q Stores of
Texas, Okla., Ark.

EXCLUSIVE HILENDALE TWEED COAT: LUXURIOUS YET RUGGED

The husky, outdoors look traditional with British sport coats. Yet it sits lightly on the shoulders. Hilendale® Tweed is a luxurious yet rugged blend of 80% wool and 20% alpaca, woven just for us by Worumbo. Tailored with natural shoulder lines. Flap pockets. Hooked vent. Welt edges. Glen Plaids, Window Pane Checks, District Checks, Houndstooth Checks. About $60.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Racquet Club
NATURAL SHOULDER
CLOTHING FOR MEN

English Leather®

...*the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, **$2.00, $3.50, $6.50**
...*the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION **$5.00** (refill $2.00)
...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, **$1.50**...*the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, **$1.50**
...*the DEODORANT STICK, **$1.00**...*the AEROSOL DEODORANT, **$1.50**
...the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, **$2.00**...*GIFT SETS from **$3.00** to **$10.00**
*all prices plus tax
MEM COMPANY, INC. 347 Fifth Avenue, New York

tion," he said. "You have to put it out of your mind."

"I only saw her for a minute," I said. "Then she said something and went away."

"What was it?" my grandfather said. He was interested.

"It was 'Come back, come back,' " I said.

He was silent, and then he took me up to my bed and sat with me until I fell asleep.

My grandfather woke me at six-thirty the next morning, his usual hour. I could smell coffee, and bacon frying. I wanted to stay in bed, but he pulled off the covers and made me get up. After breakfast, we walked down to the ravine, taking the back way, the way I had come the night before. It was chilly. The sun was not yet high enough to reach into the ravine, and dew hung from the grass. We found wild flowers in the clearing and along the creek, and I told my grandfather their names. My mother had taught them to me the year before—spring beauties, trillium, bloodroot, adder's-tongues. During the World War, he told me, the neighborhood children had planted a vegetable garden in the clearing. My mother, a girl then, was in command of the project. There were stringbeans, carrots, beets, and spring onions. The rabbits had taken them all. They were not patriotic rabbits, my mother had said.

We walked over to the bench under the butternut tree and sat down. He turned and pointed to a rag caught on a bush just back of the bench. "That must be what you saw last night," he said. "It was just a fluttering rag, and you imagined the rest." He took the rag from the bush and stuffed it into his overcoat pocket. Everything around us seemed natural to me, and in its right place again. What had I been thinking of to lie to him the night before?

He sat, his hands upon his knees, and looked at me. "I haven't been down here in years," he said. "Your mother used to come here often when she was a little girl. She would run away and hide here, and I would come down to find her."

I nodded.

"Your mother was our first child," he said. "We loved her very much. I can't tell you why she had to die so young, but there was nothing we could do."

"We will see her in Heaven," I said.

He nodded. "There was nothing I could have done," he said. "And she was my own daughter."

I looked up at him. How strange! How strange that I had never thought

DEAN WITTER & CO.

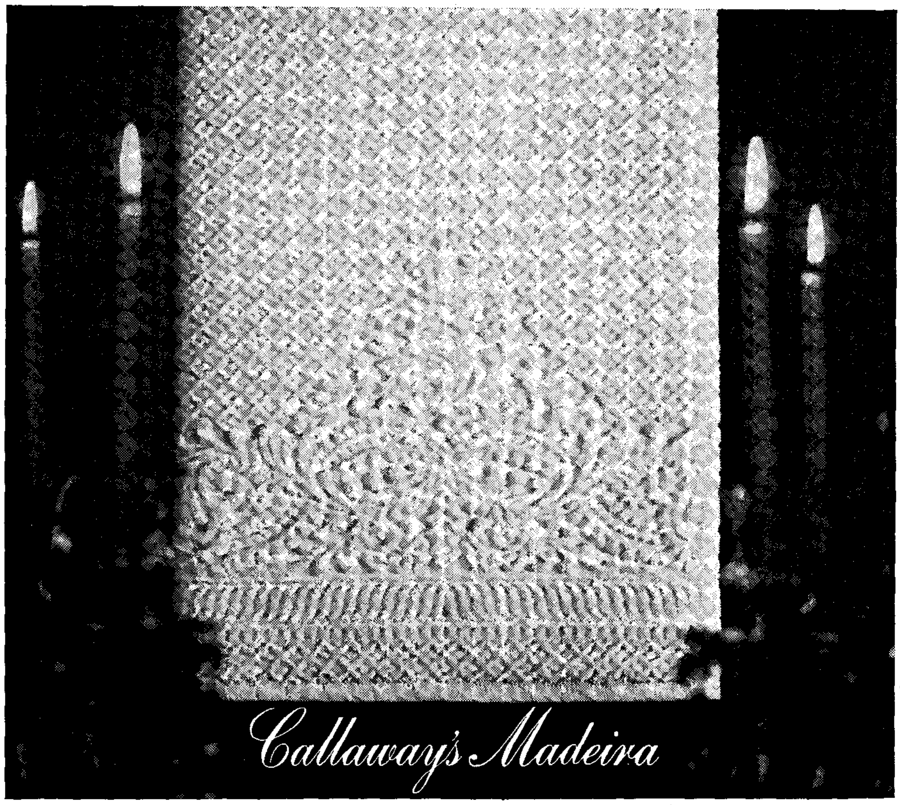
Photographed at the Ford Motor Company assembly plant in Milpitas, California

Witter researchers dig deep... *going beyond mere "paper research" to help make your money work harder*

"Paper research" has its place. But it's usually not the only kind of investigating a Witter research man does when evaluating an industry. He frequently goes right to the source of financial facts, adding his own findings to available research information. At Witter, we spend 114,000 hours a year on hard-core research. A sizeable investment of time and money—and one of the extra steps we take in serving our customers. It springs from the philosophy that an investment firm should spare nothing to make sure its analyses are based upon the soundest and most complete information obtainable. You'll find this attitude of extra attention to the job reflected in all we do. We call it digging deep—and you'll notice this spirit in the Witter man you talk to.

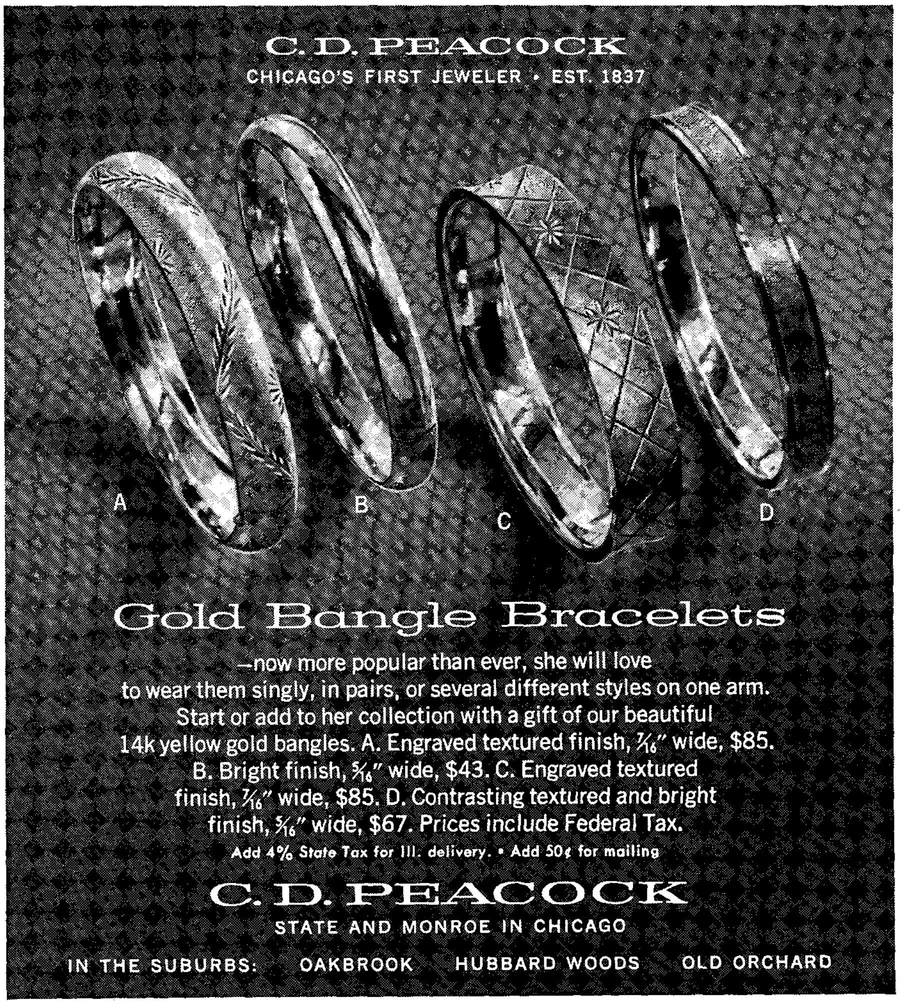
DEAN WITTER & CO.
Members New York Stock Exchange

DIVISION OFFICES IN SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, NEW YORK, CHICAGO • OTHER OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE U.S.



Impeccable elegance in a revival of a classic continental look. Madeira, "Label of Luxury"® reversible jacquard in 12 colors. At Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago and other fine stores. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Ga.

CALLAWAY MILLS



C. D. PEACOCK
CHICAGO'S FIRST JEWELER • EST. 1837

Gold Bangle Bracelets

—now more popular than ever, she will love to wear them singly, in pairs, or several different styles on one arm. Start or add to her collection with a gift of our beautiful 14k yellow gold bangles. A. Engraved textured finish, 7/16" wide, $85. B. Bright finish, 5/16" wide, $43. C. Engraved textured finish, 7/16" wide, $85. D. Contrasting textured and bright finish, 5/16" wide, $67. Prices include Federal Tax.

Add 4% State Tax for Ill. delivery. • Add 50¢ for mailing

C. D. PEACOCK
STATE AND MONROE IN CHICAGO
IN THE SUBURBS: OAKBROOK HUBBARD WOODS OLD ORCHARD

of that before. My mother was Grandpa Bishop's daughter. He was her father, I was her son. He had lost her, too. My father had lost her, and my sister. And my mother had lost her life and lost us all.

"Your mother is buried in the Corinth cemetery," my grandfather said. "That is where my father and mother are buried, and where your grandmother and I will be buried someday—and where you may be, too, if you want to be, when it comes your turn. Your mother's body lies there, and her soul is in Heaven. I don't want to hear any more talk of ghosts."

"Of course not. I promise," I said. "There was never any ghost. That was only a story."

—ROBERT HEMENWAY

•

EL PASO—Take a deep seat and a tight rein podner 'cause the 1964 football corral gate is coming open and the Texas Western Miners will be applying the spur at Denton Saturday night and the North Texas State Eagles are likely to be wilder than a lone deuce in a college poker game.

When the ring master blows his whistle at 7:30 P.M. (CST) leather is liable to pop like shotguns at a duck shoot.

Coach Warren Harper will gather his hands Friday morning, load them on a big bird and fly out of the Franklin Mountain hideout, arriving in Denton in time for a light workout that afternoon.

The Miners have been busier than a mustard paddle at a weiner roast since Sept. 1, getting ready for Saturday night and nine other engagements.

Drillmaster Harper, who has displayed more confidence than the guy who works crossword puzzles with a fountain pen, has made one change in his Orange unit—the No. 1 team—since fall drills got underway.

The change was brought about when big Don Mason, a strapping 206-pound senior halfback from Midland, was shelved for at least two weeks with a pulled muscle.

In Mason's place at right halfback Harper is expected to install Harrison (Jumps) Gamble, a jitter-bug performer from Denton who has more moves than a can of worms.—*Sports release from Texas Western College.*

Or a sack of similes.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Newtown* (*Conn.*) *Bee*]

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clark of Judd Road entertained several couples at a party last Saturday at their home. To the surprise of all, the eagerly anticipated beverage of the host's own recipe was a failure; nor was there any ham.

Wear Crêpe de Chine at 80 throbs a minute.

Don't just throw it on.
Use your heart.
Put a little Crêpe de Chine wherever the skin is thinnest and you can feel your pulse. The same spot the doctor holds your wrist. Your hairline at the temples. The base of your throat, *the nape of the neck. The inside of your elbows.* The back of your knees. And with each throb of your heart . . . a little Crêpe de Chine pulses out in circles. Subtly. You ought to try it. *Like so. And rush your way up to 90 throbs.*

THE NEW CREPE DE CHINE FASHION MIST $3, PERFUME $4 TO $40, PLUS TAX.

Funsize!

Dart '65
The Dodge-size compact. Big?
Sure big.
That's Dart all over.
But compact. Load it.
Go ahead, really load it.
Now some people . . . lots of 'em.
Hard to use up all that space, isn't it?
'65 Dart
Roofline . . . rakish.
Spirit . . . mildly wild.
Under the hood? Zoorch.
Her? She likes fun.
She's with us.
What's holding you back?
Dodge comes on big
for '65. Join us.

'65 Dodge Dart

DODGE COMES ON BIG FOR '65 • DART • CORONET • POLARA • CUSTOM 880 • MONACO

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

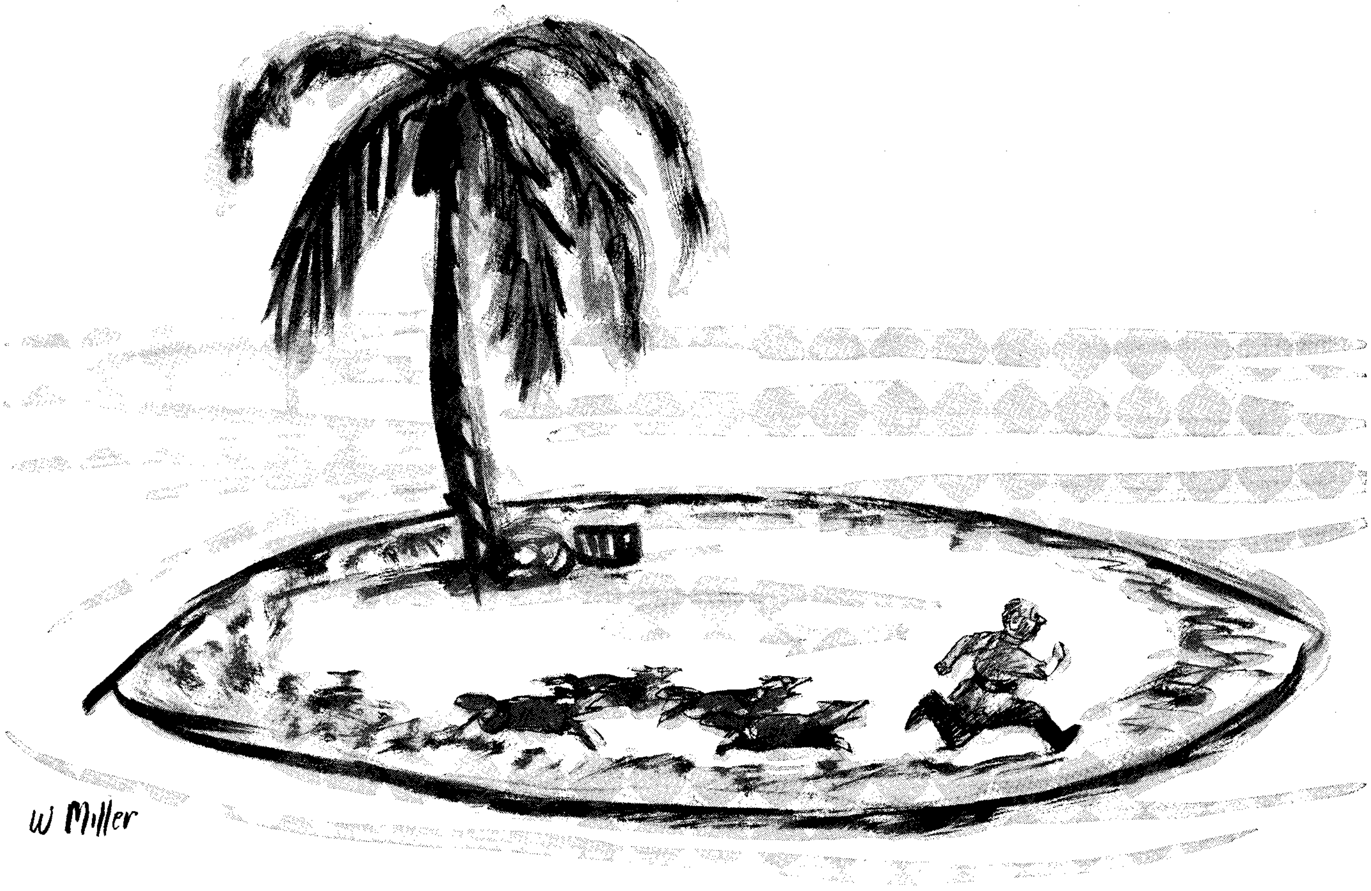
THE THEATRE

KINDERGARTEN IN THE VILLAGE

THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, which functions in a mine shaft near Washington Square South, has introduced its second season with "The Changeling," by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, a pair of playwrights who were the toast of the groundlings back in the seventeenth century. Under the uneasy direction of Elia Kazan, the old Middleton-Rowley creation never comes into any kind of focus—melodrama and comedy provide the shaky scaffolding of the business—and the actors are singularly inept. I don't think it is unfair to say that in view of its toddling start with Arthur Miller's maundering "After the Fall," the slight S. N. Behrman effort "But for Whom Charlie," and the early O'Neill play "Marco Millions," the company might have been expected to take the teething ring out of its mouth and bite on something substantial. Ah, well, it hasn't. The current endeavor has to do with murder most foul, rape most insensate, cuckoldry most foolish, honor most violated—you name it, Middleton and Rowley have got it. While the plot is fairly elementary—a young Spanish girl doesn't want to marry the fellow her dad has chosen for her, which leads her to have the chap killed by a suitor she loathes—all kinds of adventitious absurdities are introduced, including a madhouse approximating Bedlam and an assortment of deranged characters who may have made a hit in the seventeenth century but serve no purpose in this one. Mr. Kazan, in maneuvering his company, doesn't seem to know whether to spoof the outlandish bloody and carnal games of three centuries ago or to take them seriously. His ambivalence is fatal to the enterprise.

IF you are a sentimentalist like me, and I hope you are, you might get an old-fashioned Shubert charge out of "Ben Franklin in Paris," at the Lunt-Fontanne. It has music that is amiable, a book that is genial, and the compelling presence of Robert Preston, who plays, of course, Ben himself. You may be sure that there are many references to kites, stoves, and rocking chairs, and to Franklin's notion—later picked up by calypso singers in the Caribbean—that from any logical point of view, you should always take up with a woman older than you. Come to think of it, the way Franklin was distorted in Trinidad, it went "uglier than you." But no matter. In "Ben Franklin in Paris," there is a fine balloon-ascension scene, reminiscent of "Around the World in 80 Days," and other attractions, among them Ulla Sallert as a favorite of Louis XVI upon whom our Ben keeps an eye and a hand. This is all old hat, but the hat fits well, and some of the songs, by Mark Sandrich, Jr., and the lyrics, by Sidney Michaels, are quaintly diverting.

"A SEVERED HEAD," an importation from England, is gracile, facile, and incomprehensible. It was written by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, and has to do with any number of people jumping in and out of bed, among them a psychiatrist of rather flexible ethics. Whatever the point of all the exercise may be, Miss Murdoch and



Not for the man who is easily pleased

Caribbean Toiletries are for the connoisseur

They're made with **real** lime oil and **real** bay oil, **not** synthetic essences. **Caribbean Extract of Limes AFTER SHAVE** and **Caribbean Spice and Lime COLOGNE** are blended and bottled in England. 4 oz. sizes (in hand woven wicker) at **$4.00**. 8 oz. sizes (in hand braided raffia) at **$6.00**. **British West Indies BAY RUM** is made in Jamaica, West Indies. 10 oz. size (in hand braided khus-khus) at **$3.00**. All are double sealed for air travel. All plus 10% fed. tax.

At the very finest stores the world over, or write:

ROBINSON BISHOP INC. 1341 F Street, nw Washington D.C. 20004

United Kingdom Distributors (London): Welch Margetson & Co., Ltd. • George Spencer Ltd.
Canadian Distributor: O. A. Gaudier & Associates Ltd., St. Markham, Ontario

THERE ISN'T ANOTHER DINNER SUIT LIKE THIS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD

Here you see an idea of a dinner suit. It's only an idea until it is cut, fitted and basted on your very own body by our Fenn-Feinstein craftsmen-tailors, and tailored and detailed to your very own specifications. Only then does it become the only dinner suit of its kind in the entire world. Shown here, one of our classic models, distinguished by its subtle waist expression, tapered sleeve and new lapel interest. The touch of evening elegance—the checked tie silk vest. If you have never experienced the privilege of wearing a completely custom-made suit in your choice of the world's most luxurious fabrics, we suggest you come to Frank Brothers. You may as well start with the best.

FRANK BROTHERS
FENN-FEINSTEIN
9 East 57th Street, New York
Chicago ☐ New Haven ☐ Palm Beach

Also available at Mallernee's,
Nashville, Tennessee

Mr. Priestley keep it slyly under their hats, but the cast, led by Robin Bailey, Heather Chasen, Sheila Burrell, and Paul Eddington, goes about its work suavely and efficiently.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Somebody Up There Likes Somebody Up There

"SHOUT FROM THE ROOFTOPS," which opened last week at the Renata, is the misleading title of a play by a new dramatist named Jess Gregg. The play does anything but shout (as a matter of fact, its most appealing quality is a kind of gentle, tentative unslickness), and all its action takes place on a single rooftop, that of a seedy apartment house in New York, where most of the characters live. They include a woman who feels middle age closing in on her and is so desperate for a child of her own that she is tempted to leave her husband for a younger and more attractive tenant. She is also so preoccupied with her woes and guilt and longings that she barely has time for her husband's fifteen-year-old niece, who has come to live with them. The girl finds a boy of her own age who is having mother troubles, and their association progresses, in fey and unconvincing fashion, from friendship to love affair to—when they are caught—suicide pact. So much for the plot—a pat and rather sentimental one. The characters and the situations they find themselves in are never fully realized, either in the acting, which, with a couple of exceptions, is poor, or in the writing, which, in spite of a number of lines that sound right ("I can't think of anything famous to say" is one assigned to the boy as he prepares to die from an overdose of sleeping pills), does get a bit high-flown, or sudsy, at times. Nevertheless, Mr. Gregg is not a bore. He can be funny and shrewd. The characters he has assembled, realized or not, are good enough company for an evening—an accomplishment not as common as you might think. The couple of exceptions among the actors are George Coe and Fran Malis. I admired the quiet authority and hair-trigger mobility of Mr. Coe as the young tenant, and the humorous, hit-or-miss kindness of Miss Malis in the comparatively minor role of everybody's good neighbor. As the wife, Grayson Hall is—to give her every benefit—terribly miscast. She is so rigid and set in her ways that she barely

Would you still buy Chivas Regal if it cost $2 less?

You might well feel some suspicion if we were to cut our price.

Could it be the same old Chivas Regal if it cost as little as younger Scotches?

The answer is: No, it couldn't.

There are no bargains in Scotch whisky.

Chivas Regal is made, in far from staggering quantity, with prize whiskies from Strathisla-Glenlivet, the oldest distillery in Scotland. (Of which we happen to be the proud owners.)

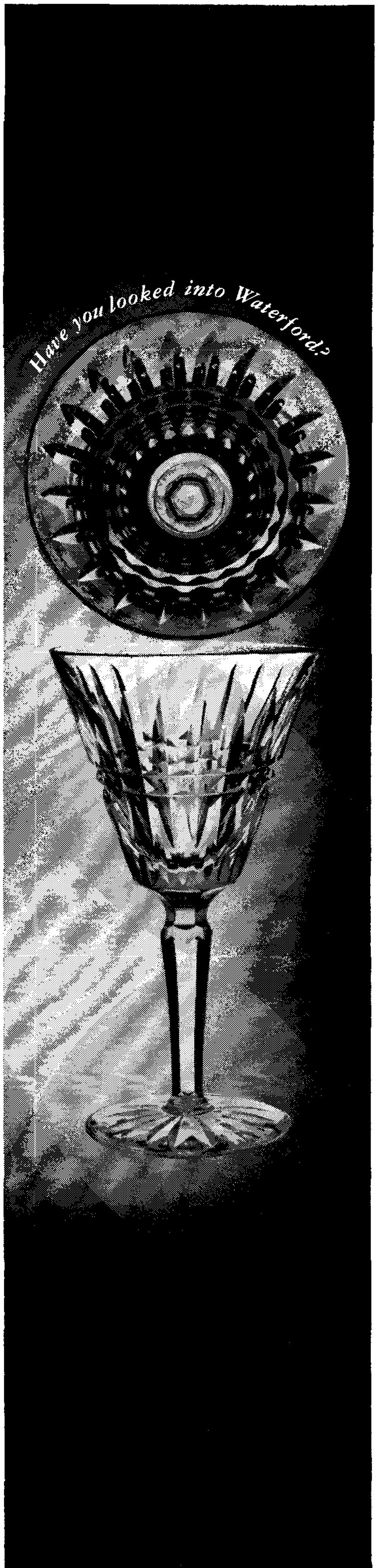
We age every drop twelve years. In old sherry casks, which cost us £35 apiece.

A lot of people consider it to be the smoothest of all Scotches.

Perhaps some of them bought their first bottle of Chivas Regal just because it's expensive.

But they continue to drink it because they like the taste.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y


Have you looked into Waterford?

Every facet on this page was cut by hand with love in Waterford, Ireland. Glenmore goblet, $7. For complimentary brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

hints at the woman she is meant to portray.

TO waste as little of your time as possible, a new musical called "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," at the Players Theatre, is so imbecilic that it is next to impossible to enjoy Leon Carr's score, which is pleasant enough, or the singing and dancing and performing of the cast, which are pretty good, too. The principals are Marc London, a fellow with a chancy, in-and-out resemblance to Jack Haley, in the title role, and Cathryn Damon, a cute redhead, as someone called Willa d'Wisp. The show, according to the program, is "based on the classic story by James Thurber," but the author of the script, who doubles as co-producer and whose name will never cross this typewriter, has not so much adapted the story as used it as a springboard for some ninth-rate reveries of his own devising. —EDITH OLIVER

•

SEATING AT DINNERS
PRECEDING STATED MEETINGS

To promote the freest possible association among Fellows of the Academy and their guests at the dinners preceding the Stated Meetings, seating at these dinners has traditionally required no specific reservations. The Council of the Academy wishes to reaffirm this policy and to continue the present practice, but meanwhile it requests the cooperation of the Fellows and their guests to effect the practice with dignity. Toward this end, the Council requests that impromptu reservations of seats at the table, via upturned chairs, articles of clothing, etc., be discontinued. Requests for reservations will be accepted via telephone or letter prior to the day of the dinner, and corresponding blocks of adjacent seats will be reserved. Last minute, impromptu group-seating may still be achieved with minimal foresight by simultaneous arrival of the members of a group at an unoccupied table.—*Bulletin of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.*

With a glad cry.

•

SHIP MOVEMENTS SCHEDULED FOR THURSDAY, AUG. 6
BY UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL
ARRIVING NEW YORK—FRANCE, HAVRE; KUNGSHOLM, GOETBORG; BREMEN, BREMERHAVEN; BERGENSFJORD, ZEEBRUGGE; SANTA ROSA, NASSAU; SANTA MARIANA, CRISTOBAL.
DEPARTING NEW YRTTTALSONSEMBE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT.
LIKEWISE THERE HAS BEEN A CERTAIN ELEMENT OF MYSTERY CONCERNING WHAT I WAS DOING OUT IN MY BACKYARD WITH A SHOVEL AND FLASHLIGHT.
—*U.P.I. dispatch received by the Portland (Ore.) Oregon Journal.*

Well, you can't blame people.

THE SOUND OF GENIUS

STEREO
COLUMBIA
ISAAC STERN
TCHAIKOVSKY: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR
MENDELSSOHN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, EUGENE ORMANDY

ML 5379/MS 6062*

STEREO
ISAAC STERN
BRAHMS: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR
The Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy

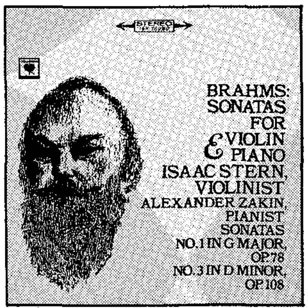
ML 5486/MS 6153*

STEREO
COLUMBIA
BEETHOVEN VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR
ISAAC STERN
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

ML 5415/MS 6093*

STEREO
NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART
ISAAC STERN PLAYS
GREAT VIOLIN FAVORITES
NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART
HUNGARIAN DANCE NO. 5
BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN NOW
THE FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE
JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR
LOVE'S SORROW
GREENSLEEVES
HUMORESQUE
CLAIR DE LUNE
JAMAICAN RUMBA
AVE MARIA
HOE-DOWN
THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MILTON KATIMS, CONDUCTOR

ML 5896/MS 6496*


STEREO
BRAHMS: SONATAS FOR VIOLIN & PIANO
ISAAC STERN, VIOLINIST
ALEXANDER ZAKIN, PIANIST
SONATAS NO. 1 IN G MAJOR, OP. 78
NO. 3 IN D MINOR, OP. 108

ML 5922/MS 6522*

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

***Stereo**

®"COLUMBIA" MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

GJON MILI

Summit after Summit

Every so often a leading critic announces that Isaac Stern has reached the pinnacle of his art. "It is hard to think of his equal as a violinist," said a London critic after a Festival Hall performance. That was in 1952. "Three years ago I thought he had reached his peak; yesterday he found still one more summit to climb," said a New York critic after a Carnegie Hall triumph. To which another critic added, "His performance grows more radiant each time he puts bow to string." That was in 1959. After a concert this year the New York *Herald Tribune* said, "Isaac Stern was never grander. After him they seem to have stopped making 'em that way." Listen to his new highest achievement, the Columbia Masterworks album of Prokofiev's Violin Concertos Nos. 1 and 2, and you will know that for Isaac Stern there will always be another summit. He not only reaches them, he creates them.

ISAAC STERN
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

PROKOFIEV VIOLIN CONCERTOS
NO. 1 IN D MAJOR
NO. 2 IN G MINOR
ISAAC STERN/EUGENE ORMANDY
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

ML 6035/MS 6635*

NO. 1 IN B-FLAT MAJOR
MOZART
NO. 5 IN A MAJOR
Isaac Stern
VIOLIN
George Szell
CONCERTOS
THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ML 5957/MS 6557*

The great Swiss hotel in Geneva is an INTERCONTINENTAL

Where else can you dine on a Swiss terrace, plunge in a private pool, and still pay as little as $9.27 for a room with a view of an alp?

VAUD
LIBERTÉ
ET PATRIE
GENÈVE

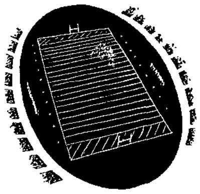
Switzerland's newest and largest hotel rises 18 stories over Geneva, with a view of Mont Blanc. Air-conditioning, underground garage. Cabañas and terraces surround the heated pool. Sumptuous recipes of the world at Les Continents Restaurant.

INTERCONTINENTAL GENÈVE, Andre Hamburger, General Manager. One of the 28 incomparable Intercontinental Hotels. Call your Travel Agent or Intercontinental.

HÔTEL
INTERCONTINENTAL
GENÈVE

FOOTBALL

Fortune Cookies

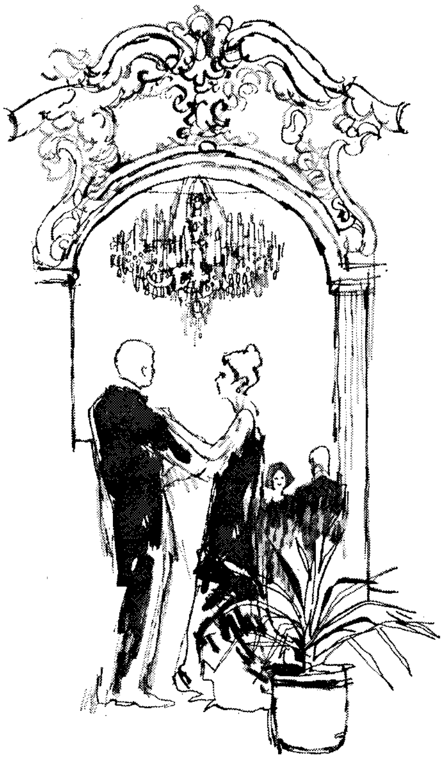


LUCK being a quantity that cannot be programmed for computers, the statisticians who compile the numerical analyses of football games for the Sunday papers and such have always taken the easy way and paid no attention to what the misfortunes of war can accomplish. So there are times when one must fall back upon facts and not figures to find out what is really going on. Well, Dartmouth arrived at Yale Bowl on Saturday last full of beans (it had beaten Harvard, 48–0, the week before) and ingenious plays, and to make these maneuvers work it brought along a quarterback, Gottschall, who, after understudying more famous players, has blossomed into the swiftly running and accurately passing mentor that the Dartmouth style of aggression demands. It also brought along Urbanic, a fast, hulking, and determined plunging back, and some good ends, like MacLeod. Yale had had difficulties with both Columbia and Cornell, and some of *its* good men—Benoit, in the line, and Groninger, in the backfield—were marked absent because of sprains. But a not very celebrated Yalie, Henderson, ran eighty yards for a touchdown, and the odds changed: Dartmouth catchers let the ball escape them, or knocked it into the hands of Yale men; Dartmouth ballcarriers fell to earth before a single deterrent paw could be laid upon them. Dartmouth's two touchdowns were an impressive combination of might and guile; Yale's three touchdowns and its field goal seemed constructed mainly of opportunism and insouciance. It's one way to win a ball game, and it happens so often in the Ivy League.

Iowa State, a not very celebrated Midwesterner, arrived at West Point last week with a record of having won only one game this fall, and all the eyewitnesses of its match with Army (Army 9, Iowa State 7) would like to know why. It abounds in linemen who are up in the two hundreds (Tuinstra, a six-foot-six tackle, at two hundred and eighty, is the squad's prize package) and in backs who are burly and rapid. Vaughn, one of its ballcarriers, does happen to weigh only a hundred and ninety-five pounds, but he was last year's All-America fullback, and is as

The great Viennese hotel in Vienna is an INTERCONTINENTAL

Where else can you gavotte surrounded by grand baroque crystal and gold and still pay as little as $10 for a room with a Viennese marble bath?



Vienna's newest, most magnificent hotel is near the innermost ring of the city. Completely air-conditioned, free underground parking, sidewalk cafe with a view of the Stadtpark and all the spirit of barococo Vienna.

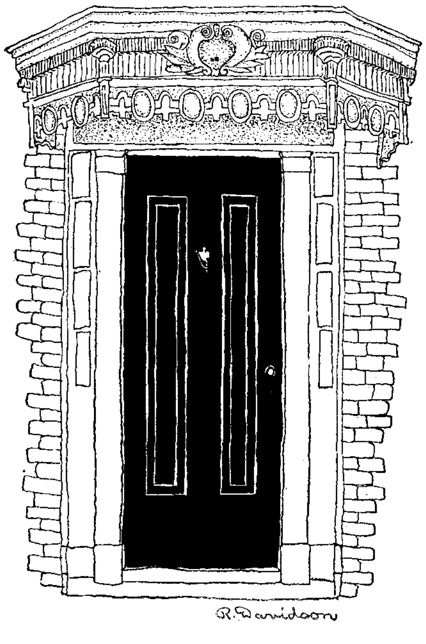
VIENNA INTERCONTINENTAL, Hans Sternik, General Manager. One of the 28 incomparable Intercontinental Hotels. Call your Travel Agent or Intercontinental.

THE VIENNA
INTERCONTINENTAL

staunch on defense as he is on offense. A few more Army men were put out of action in this encounter (Army is now a fragile quilt of many patches), yet fortune was not only taking away but giving. Army this fall has lost half a dozen touchdowns, some of which could have changed its standing, because of infractions of the rules; in this match, Army was sinned against on its way down the field, and the resulting penalty required that Army carry the ball just one yard to get the winning touchdown. Fourteen seconds before the end of play, good luck intervened once more and swerved Iowa's try for a field goal (it would have beaten Army) off course. Army's biggest piece of luck, though, is that Stichweh, a quarterback much put upon by this season's heavy opposition, is still intact.

Princeton's lucky streak, which has been of vast benefit to it this fall, ran out at last, though its winning streak (Princeton 14, Brown 0, for six victories in a row) did not. McKay, the team's best running and throwing tailback, hurt a shoulder early in the afternoon, and Princeton's groundwork (which, in general, means Iacavazzi) was about all that was left. To show how someone like McKay can be missed, the team's eleven passes were good for ten yards. Iacavazzi, though, carried the ball, and the day.

Roberts of Columbia, setting further records for himself on Saturday, was in charge of a squad that lost, 57–20, to Cornell, and Staubach of Navy, to account for the fourth of our regional heroes, was in charge of a squad that lost, 40–0, to Notre Dame. Pennsylvania, which appears now and then to be in the charge of no one, was beaten,



youngland®
is a special place

It's dreamy knowing my 100% Dacron® dress won't muss in Gramp's favorite chair as I try to straighten out my crowded social calendar. Sizes 2-4, about $9; sizes 3-6X, $11; sizes 7-10, $13. Designed by **Suzanne Godart.** BEST & CO., New York City; Marshall Field, Chicago; Palais Royal, Houston; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Dayton's, Minn.; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Or write Sam Landorf & Co., 112 W. 34th Street, New York, New York; in Canada, Kiddie Craft, 5650 Iberville St., Montreal. In Tokyo, C. Itoh & Co., Ltd. Shoes by Capezio.

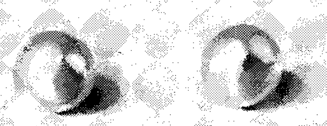
Majestic has the look for you (made with Arnel of course)

Slip into something luxurious . . . elegant crepe. Arnel makes it little or no iron. Lacy over-or-tuck-in blouse in Cohama's worsted-like crepe of Arnel triacetate and Avron rayon. In white only. 8-18. $9†. Lord & Taylor, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Texas and branches of these stores.

†Prices slightly higher on West Coast.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Celanese® Arnel®



Which?

An oyster made one; a man the other. You say you can't see any difference in the photograph? You'd have difficulty in the hand, too. Majoricas are the world's most precious man-made pearls, hand made by a secret technique on the Island of Majorca. Many stores that sell the oyster's product can also show you Majoricas. Women who mix them together get mixed up about which is which. Necklaces, 25. to 150. plus tax.

MAJORICA®
INTERNACIONAL
the world's most precious man-made pearls

34–0, by Harvard. What we have in such statistics is the makings of a real Skid Row.

WHERE is everybody? Well, forty-seven thousand of us went to Yale Bowl last weekend, and sixty-six thousand to Philadelphia (Notre Dame, though it cannot possibly be the college of everyone's choice, is the college of adoption for millions of us), and twenty-two thousand to West Point, where, win or lose (and it has been mostly losing), Army has become the favorite son of the countryside. Michie Stadium is one of the pleasantest places to watch football, and, like Princeton's Palmer Stadium and Yale Bowl, it offers an uncluttered rural setting and elbowroom for all the family station wagons and tailgate picnics. Michie Stadium's attendance (which is not, naturally, compulsory) was good enough last year, and this year will be much, much higher. Only eleven thousand of us went to Columbia's Baker Field, a small urban duplicate of Michie Stadium, on Saturday, and it must be that the only true stay-in-towns are the buffs who go to Yankee Stadium on Sunday afternoons to watch the Giants and don't mind paying a kindly local robber baron five dollars for parking (but not picnicking) space. The freeways we built to get more people per square inch into this city are turning out to be our escape hatches. —J. W. L.

•

Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson made certain that parliament will open next month at White Heat by letting it be known he intends to go ahead with renationalization of the steel industry.—*The Journal-American.*

That's White *Heath*, silly!

•

Miss Bandella walked into the theater just as the curtain went up and took off her mink stole, revealing a topless evening dress.

Actors on the stage forgot their lines and the musicians in the orchestra pit stopped playing the Overture to Ogle.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Isn't much of an overture anyway.

•

Please Make Check Payable to Julien Bronson
All claims must be made immediately upon receipt of livestock by filling out a bad order report with express agency, or cut off monkeys' tail tip and mail us.
—*Bill from Bronson Tropical Bird Aviaries, New York.*

A refreshing change from paperwork.

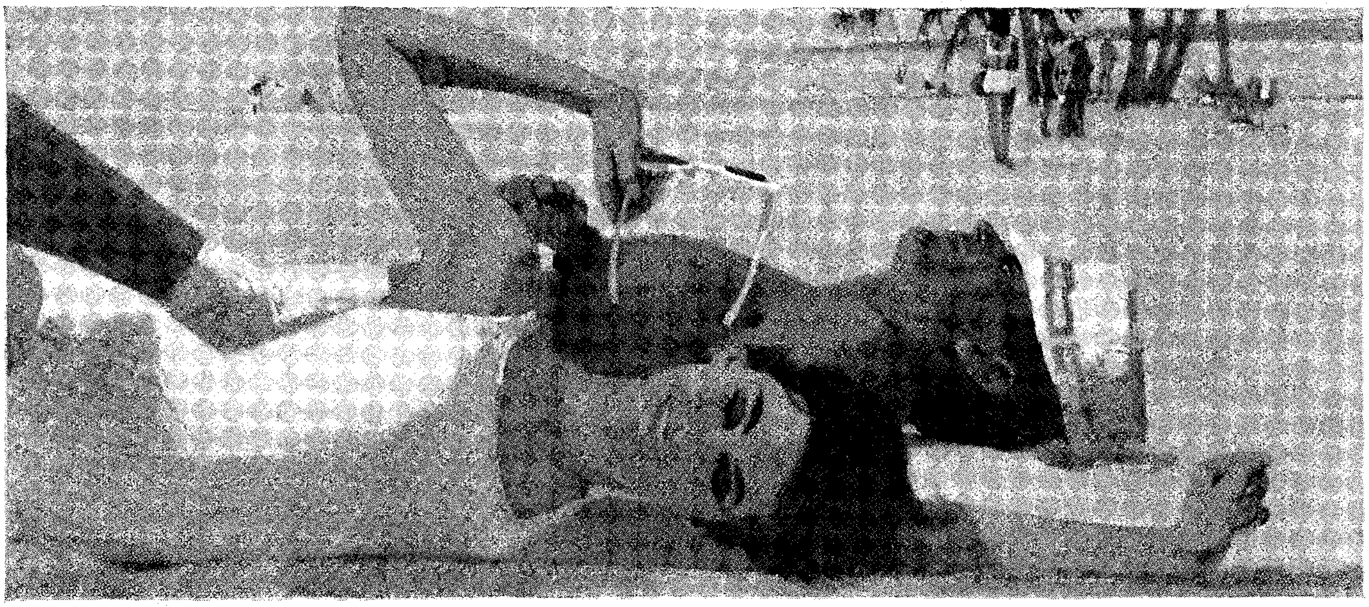
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. FOR W.A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE
OF
LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED BY BOOTH'S DISTILL
LONDON
ENGLAND

Nine dry martinis,
seven delicious gimlets
and one great gibson ago,
this was Britain's finest gin.

Booth's House of Lords,
the non-conformist gin
from England.

Oh!... the beat in Trinidad



Ah!... the beach in Tobago

The infectious rhythm of Trinidad's world-famous steelbands will make your feet tap. The saucy charm of Calypso will captivate you. And when the limbo dancers perform their dazzling gyrations and move their incredibly supple bodies under the low, flaming pole, you will gasp with admiration and excitement.

Fun-loving, song-happy Trinidad, with its carefree abandon and continuous Carnival spirit will get under your skin. Cosmopolitan to the core, it boasts Hindu temples, Muslim mosques and a friendly populace hailing from four continents. Shopping is an adventure . . . there are bargains galore!

Only twenty miles away is sleepy Tobago, a beachcomber's dream come true. Endless miles of white sandy shores stretch into the blue Caribbean and the lush tropical landscape is ablaze with flowers and the plumage of rare birds. For comfort-loving beachcombers there are hotels and guest houses with every modern amenity. There is great sailing and fishing and snorkeling . . . and above all, there is blissful peace, so hard to find anywhere these days.

Your local travel agent knows terrific Trinidad and tranquil Tobago. *Ask him today.*

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO TOURIST BOARD

P. O. Box 1974, Dept. NY, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N.Y.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

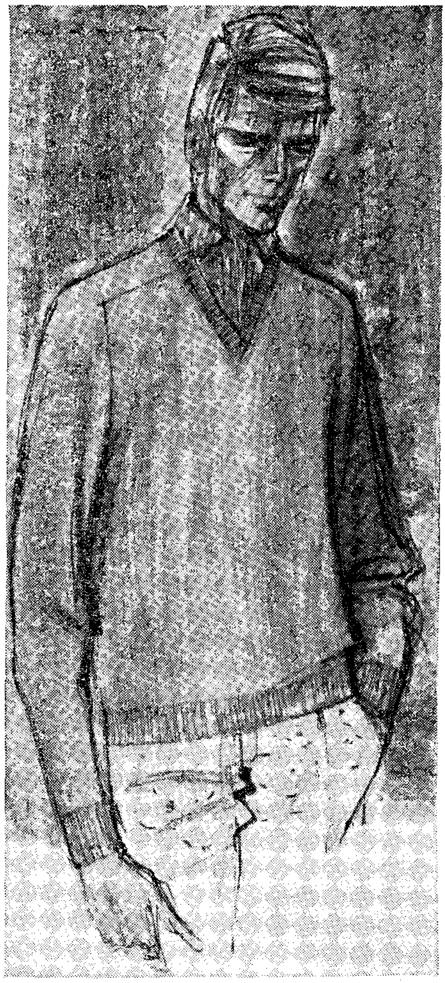
HOME TOWN

I HAVE long been studying changes in my home town of Salisbury, Connecticut, in the northwest corner of the state, where it adjoins New York and Massachusetts—as the town changes, so does the world—and most recently I have been studying the institution of the town itself. (A "town," or township, in Connecticut usage, is an area comprising one or more villages and their hinterlands; the town of Salisbury, which is roughly nine miles by seven, includes the villages of Salisbury, Lakeville, Amesville, Ore Hill, Lime Rock, and Taconic.) My interest in the subject was aroused a while ago when I was looking at a map and noticed that towns in Connecticut are roughly the same size—not wholly uniform but certainly more so than the nations of Europe, say, or our fifty states. Salisbury itself is bigger than most other Connecticut towns, according to the state's official *Register and Manual*, being tied for second place with its neighbor Sharon; New Milford, a little to Sharon's south, is the only one that is bigger. Some of our towns are a good deal smaller, though, because they have split by binary fission, which Connecticut law allows if the population of each fragment is twenty-five hundred or more. There is perhaps no limit to how small a town can be, if it is densely populated, but there is, or was, a practical limit in the other direction. From the writings of Miss Julia Pettee, our local historian, and from speeches made in the mid-nineteenth century by Judge Samuel Church, another town luminary, I have gathered that Salisbury's size was set mainly by ecclesiastical considerations. It is hard to realize nowadays how theocratic early Connecticut was—that it had an official religion, the Congregational, brought across the ocean by religious exiles. Until 1818, when it was disestablished, the church was supported by the state's political organs, including the various towns, so before Salisbury was allowed to incorporate, in 1741, the state government, in Hartford, sent a survey party to decide whether the area could support a minister. (Our town is large, but perhaps half its surface is taken up by lakes and non-arable mountains.) The survey party's report was favorable, so the town was incorporated; the next step was to find a minister and establish him in dignity. A young man named Jonathan Lee finally got the call. He was made a proprietor of the town—was given one twenty-fifth of its public lands—and was also paid a salary; after forty-five years of service and a good deal of land speculation, he had become a rich man by the standards of his time.

After choosing a minister, the people had next to build a meetinghouse. Judge Church, in a centennial speech about Litchfield County, to which Salisbury belongs, said that "the meetinghouse was . . . seen at the central point of each town, modestly elevated above surrounding buildings." In Salisbury, it was exactly at the center in theory, though not quite so in fact, because of faulty surveying. The placement was important, I have learned from Miss Pettee and others, because all the citizens were legally bound to attend both a morning and an afternoon service on Sundays. Failures were punishable by fines; perhaps these were never actually levied in Salisbury, but at least there was a pressure to conform. Little Sabbath-day houses were built on land near the meetinghouse, and in winter the more distant families would bring their lunch to them and sit around fires in their hearths between the two services. (The meetinghouse itself was not heated.) There were no carriage roads in the early Salisbury, and men who could afford to would ride in and out on horseback, with their wives on pillion seats. Others would have to walk, which is still not easy for somebody living on the outskirts to do in the two ends of a winter day. Two years ago, I was living in a cabin in the northwest corner of town, and I found that it took me about three hours to walk from there into the center. This past winter, I experimented with skis. One peculiarity of Salisbury is that it became a great ski town back in the nineteen-twenties, long before downhill—slalom—skiing became a vogue in this country. The art was brought to Salisbury by a Norwegian family of brothers named Satre, who specialized in cross-country skiing and in jumping, and who inspired many of our youths to follow their example. I never dared try jumping, but in my teens I did ski cross-country a good deal. Then, last winter, I took it up again, using some Satre-vintage skis and boots belonging to my brother. I skied mainly

"Don't you 'I love you' me!"

A man we know just flew all the way to Scotland to buy his Braemar sportswear. We didn't want to spoil his fun, but you can buy them here right now (and save $400!).



Illustrated is the attractive cashmere pullover 'Elgin'. Fashioned for you from the finest Scottish cashmere. It can be yours for as little as $35.

cashmere by

BRAEMAR

Where to buy: Write to David Church & Co. Inc., 7 East 37th Street, New York City, N.Y. Distributors for men's wear by Braemar in the U.S.A.

on the almost abandoned (two trains a week) tracks of the Central New England Railroad where there are no fences or other obstacles. It was fascinating, because Salisbury is beautiful, and I had not spent a winter here for over a decade. I learned again about the different qualities of snow—crunchy snow, sticky snow, fluffy, silent snow, snow with a rhinestone sparkle in the sun. The trees were dark against it, and the brooks were black. I would see the tracks of animals and of partridge. I would see the partridge themselves; they seemed to be tamer with the hunting season closed, and to fly straighter against the blue sky. I saw four deer once, too, crossing a field in single file, and I would have seen more except that I always took my brother's black retriever along. He chased the animals away, but he was fun himself—a black dog bounding heroically through the deep whiteness. Often we would follow the railway from my brother's house, which is near the town's center, up to Twin Lakes, which is in its northern part. I would see men fishing through the ice there, and would feel the north wind coming down from Massachusetts. And then on Sundays I would follow the tracks, which make a right turn at the lakes, clear over to the Housatonic River, which is the town's eastern boundary. This would take a varying time, depending on the snow. Once, I made it to the river and back in four and a half hours, but another time, on a sticky day, it took me almost seven. And on these trips I would think about the early townsmen in these remote parts. Their conditions were different—they had snowshoes, or nothing, instead of skis—and it was plain that they had had a bitter task in winter. Calvinism or no Calvinism, they could hardly have been asked to travel farther.

FROM the beginning, of course, the town's civil functions were important, even if the church was paramount. Town meetings were held from the time of incorporation—special meetings, to discuss particular issues, and annual ones, at which officials were elected. Among those elected at the first town meeting, according to minutes still in existence, were a "Town Clearke," three selectmen, a constable, three "Surveyours of high Ways," three "Branders of horses," three "Listers," one "Pound Keeper," three "Fence Viewers," a "Collector," a "Sealer of Leather," and a "Town Treasurer Sealer of Weights and Measures." Some of these titles, like the branders,

Overheard in Hawick Scotland (home of Braemar sweaters) ..."I've just flown 3,000 miles from New York to buy my new Braemar sportswear, only to find that I could have bought them in America".

Illustrated is the luxurious man's cashmere cardigan 'Duncan'. Fashioned for you from the finest Scottish cashmere. It can be yours for as little as $42.50.

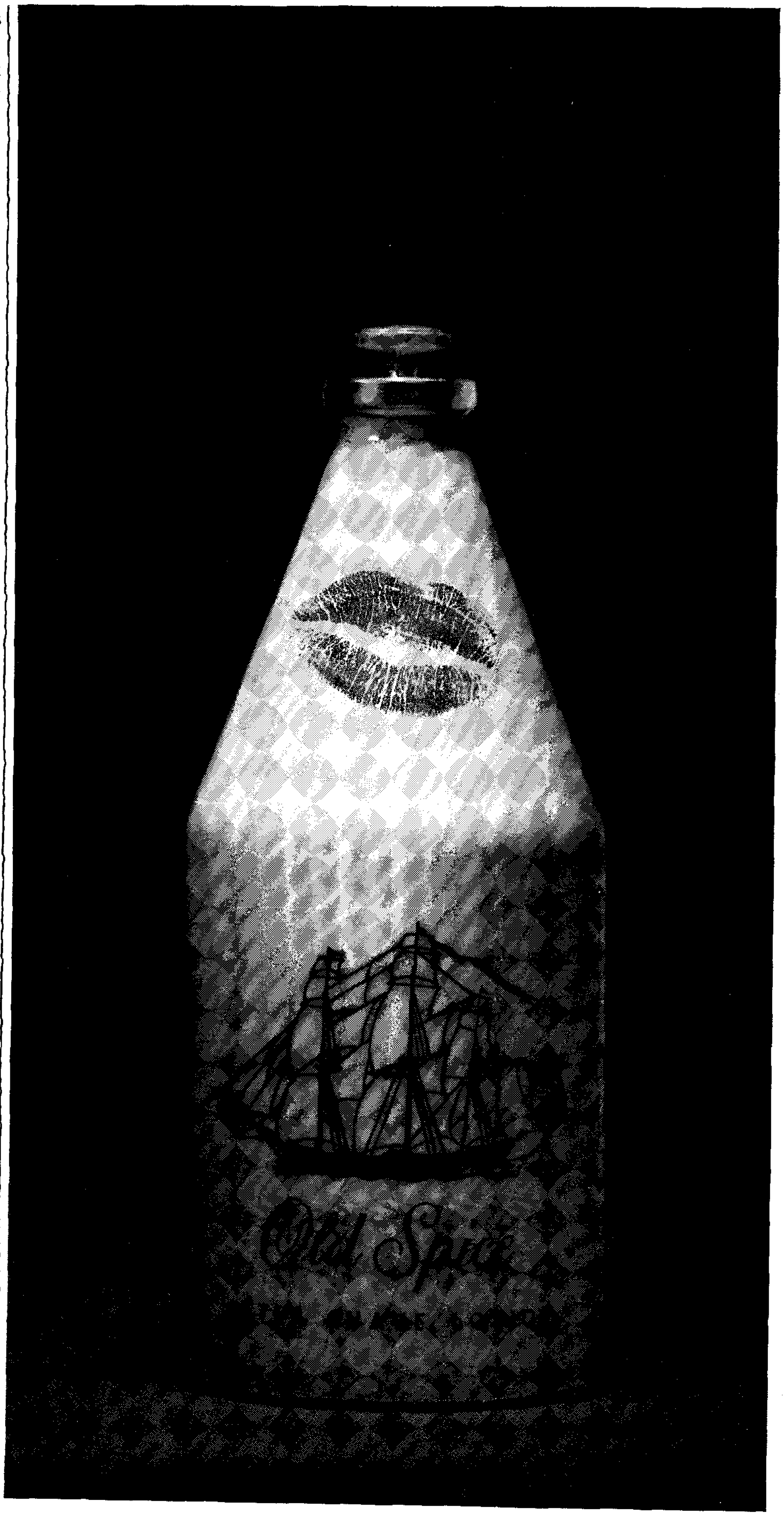
cashmere by

BRAEMAR

Where to buy: Write to David Church & Co. Inc., 7 East 37th Street, New York City, N.Y. Distributors for men's wear by Braemar in the U.S.A.

seem wholly archaic today. Branders were needed then because there were few fences, and animals roamed at large. Within the town boundaries, they could be identified without branding, but if they strayed outside, they couldn't. So the different towns had their different brands, Salisbury's being in the shape of a Greek cross. (Actually, the neighborhood had had a brander before incorporation.) The whole problem of grazing—of whether pigs, for instance, should be "admitted as commoners" (i.e., allowed on public land)—took up much time in the early meetings. Horses, hogs, cattle, and ewes were generally admitted as commoners; rams were ruled out in 1746. Other town business included the payment of bounties on wolves (now long gone from Salisbury) and on rattlesnakes, crows, and squirrels (now still around). Of course, roads were important, and road building was a main activity. There was also the maintenance of law and order, and the town had authority to keep unruly people out. The town clerk maintained the public records and also recorded births, marriages, deaths, and land transfers. The job was part-time then, and held by a man; now it is full-time and held by a woman, Mrs. Lila Nash.

Education was promoted from the beginning, the teacher being second only to the minister in importance. He taught the three "R"s at three settlements in the town, residing in each for three or four months of the year; log cabins were put up to house his work. There was no official secondary schooling, but the minister taught at least some boys privately at his home. (Afterward, they might go to Yale, which was strictly Congregational then.) A gristmill and a sawmill were thought necessary to each town in the region; Salisbury, with good water power and enterprising inhabitants, had *two* gristmills and *two* sawmills. It also had at least one blacksmith's shop, making useful things from local iron. Its commerce with the outside world—which was small, since even cloth and clothing were homemade—seems to have been handled largely by peddlers. They often came from the Hudson River, instead of some Connecticut center, because of another Salisbury peculiarity—the presence of the Housatonic all along the town's eastern side. The river, a good-sized one, was not bridged in the early eighteenth century and had to be swum, crossed in a canoe, or forded, the last being possible at only one or two points. Therefore, the Hudson Valley, a mere twenty miles away and



...that's the way it is
with Old Spice After Shave Lotion

2.00 AND 1.25 · ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA · SHULTON

Out of every 52½ lbs. of harvested claro walnut, only 8 oz. are fit for Imperial

What makes the 1965 Imperial the finest luxury car in the world? Rare walnut inlays, some 100 years old; leathers softer than those used in expensive European limousines; plus consummate attention to detail. The facts below warrant careful consideration. Take a few minutes to read them.

Claro walnut, a rich fine-grained wood, is so rare it is not readily available even as veneer. It is found only two places in the world: Parts of the Northwestern United States and in Eastern Kashmir.

Yet, the choicest flitches (thin, lengthwise slices) of this rare wood are generously inlaid across the breadth of the Imperial instrument panel, the steering wheel spokes and, in most models, along front and rear door wainscoting.

Tanned with Sicilian Sumac

Imperial leathers are selected with equal care. Each hide is tanned twice: once with Chromic salts to resist heat and abrasion; once with Sicilian sumac leaves for tensile strength.

Tahitian coconut and whale oils are then added to make the leathers unusually supple.

As a result, Imperial leathers are softer, stronger, and have a finer patina than can be found in costly imported luxury automobiles.

America's quietest car

In their quest for maximum silence, Imperial engineers employ the new techniques of acoustics engineering to ferret out and diminish body and road noises.

Some of these are inaudible, of course, but their vibration frequencies could cause tensions and driving fatigue, nonetheless.

Engine resonance is an excellent example.

In the Imperial, a rubber isolator at the end of the sheathing cable subdues throttle annoyance.

This is but one of many engineering improvements that make Imperial America's quietest luxury car.

Incredible roominess

Imperial is one of the most spacious automobiles built in America. The model on the opposite page, for example, offers shoulder room and hip room in excess of five feet in both front and rear compartments.

Obsession with engineering

Imperial's impressive reputation as a road car is due in large part to an advanced suspension system.

Torsion-bar front springing synchronized with widely-spaced rear leaf springs provides exceptional stability.

Only Imperial, among America's fine luxury automobiles, has a hydraulic system to aid and abet the mechanical steering reaction. The result is a remarkably smooth and precise feel of the road.

Our engineers were no less thorough in perfecting Imperial's 413 cu. in. engine. The net result is that with this high-torque V-8, the new Imperial has been timed repeatedly from 0 to 60 miles per hour in approximately 12 seconds. A remarkable feat for an automobile weighing almost 5,000 pounds.

Increased rust resistance

Imperial undergoes a thirteen-step rust-preventive treatment. The process actually increases the resistance of the steel itself by changing its molecular surface structure.

Additional operations—priming, drying and wet sanding—are performed before the final acrylic enamels are baked on and machine-buffed to a deep, lasting luster.

Separate corps of inspectors subject the car to more than 1,650 quality-control evaluations in the final assembly phases alone.

Standard equipage

Among Imperial's standard equipment, one finds an extraordinary range of essentials: Automatic transmission. Power steering. Power brakes. Power window lifts. Power vent windows. Heater. A master gauge that indicates when your other gauges need attention. And 34 other luxury features.

Imperial's choice of models includes the traditionally conservative Crown Four-Door; the two-door Crown Coupe—a personal car with youthful formality; a leather-upholstered Crown Convertible; and the Imperial LeBaron, the ultimate in production-car luxuries.

The Imperial Crown Ghia, an eight-passenger limousine with hand coachwork performed by Carrozzeri Ghia of Italy, is also available on special order.

Be your own judge

We invite you to consider Imperial carefully on your own terms.

A request on your letterhead will bring a 20-page brochure by return mail. Address: Imperial Division, Adv. Dept., 12200 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan 48231.

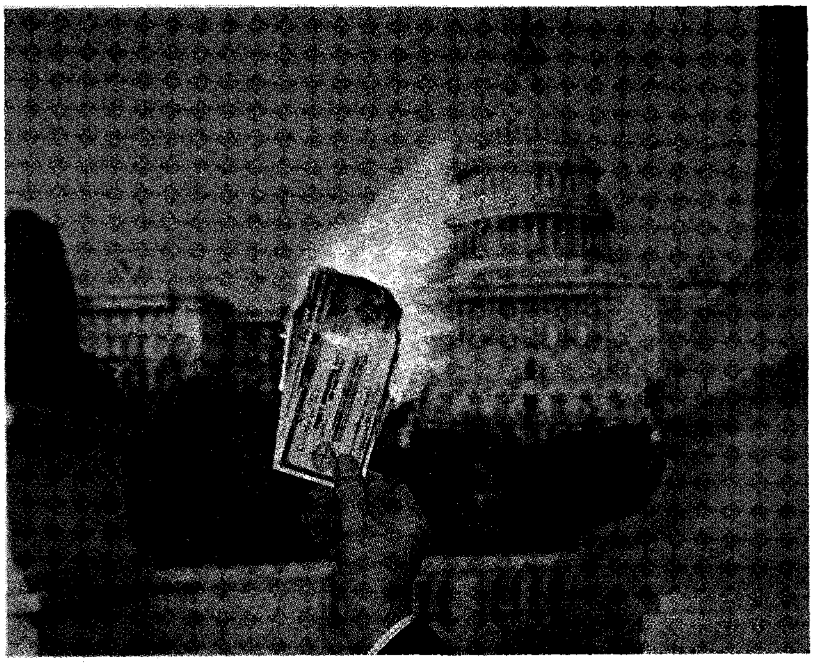
If, however, you wish to take a test-drive, phone your Imperial dealer today.

IMPERIAL DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

THE INCOMPARABLE IMPERIAL

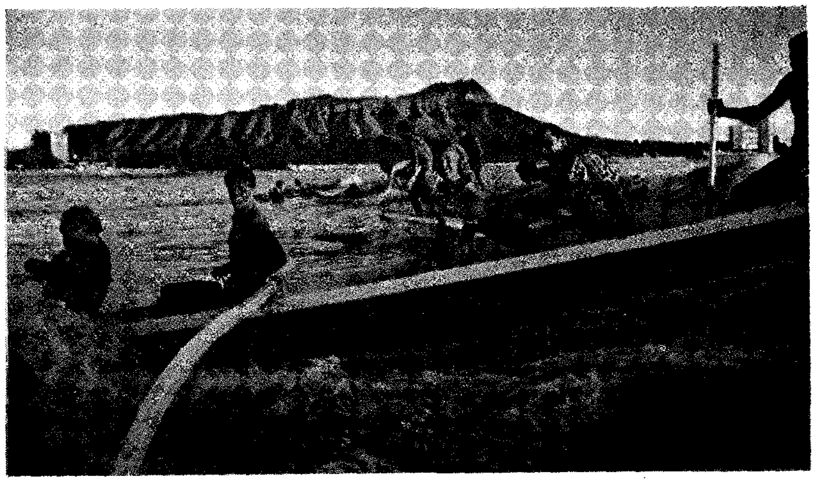
These 3 tests prove First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"®

Why are National City Travelers Checks the best way to carry money anywhere? Actual tests, shown below, demonstrate these specific reasons: *ready availability... immediate acceptability... on-the-spot refundability*. In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 directs you to thousands of U.S. refund points. There are thousands more abroad... and hotels there can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the bank that's first in world-wide banking, National City Travelers Checks cost just a penny per dollar.



Test No. 1—Refundability—in Washington, D. C.

In this test, vacationing Mr. and Mrs. David Jalbert, of Brooklyn Hgts., N.Y., burned $220 of National City Travelers Checks; called Western Union Operator 25. Directed to Riggs National Bank, they received an immediate on-the-spot refund.

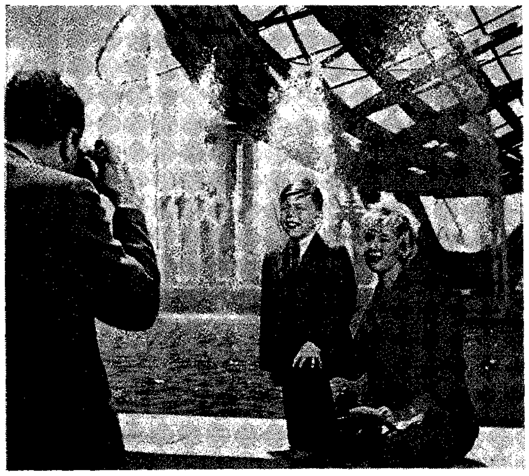


Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Waikiki Beach

Mr. & Mrs. S. Joseph Gore of Florissant, Mo., enjoy a thrilling ride over the surf in one of Hawaii's famous outriggers. Payment for this day's fun, as for all their travel expenses, was made with National City Travelers Checks.

Test No. 3—Availability—in Montreal

Dorsett Walsh, of Montreal, gets all set for another of his frequent business trips... buys National City Travelers Checks at The Mercantile Bank of Canada. It's quick and easy at banks everywhere.



At the World's Fair

All three advantages. Here, too, you'll find National City Travelers Checks easy to buy...readily accepted ...speedily refundable. When you "Come to the Fair" carry them... relax and enjoy the fun!

123-456-789
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.
TWENTY DOLLARS UNITED STATES CURRENCY
20

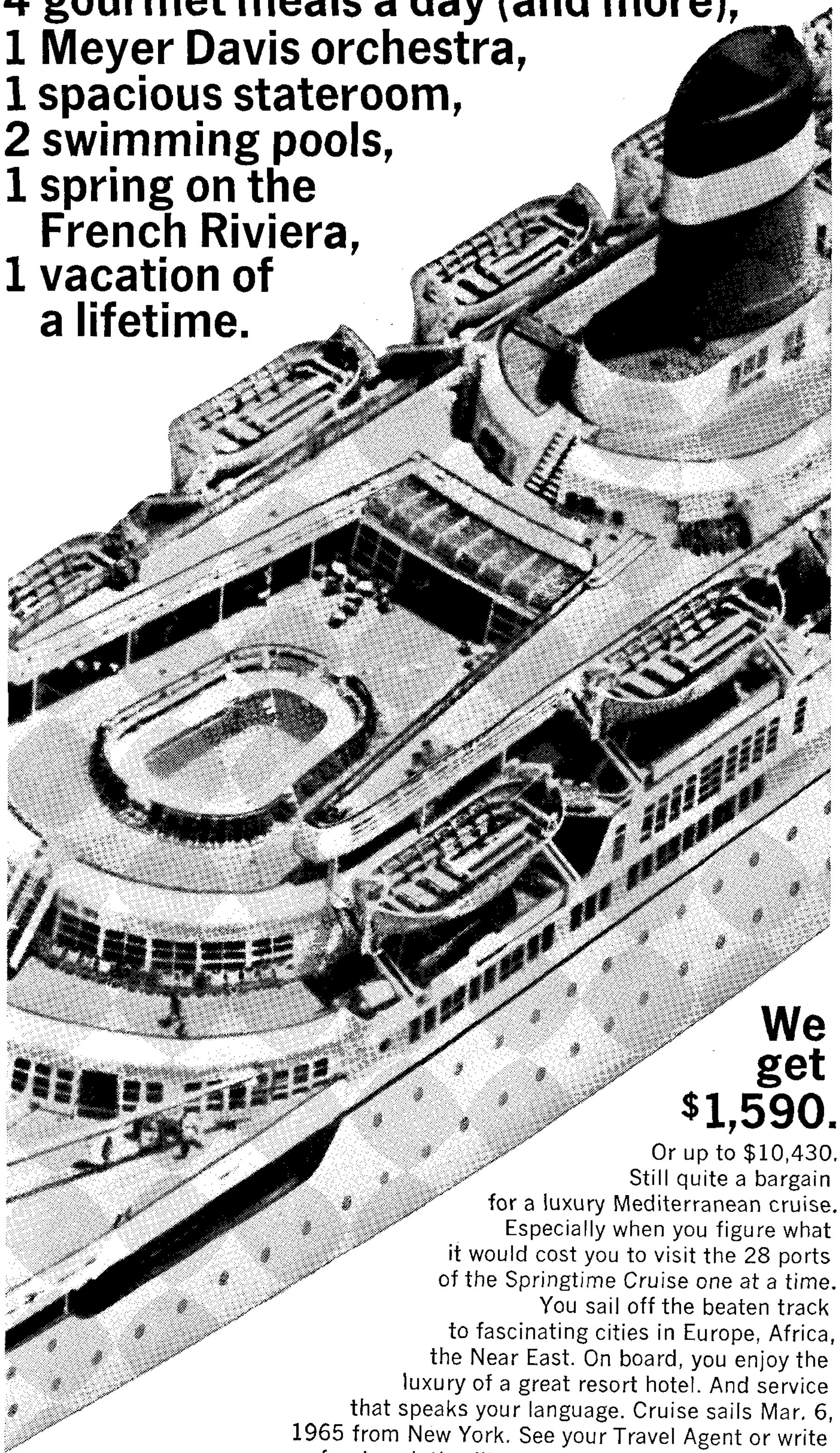
OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-65
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

well developed by that time, had a commercial advantage.

Altogether, the town was a primitive, well-knit community, hewing a living from the forest, working hard and gathering together each Sunday for occasions whose meaning was as much social, perhaps, as religious, and running its secular affairs through the town meeting and the selectmen and other officers. It was not sovereign, for it derived all its powers, as it still does, from the statutes of the Connecticut General Assembly. Yet it had its share in writing those statutes. Its people voted as individuals for the governor and for a senator in the Assembly's upper house, and the town itself sent two representatives to the lower house (though not until 1757, because the town didn't pay taxes to Hartford before that). In most things the town ran its own business in a hardheaded Yankee way; it was self-reliant and had a strong sense of identity.

I READ about all this in the writings of Miss Pettee and Judge Church as the winter passed. Then, with the coming of March, two things occurred: spring also came, with a rush, and I began looking into modern Salisbury. The coming of spring was unusually definite. On the last day of February, I skied up to the lakes and felt the cold north wind again and saw the riffled expanse of snowy ice, with the fishermen on it. The days were longer than they had been, I noted as I came home, yet the winter was still with us. Then, on March 1st, the winds began coming from the south and were changeable; under a warm sun, the snow really began thawing, and it was very sticky. The next day, there were patches of bare ground on the railroad track, and no skiing along it, though the woods still had deep corn snow in them. I tried that, and it was passable, but heavy going. On the third and fourth of March, the corn snow kept on melting, and on the fifth I rose and saw a roaring south wind blowing white mists off the remaining snow patches. That kept up all day. The brooks were in wild spate by then, and there was a warm, oppressive feeling in the air. On March 7th, I saw a red-wing blackbird, the first returning migrant, and on the eighth the dog put up fifteen or twenty mallards in a big cornfield by a brook. I saw a woodcock that day, too, flying off with its long bill and whistling wings, and a nephew of mine saw a northbound V of geese.

As for modern Salisbury, I began asking officials and friends about it, and



On the 1965 Springtime Cruise of the ss Constitution, you get:
28 ports,
53 days,
4 gourmet meals a day (and more),
1 Meyer Davis orchestra,
1 spacious stateroom,
2 swimming pools,
1 spring on the French Riviera,
1 vacation of a lifetime.

We get $1,590.

Or up to $10,430. Still quite a bargain for a luxury Mediterranean cruise. Especially when you figure what it would cost you to visit the 28 ports of the Springtime Cruise one at a time. You sail off the beaten track to fascinating cities in Europe, Africa, the Near East. On board, you enjoy the luxury of a great resort hotel. And service that speaks your language. Cruise sails Mar. 6, 1965 from New York. See your Travel Agent or write for descriptive literature. No obligation, of course.

AMERICAN EXPORT ISBRANDTSEN LINES
24 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10004
TEL.: 797-7222 (N. Y. area code 212)

I learned, as I had expected, that our independence as a town has lessened in many ways, though not in all. This diminishment has been accompanied by a growth in officialdom, which now boasts almost a hundred full- or part-time functionaries, including a town social worker, a food inspector, a recreation commission, and a planning and zoning commission. The work of this structure is coördinated by a first selectman of increased importance—a virtual full-time mayor. But these additions arise from the complexities of modern life—the new ideas of what government should do for people—rather than from growth in the town's own power. They are offset partly by the loss of branders, fence viewers, and sealers of leather, and still more by state and federal encroachments upon road building, law enforcement, and other such formerly local activities. Welfare is an example of this curve. At first, Salisbury had no poor, according to Miss Pettee, and made no provision for them, but after a few decades the town took up the custom, then standard in Connecticut, of farming out the care of paupers to the lowest bidder, which made for care of the worst possible kind. It came to prick the people's conscience, and in 1829 a Salisbury Asylum was established in a former inn, with quarters for the indigent, plus a "bettering place" for wrongdoers, under heavy lock and key, on the second floor. This was wholly a town enterprise, paid for by town funds. As the nineteenth century went on and as charities and other social services arose to share the load, the place became too large, and it was abandoned for a smaller building. Yet the institution of a town poor farm continued; there was still a poor farm in my boyhood, in the nineteen-twenties. Today it is gone, though, supplanted by the welfare state. The town poor who need hospital care are sent elsewhere, and the relief money that is disbursed in the town is supplied by the Connecticut government, though its distribution is still supervised by our first selectman. The town's school system has also followed the curve. In the beginning, Salisbury had no high school, as I've already noted; in my boyhood we did have one, but today the work has been taken over by a broader institution—the Housatonic Valley Regional High School, which lies just outside our border and serves six towns of northwestern Connecticut. For us, given modern transport, it is a real improvement; all the Salisbury students live within ten miles of the new school, and they get better and

MR LEMON HART SAYS
"HOW TO MAKE RUM DRINKS LIKE A PRO"...
151 PROOF
Lemon Hart & Sons
LEMON HART
DEMERARA RUM
LEMON HART & SON LTD
This Rum is 8 Years Old
LEMON HART
DARK JAMAICA RUM

DEMERARA RUM – smooth in taste and not pungent. 86 and 151 proof.

JAMAICA RUM – dark or golden, both 8 years old. 86 proof.

MR. LEMON HART'S BROCHURE tells you how to make rum drinks like a pro. It is illustrated with cartoons by Ronald Searle, and shows you the fun you can have making the most unusual rum drinks. Write to: Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., 320 Park Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. NEW YORK

Pure Luxury . . .
Cashmere Sweaters
from England

Alan Paine's magnificent two-ply pure cashmere from England. Fully fashioned, faultlessly detailed in a range of new colors created by Alan Paine. *Wonderfully priced.* Classic cardigan, about $40. Pullover, about $30.

Atlanta, Ga. . . . . .Muse's
Austin, Tex.Merritt, Schaefer & Brown
Bakersfield, Cal. . . . . . .Harry Coffee
Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal. .Derek Rayne
Chapel Hill, N.C. . . .Town & Campus
Charleston, S.C. . . . .Jack Krawcheck
Chicago & Suburbs . . . . .Baskin
Cincinnati, Ohio . .H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio. .The Halle Bros. Co.
Denver, Colo. . . . . .May—D. & F.
Detroit, Mich. . .The J.L. Hudson Co.
Durham, N.C. . . . . . . .van Straaten's
Greenville, S.C. . . . . .Ivey's
Hanover, N.H. . . . . . .James Campion
Hartford, Conn. . .G. Fox & Co., Inc.
Kansas City, Mo. . . . . . . .Jack Henry
Los Angeles, Cal. . . . . .Phelps-Terkel
Louisville . .Rodes, Downtown & Mall
Minneapolis/St. Paul.Hubert W. White
New York & Branches. . . . .Wallachs
Newark, N.J. . . . .Hahne & Company
N. Conway/Littleton, N.H.Carroll Reed
Philadelphia, Pa. . . .Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . .Joseph Horne Co.
Princeton, N.J. . . . . .Langrock's
Richmond, Va. .Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Ridgewood/Westwood, N.J. .MacHugh
Rochester, N.Y.McFarlin Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo. . . .Stix, Baer & Fuller
Salt Lake City, Utah . . .Arthur Frank
San Antonio, Texas . . . .Frank Bros.
San Francisco, Cal. . . . .City of Paris
Savannah, Ga. . .Men's Quality Shop
Syracuse, N.Y. . .John F. Zell & Sons
Washington, D.C. . .Julius Garfinckel
York, Pa. . . . . .Lehmayer's

For other stores write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

The Walkie-Watchie

Son of Walkie-Talkie. But with pictures. (Unhappily, this new TV development is not a 2-way set like the Walkie-Talkie. But we *are* working on it.) It does *receive* brilliantly though. Thanks to its 32 little long-living, heat-free transistors and its flat-faced, non-distorting picture tube that doesn't show the scanning lines. For walking-watching it operates on a built-in battery pack and a built-in antenna right in the shoulder strap. (Some say the taller you are, the better the reception. But it's not so.) For sitting-watching, it has an AC plug that fits in your wall outlet and a directional telescopic master antenna. Turn on your Walkie-Watchie and *go.* You grown-up teenager you.

The 4 inch SONY® television

© SONY CORP. OF AMERICA VISIT THE SONY SHOWROOM AT 585 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

COUNTRY & CASUAL

$70

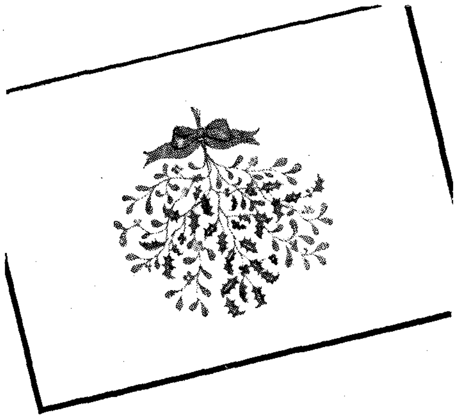
This Little Buttercup yellow knit emerges from coats like a breath-of-spring in the cold. Adept at its fashionable mission (to take you from daylight to dusk), it's by Kimberly in a soft-touch blend of wool-and-mohair. The gently-bowed overblouse and its skirt also come in meadow blue, coral rose, or peanut. Sizes 6 to 16. $70.

On mail or phone orders, add 70¢ beyond delivery area. No C.O.D.'s.

Third Floor
ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

more varied teaching than their predecessors did. The old town high school had a hundred and nineteen students at the end, whereas the H.V.R.H.S. now has six hundred and sixty-one, along with various facilities, like a federally supported "vocational agricultural center," that could hardly have been swung on a town basis. Primary schooling has followed the same curve. The early Salisbury had one rotating schoolteacher, but by 1766, according to Miss Pettee, there were nine school districts in town, and four hundred and eighty pupils. By the late nineteenth century, there were thirteen districts, each with a schoolhouse to which the pupils could walk. By the nineteen-thirties, about half these buildings had been abandoned; as a small boy I remember the ruins of our own district school, the one nearest my family's farm. Thanks to the automobile, the grade pupils were being concentrated, and the process has continued until now they are all in one central school—a modern plant finished in 1953. It has two or three teachers for each grade, plus special instructors in French, art, music, and so on. So far, it has refrained from going regional; a few years ago a movement was launched for regional junior high schools, comprising the seventh and eighth grades, but Salisbury voted against it. Our primary school is now the most expensive item in our town budget, and some here say that it is the chief town function still remaining. Nevertheless, it gets much supervision—not to mention a fifth to a quarter of its income—from the state. So even in this intimate matter we are not an island now.

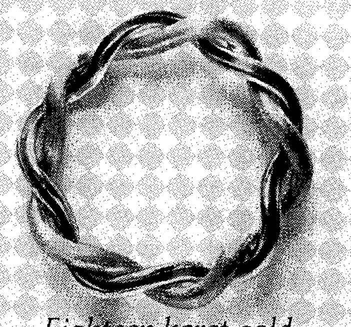
The H.V.R.H.S. was the first regional high school in New England, but today there are many others, and one gathers that a new community, larger than the town, is beginning to shape up. The H.V.R.H.S. has the largest auditorium in our region, and that draws people together. So do the sports at its playing fields. And there is romance, too; Cornwall boys marry Salisbury girls they met at the school, and so on. Then, again, our weekly, the Lakeville *Journal*, was strictly a town paper in my boyhood, but it went regional in the high school's wake. Its publisher, Stewart Hoskins, says that he expected the high school to break down the town barriers, and that it did so; the *Journal* is now putting out the same editorial fare to all six towns (plus a seventh, Norfolk, which came its way by chance). The paper's circulation, staff, and plant have increased about tenfold in going regional. "Everything



Christmas Notes for a busy holiday season. Our exclusive Holly and Mistletoe design in green, bedecked with red and gold berries, tied with a gay red bow. Engraved on Crane's satin finish paper bordered in red. Box of 50 notes and 50 red lined envelopes, 8.50.

Add 50c beyond delivery area.
See our distinctive collection of Christmas Cards.

Plummer McCutcheon
3 EAST 57TH STREET, N.Y. 22 PLAZA 2-7400
Red Bank and at Wechsler's, Passaic

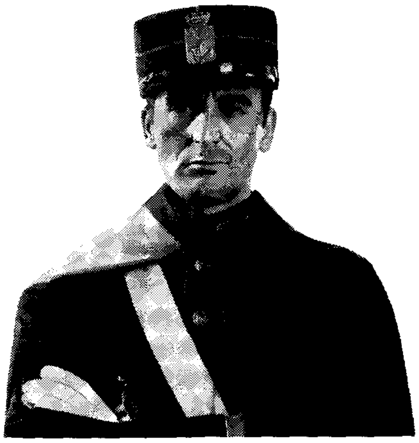


Eighteen karat gold midnight blue enamel circle brooch, 38.00

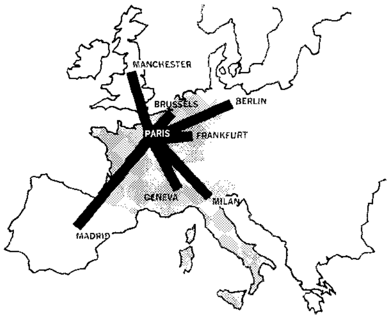
LAMBERT BROTHERS
545 Madison Ave. at 55th St. N.Y.

Fed. Tax. incl.

Paris means business!



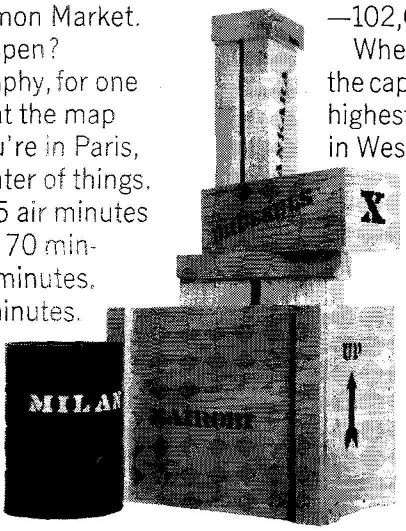
Not everyone who lives in Paris paints or guides tours. Most people, like you and I, are in the business of business. You see, the glamour capital of the world is also the hub of the Common Market.



How did it happen?

Simple geography, for one reason. Glance at the map above. When you're in Paris, you're in the center of things. Geneva is just 55 air minutes away. Frankfurt, 70 minutes. Milan, 80 minutes. Brussels, 105 minutes. Berlin, 135 minutes.

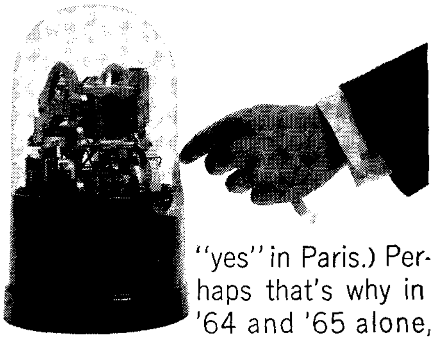
When you're in Paris, you've got the world's largest airline (that's us) waiting to serve you with more jet flights to more cities in the world than any other airline: 55 weekly to England, 57 to Germany, 28 to Switzerland, 22 to Spain, 14 to Greece—plus frequent service to Africa and Southeast Asia.



Paris' proximity to the other key cities in the Common Market and Air France's vast jet network have made Orly Airport the key break bulk point for air shipments between the U.S. Europe and beyond. There's lots of elbowroom for safe and effective handling of those shipments, too —102,000 square feet.

When you're in Paris, you're in the capital of the country with the highest rate of industrial growth in Western Europe. You've got a big market of potential buyers and suppliers right at your doorstep.

Then, of course there's Paris itself. It's simply an exciting place to be–gay, sophisticated, beautiful. So doing business there is a pleasure. (We suspect prospects find it easier to say "yes" in Paris.) Perhaps that's why in '64 and '65 alone, about 300 major trade, business and professional exhibitions have been scheduled in and around Paris.

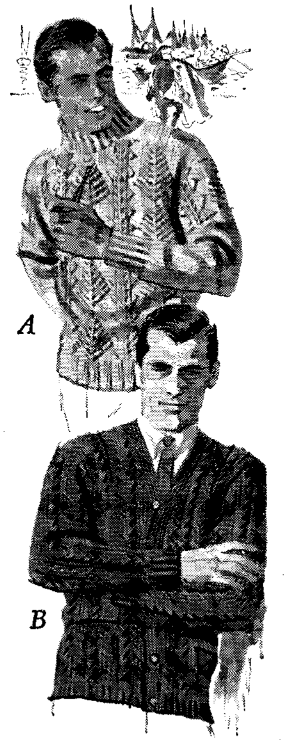


Next time you plan a trip to explore the opportunities of the Common Market, put Paris at the top of your itinerary. It's easy to get to. Air France has 32 weekly direct and non-stop jets to Paris from New York, Chicago, Montreal, Los Angeles and Washington—including a 10 a.m. daily departure out of N.Y. Nobody knows Paris like Air France. And nobody knows Air France like your Travel Agent. See him for trip information and reservations.

Make it your business to come home with us to Paris.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

LANDS END



Fishermen's sweaters from our Lands End,

a picturesque shop in our Men's Store that's filled with our catch of sweaters handknitted for us by the women of fishing villages along European coasts from Portugal to Denmark. Here, just two from our exclusive Northumberland coast collection. In burgundy, off white, royal blue, or black. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

A. Seahouses, turtleneck pullover. **39.95**

B. Robin Hood's Bay, five-button cardigan. **$45**

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

Lands End, Street Floor
A selection at all 4
Bloomingdale branch stores

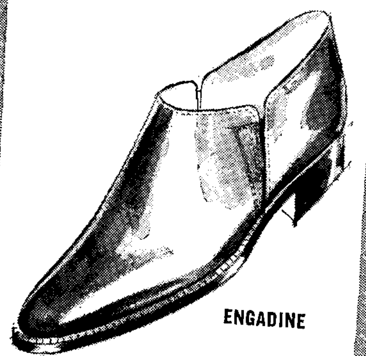
Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd. • EL 5-5900

is ten times as big, including the expenses," Hoskins says. Nor is that all. There are certain cultural societies, like the Housatonic Music Association and a forum called Opinions Unlimited, that also follow the high-school region. In my boyhood, such things, if they existed at all, would probably have been on the town scale, but now people cross the lines to go to them. They cross the lines for social mixing, too, much more than they did. Churchgoing, oddly, continues pretty much on the town scale. Our churchgoing is now in several denominations, of course, and it is a conservative affair. Our parishes may well have more survival value than the town itself. But with one other notable exception, the story is the same with all our enterprises—more personnel, more plant and equipment, more expenditure, and less autonomy.

THE one other exception is the field of zoning, in which the town recently acquired, and apparently intends to use, great new powers for preserving its character and resisting change. Salisbury's nature and its economic history are special. The town began, like the neighboring ones, as a community of virtually self-sufficient homesteaders, but it was soon set apart by the discovery of iron within its borders. Iron was mined and worked here from the outset, the industry booming especially during the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War and the industrial expansion that followed it. Our town was a smoky, grimy hive of activity during much of that time. Then, around 1900, the activity collapsed, when iron came to be worked with new technology on a far bigger scale in the Middle West. Our population fell from 3,715 in 1880 to 2,497 in 1920. Many of the survivors got by on dairy farming, for which our terrain was then well suited, and for which the railroads were opening up ever better markets in New York (a hundred miles away) and other cities. But dairying was a less intense use of the land than ironworking, and the population might have dwindled further if another source of income had not arisen—a resort and boarding-school trade that exploited our lakes and mountains. (At least one writer has called us another Switzerland.) Three boarding schools—Hotchkiss, Salisbury, and Indian Mountain—were established here in the decades when iron was failing. Hotels sprang up then, too, but they soon became less important than the selling, or renting, of houses and farms to summer people or year-

BALLY
SHOES SET INTERNATIONAL TRENDS

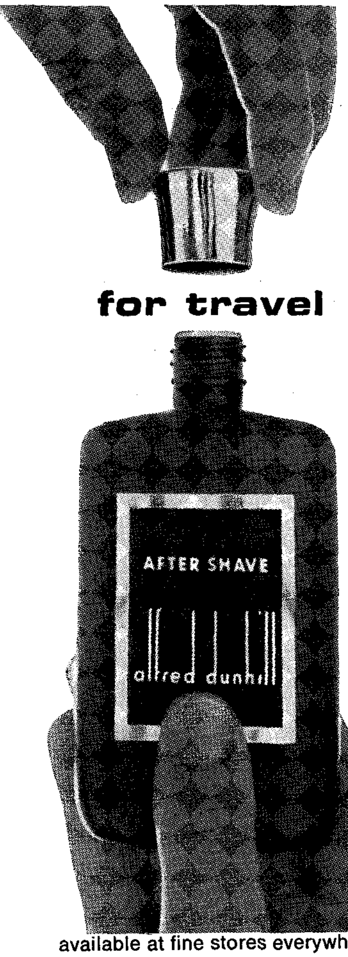
Ankle-high intrigue with behind-the-scene goring to assure slip-on ease and snug fitting. Black smooth Calf.



ENGADINE

New York .... BLOOMINGDALE'S
Beverly Hills & Sherman Oaks MORRIS BOOTMAKERS
Cincinnati .... SHILLITO
Dallas .... VOLK'S
Los Angeles .... BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE
Miami, Ft. Lauderdale & Orlando JORDAN MARSH
Minneapolis .... DAYTON CO.
New Orleans .... GODCHAUX
San Francisco .... FRANK WERNER
St. Louis .... STIX, BAER & FULLER
Washington, D.C. .... RICH'S

For other stores, please write BALLY, INC.
444 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



available at fine stores everywhere
plastic travel set $5.50—also individually boxed

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Now live a little!

MARTIN'S
V.V.O.
DISTILLED MATURED BLENDED
8
YEARS OLD
AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Gold Seal
Extra Quality
MARTIN'S
ORIGINAL
V.V.O.
BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL EXTRA QUALITY
YEARS 8 OLD
86.8° PROOF
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
James Martin & Co Ltd
LEITH · SCOTLAND · ESTD 1878
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
McKESSON & ROBBINS INCORPORATED, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The elegance of Thayer McNeil...
elegantly stated by
Florsheim

There is no point of no return

Considering woman's natural (and frequently exercised) prerogative to change her mind, this may well be the boldest statement of the ages. Nonetheless, we stand firmly behind our dictum: any Thayer McNeil customer may return any pair of shoes she's dissatisfied with. There! We've said it and we're glad!

Thayer McNeil SHOES
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO MIAMI

round retired people. My grandmother, a widow with some children and a little money, came to Salisbury just after 1900 and bought a farm. I think she was something of a pioneer—I think nearly all her neighbors had proper economic and historical roots in the town—but in any case her example was followed more and more as time passed. In the twenties and thirties, many families came here because they liked it and could afford it, and a real flood has poured in since the end of the war. People of modest means have bought small houses, and people with more money have bought old farms and remodelled them—perhaps taking them out of production, too, for the dairy business is on the wane here. The continuity of ownership in town has been affected by the influx. In the old days, when our farms were really farms, they would pass from generation to generation in the same families, but now that they are estates, they seldom do. Unless a family is very rich, its sons or sons-in-law can't afford to maintain a big place so far from the centers of employment. And so when an elderly couple die here now, their place is apt to be sold. Continuity of ownership is lost, but continuity of character, surprisingly, is not, for a very similar family usually buys the place with the same end in view—to live quietly in our rural landscape. Thus, iron and, to some extent, cows have ceased to be an issue with us; as long as Wall Street puts out coupons, we are in business.

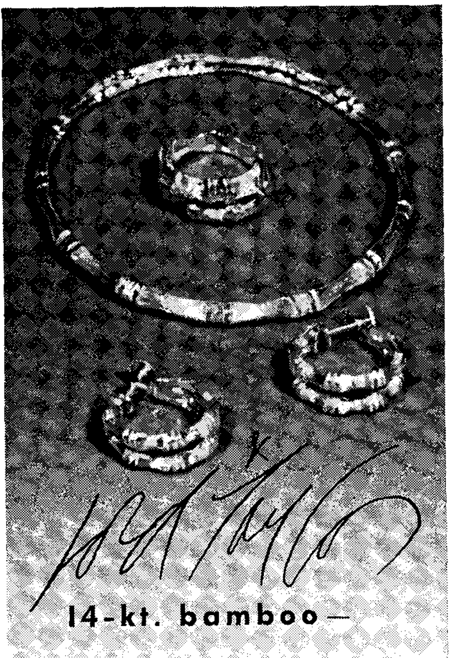
Meanwhile, of course, urban sprawl has been moving toward us from the coastal megalopolis. It has made inroads especially into Canaan and Millerton, the town centers to our east and west. Both these points have been

Our Seal of Authenticity

Etienne Aigner

HANDBAG IN LINEN AND LEATHER, ABOUT $43.00 PLUS TAX.
4 OZ. COLOGNE, ABOUT $7.00 PLUS TAX.

Lord & Taylor and authorized dealers
Etienne Aigner, 22 West 32 Street, New York City



Lord & Taylor

14-kt. bamboo—
the new measure of chic
in 14-kt. gold jewelry.
Florentine-finished bangle,
32.50; earrings, 45.00 and
a ring that fits any finger,
20.00. All plus tax.
At all Lord & Taylor stores

Hong Kong is frenetic, dynamic, exciting. But it can break your heart.

What a city. There's enough intrigue for a dozen James Bond movies. Enough bargains for a hundred discount stores. Enough fun and carrying on for the fall of a couple of empires.

But there's hunger, too. And poverty. And disease.

If these things get you down, look the other way. But don't expect Venture to do the same. When Venture goes to a place, it goes there with its eyes wide open. It takes in the sights. But it also takes in the slums. It shows you what's pretty. But it also shows you what isn't. It overlooks none of the realities that make travel so meaningful.

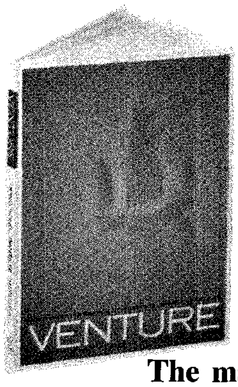
In the current issue, Venture shows you Hong Kong the way no one ever has before. You'll see the fabulous shops, and the rundown shacks. The picturesque harbor, and the overcrowded junks. The superb restaurants, and the sad faces of the hungry. The lush golf courses. The swinging nightclubs. And the squalor.

Venture doesn't miss a thing when it comes to travel. It covers everything from a Szechwan Duck dinner in Hong Kong, to a twist session in Beirut. It goes hitchhiking to Brazil. Bargain hunting in Pakistan. Bike racing in Paris. Venture goes to Goa with Graham Greene. Rides across America with James Morris. Photographs the back streets of Athens with Douglas Kirkland.

Venture is a whole new idea in travel magazines. New, not just editorially, but physically, as well. Published every other month, and available through the Credit Card Division of American Express, each issue is bound in handsome, linen-weave hard covers and printed on heavy, very fine paper stock. You keep it after you've read it.

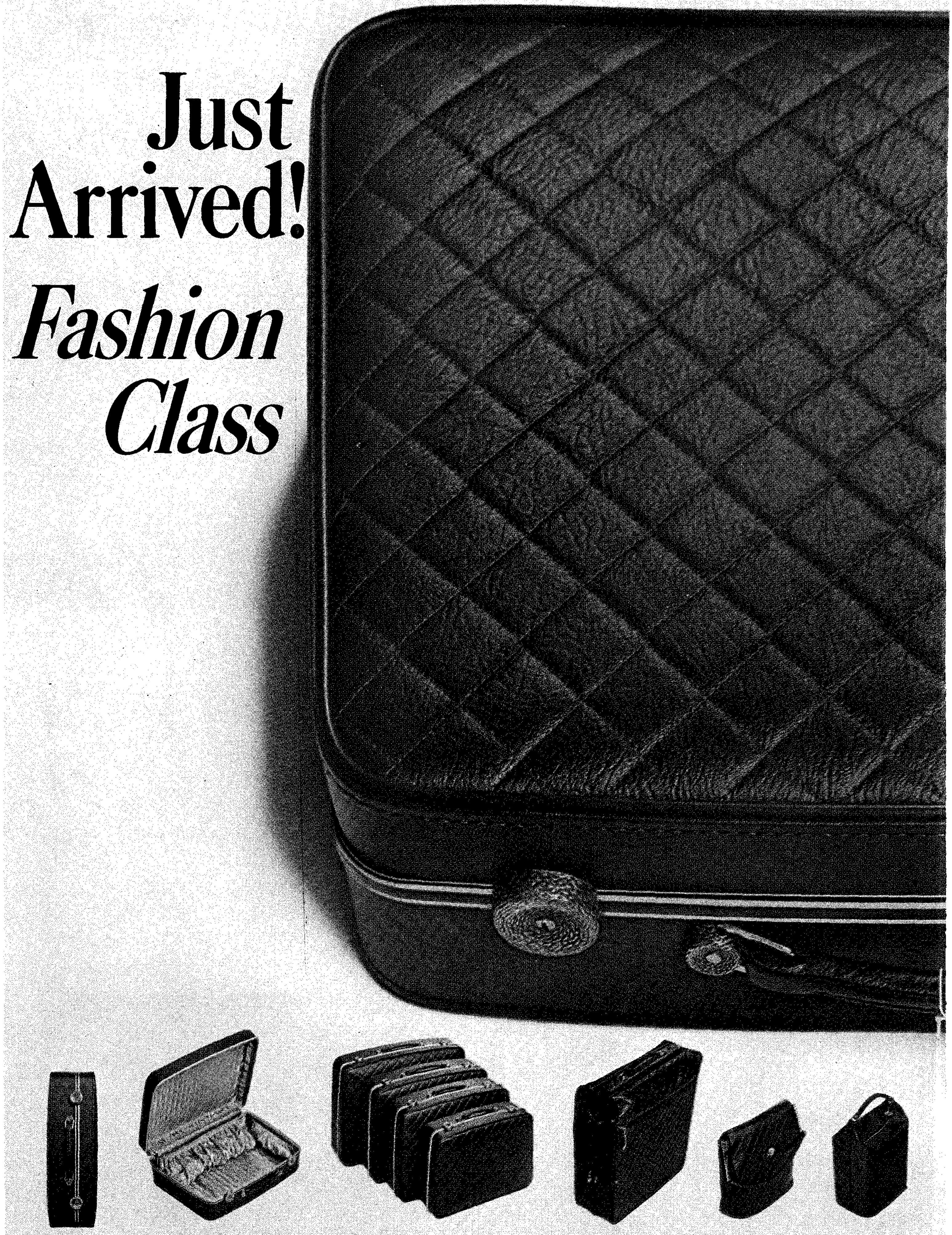
Interested? Write: Venture, The Traveler's World, Box 2756, Church Street Station, New York. If you're an American Express Credit Card holder, you will receive a complimentary copy of the current issue, and the $9.50 for the next five issues can then be billed to your account. The yearly subscription price to non-cardholders is $17.50.

That's more than you pay for other magazines, we know that. But Venture isn't like other magazines. You'll see.



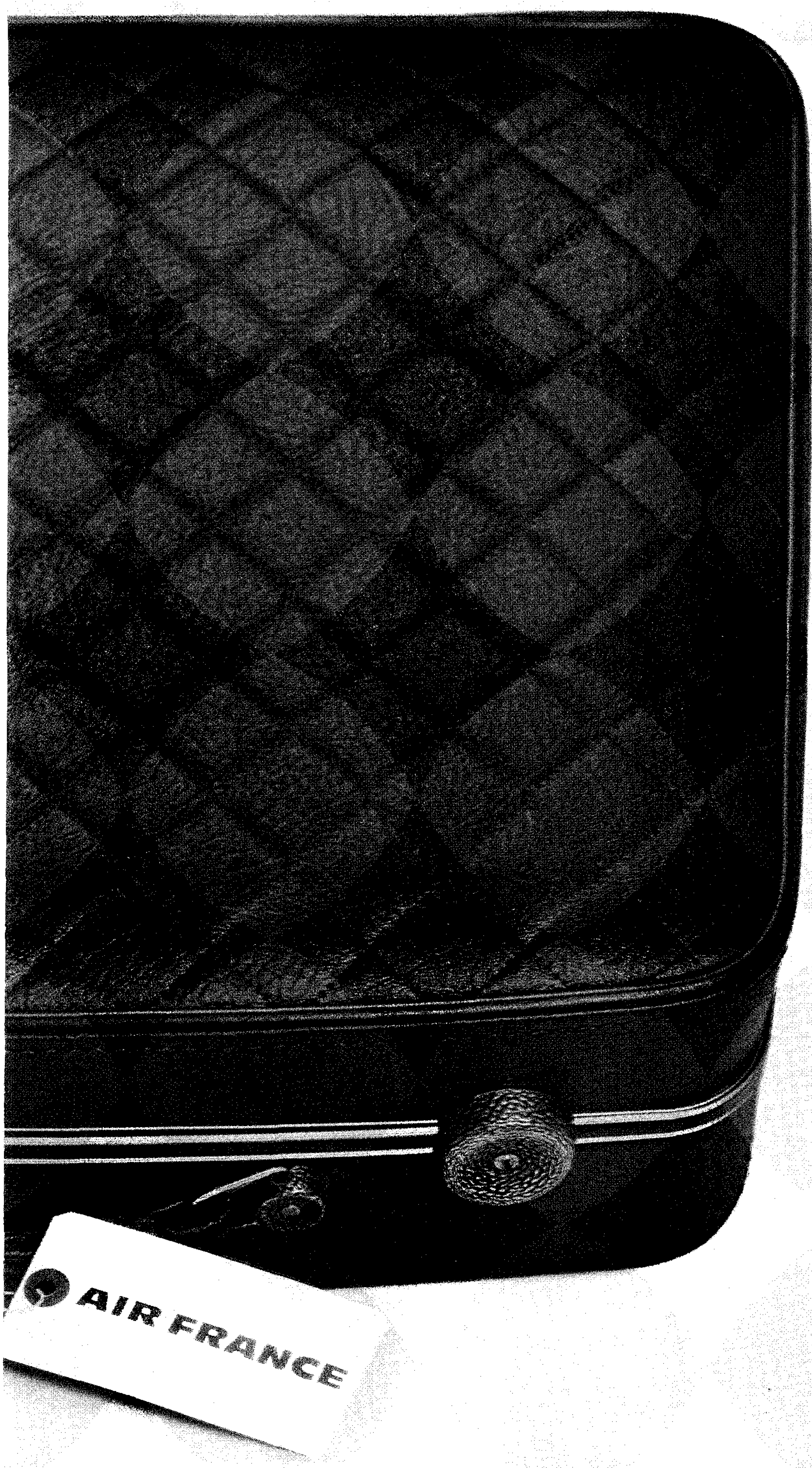
The many sides of travel

VENTURE...The Traveler's World. Published by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.


Just Arrived!
Fashion Class

AVAILABLE AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK; MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND OTHER FINE STORES.
FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE TO SEWARD LUGGAGE, PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

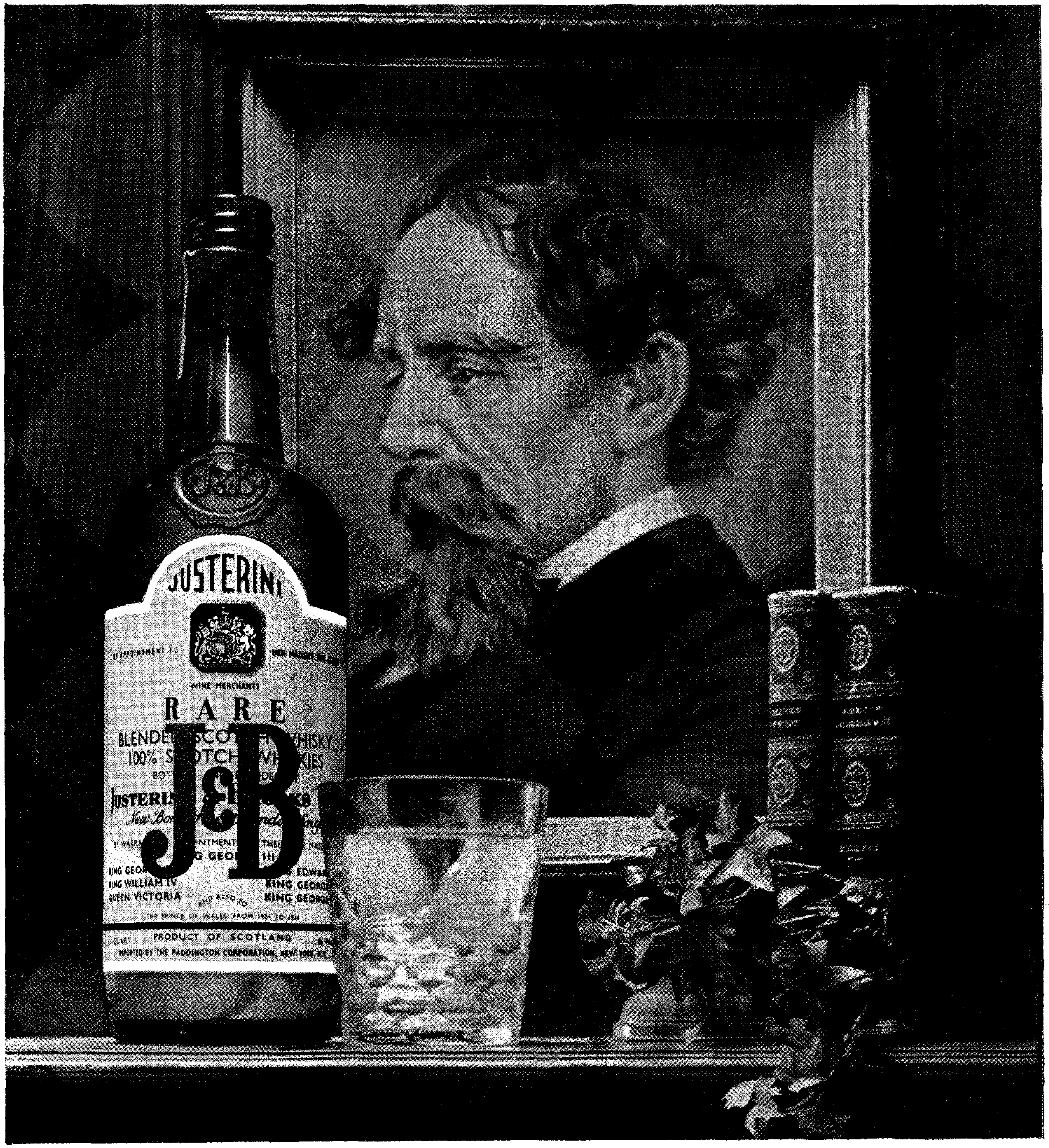


Luggage you'll wear ...not just carry!

Fashion Class goes where you go and goes with what you wear. Seward puts as much fashion outside as you put inside. If it isn't Fashion Class, it's just another old bag. Even the locks are in fashion. 'Til Seward re-invented locks–they used to snap and crack your fingers. The Fashion Class lock is sculptured. People will think it's honest gold. It's round. It turns to open. What a distinctive way to show off the luxury quilted lining. Luggage used to be something you dragged about, Fashion Class is something you brag about. Other styles include non-quilted 'Hocus Bogus Reptiles' and 'Plutocrush.' About $22-60.

ask for Fashion Class, LUGGAGE by SEWARD

©1964 SEWARD LUGGAGE MFG., INC.



"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put it to my lips when I am so dispoged."

— from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

For more than two centuries, history's great and near-great, including the immortal Charles Dickens, have looked to the house of Justerini & Brooks for the finest in wines and spirits. The discerning today also turn to J&B for the memorable in scotch whisky. Try J&B Rare yourself. Flavour unsurpassed.

J&B rare scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST... WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST"
86 PROOF. THE PADDINGTON
CORP., NEW YORK 20

served by good railroads from New York since the mid-nineteenth century, and their character is different from ours partly as a result. Their main streets are gritty and commercial, and they look on the coming of industry, or practically any other change, as a good thing. Salisbury is more conservative, and its planning and zoning commission, if I rightly understand the commission's chairman, Gordon Reid, and its secretary, Mrs. Martha Atchley, will keep it so. One may not bring a trailer to Salisbury now and live in it. One may not subdivide real estate without observing elaborate rules. And while one may, in theory, build a factory here, one must so beautify it, decontaminate it, and satisfy the neighbors about its gentility that anything like dark satanic mills can no longer get a foothold. This is different from the situation in the twenties and thirties, when a man could set up a billboard or a factory almost at will; we have struck a blow against the oppressions of economic law. At first, one deems this a gallant rear-guard action taken by a strong and independent fragment of New England. But then one wonders. The stand does show local strength of a sort, but not strength really based in Salisbury. The early settlers, and the iron miners and the dairy farmers who followed them, had autonomy because their sustenance came from the soil here. Most of our modern residents, on the other hand, get their sustenance, directly or indirectly, from distant sectors of the great American economy—sectors that are hard to understand from here but that keep paying off and making us all reasonably prosperous, whether we ourselves are the coupon cutters or just the teachers, tradesmen, and artisans who serve the coupon cutters. ("Salisbury is one of the wealthiest small communities in the United States," a lawyer here told me the other day.) While staving off the megalopolis, our community has in fact become a specialized part of it—a sanctuary for those megalopolitans who needn't embrace the grime and clatter themselves. And, thanks to zoning, we may stay that way. Canaan and Millerton may well become industrialized, but we, growing more and more special, will keep our scenery unspoiled. The prospect is delightful, but still one cannot equate the present Salisbury with the old self-reliant one.

MARCH continued, and while learning these facts and thinking about them I went on enjoying our now protected landscape. I walked almost en-

We moved Switzerland. It's now $64 nearer.

Begin your European holiday in centrally-located Switzerland. Older in time than its castles, younger in spirit than its Bauhaus buildings.

Jet there with Swissair.
Our new 21-day fare saves you $64.

From New York, our 21-day economy excursion fare to Geneva or Zurich is only $414.80* round trip. $64 less than regular economy. Good thru February 14th, 1965. And only we take you there nonstop.

On your way, our old-fashioned Swiss-Care starts your holiday with warmth and festivity.

See your travel agent. Or call Swissair. Offices in principal cities.

*Subject to government approval.

THE PRIVATELY-OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND
SWISSAIR
SWISSCARE · WORLDWIDE

Send us $5,000 and we'll send $50 back*

*(a month)

The New York Bank for Savings would love to mail a regular check in any amount you decide — not necessarily to you — but to someone else you love.

All you have to do is send us some money, watch it accumulate high dividends, and tell us how often and how much to mail to whom.

We call this interesting plan an Automatic Payout Plan. You'll call it convenient if you have someone in mind you'd like to provide for: parents, grandchildren, a child's allowance, newlyweds. And the recipient will call you a Guardian Angel.

It's easy. Start with a lump sum up to $15,000 or a smaller amount and add to it regularly. If you deposit $5,000 you can provide $50 monthly for ten years — big interest dividends are included.†

You'll always have the option of changing the amount of the payments. And, if you decide you want to be your own rich uncle, you can use the Plan for your own retirement income.

Your money will be safe and always available. Begin bestowing right now; mail coupon below.

Latest dividend declared: 4.40% a year *on savings on deposit for four consecutive* quarters prior to the dividend period— 4% on other deposits.

†based on assumed rate of 4% compounded quarterly. Interest-dividend rates are not guaranteed in advance. Rates vary in accordance with bank earnings.

The New York Bank for Savings, (Dept. NY 11-7)
280 Park Avenue So., New York, N.Y. 10010

☐ Please open an Automatic Payout Account as specified. Enclosed for deposit is $________.

Automatic Payout Account for:__________

____

My Name__________________

Address____________________

City________State______Zip Code_____

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS

NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK
Assets over $1.5 billion

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

tirely on the railroad tracks, for the woods, what with mud and remaining snow patches, were still hard going. Our railroad is a vestige of the late nineteenth century, the boom time of railroading in the nation and of iron in our town. It used to be a grand affair, helping to link Boston with the west, and up into my boyhood it still carried passengers. I have ridden on it as a passenger, indeed, and once I even rode in the cab with the engineer. But the passenger trade ceased in 1927, and since then the road's freight traffic and the length of the line itself have dwindled. Now only eight or nine miles of track are left, and over this the twice-weekly train moves haltingly, bearing things like fuel oil and building materials to Salisbury from Canaan. The trains are informal and obliging—stopping even to let dogs get out of their way—and the ties are scant hindrance to a walker, for little maintenance is done on them. Often they have rotted, and in some stretches they have vanished wholly beneath the ground. The road, I came to feel during my walks, was much like the rest of Salisbury—a once harsh and vital thing now turning quiet and enjoyable. As March went on, I began seeing pussy willows in the swamps beside the track. The fields were brown grass now, with here and there a mouse run exposed by the snow's departure, and the birds were getting thicker; the swamps were filling up with redwings, and soon the robins and many others were on hand. In February, I had heard little but chickadees or the hammering of woodpeckers or—toward dusk—the hooting of an owl. But now I heard all kinds of song.

Also in March, I got a lucky break in these researches, for two town meetings happened to be held a week apart. (Normally, the town has only three or four meetings a year, with months going by between them.) There is a mystique about New England town meetings, so often hailed as samples of pure democracy—not to mention cradles of liberty and schools of politics for the young. I had been discussing them with a few local friends, and had found some pessimism about the way they were drifting, along with an agreement that their scale, at least, was still right—that they brought together a group of people who knew each other and could coöperate. "Essentially, the town meeting is a good instrument of government, but you must have the right attendance," one friend told me. "Only on the big emotional issues do we get much of a turnout here now. Otherwise, only a few town officers

Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN

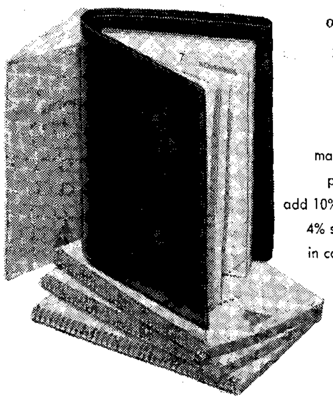
employ a French secretary!

just like every Paris businessman hugs to his breast. 3½" x 5" superb black calf, pocketed for bills and cards – complete with tuck-in address book annotated in French – and 4 quarterly *clip-in* hour-by-hour engagement diaries in French, with gilt-edged pages (the 4 reorderable from us each year)!

our own import, **12.50**

mail orders postpaid, add 10% excise, 4% sales tax in california

466 north rodeo drive, beverly hills, california
also in los angeles and santa barbara.



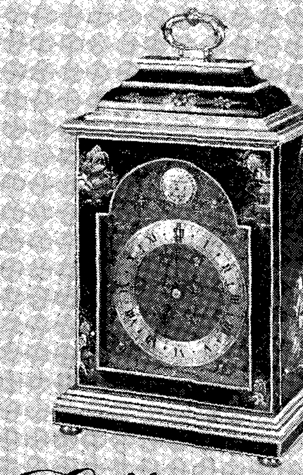
WORCESTER

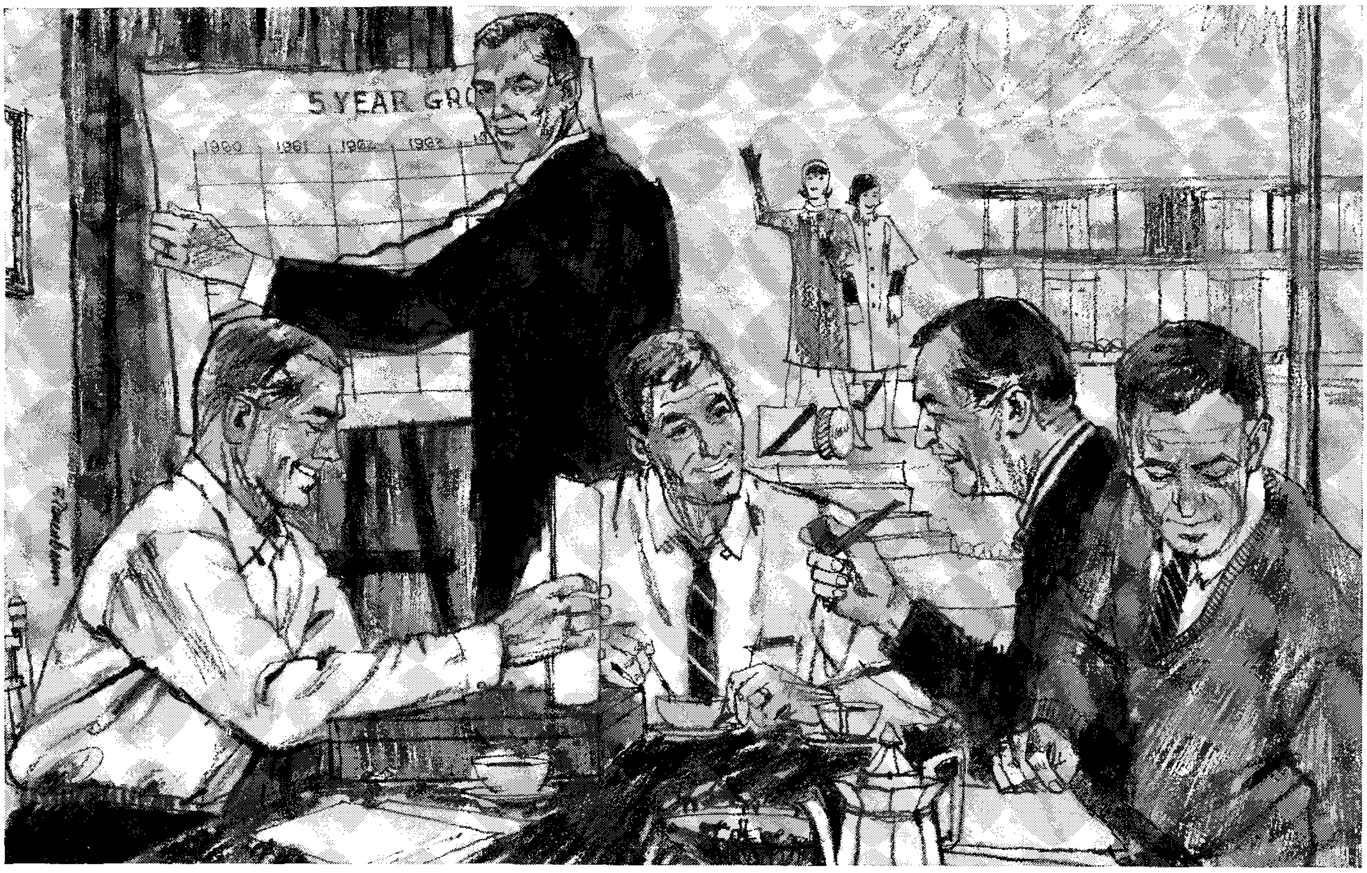
Clocks designed by experts, built by craftsmen

Elliott OF LONDON

Style 2822. A magnificent lacquer clock in red, black or white. 8-day jeweled lever movement. Antique cast corner dial. 11" high. $195. English walnut or mahogany, $155. Similar style 5246, walnut only, with full quarter-hour Whittington/Westminster chimes. 15" high. $345. Complete illustrated folder at fine stores everywhere or write:

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.
Available in Chicago at Marshall Field & Co.





WEEKEND SALES MEETINGS ARE FUN!

Check the advantages of having your salesmen bring their wives to a weekend sales meeting at Holiday Inn!

FOR YOUR SALESMEN—No loss of productive selling days • Group activities binds sales fórce closer • No long trip to and from the meeting alone

FOR YOUR EXECUTIVES—No missed appointments or calls while conducting meeting • Opportunity to become better acquainted with salesmen • Sufficient time for a complete and relaxed meeting

FOR THE WIVES—Occasion to gain better understanding of company goals and policies • Leisure to visit with other wives • Recognition for her help to husband

For complete information on the facilities and services of any Holiday Inn across the United States, Canada or Puerto Rico call the Holiday Inn Sales Office in the following metropolitan-area cities or use coupon below.

Atlanta	873-6941
Baltimore	539-2450
Chicago	427-6586
Cincinnati	381-5200
Dallas	357-1711
Detroit	963-8800
Ft. Worth	274-0943
Kansas City	471-7616
Los Angeles	273-6560
Memphis	363-3400
Milwaukee	344-7404
New York	661-3600
Philadelphia	922-3636
St. Louis	426-6600
Toledo	243-6130
Washington	525-6700

Holiday Inn®
OF AMERICA
THE NATION'S INNKEEPER®
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Holiday Inns honor GULF, American Express and Diners' Club cards. Write for your copy of the Holiday Inn directory showing location, rates and facilities at each of more than 525 Holiday Inns.

HOLIDAY INNS OF AMERICA, INC., Dept. M-11
P. O. Box 18127, Memphis 18, Tennessee
Please send me: Holiday Inn Directory

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State________ Code______

©COPYRIGHT 1964 HOLIDAY INNS OF AMERICA, INC.

come, along with a few town workmen, a few extra-dutiful citizens, a few people hoping for excitement, and a couple of journalists. That isn't enough to get the town's real sentiment." Another friend said that there had been too *much* attendance at some emotion-charged meetings in recent years, especially a couple that had debated zoning. "It was chaos," my friend said. "Nobody knew what was happening." A third friend, a Republican and a conservative, complained about the *quality* of the town meetings. "I can remember when voters here discussed expenditures carefully, after lots of thought, but now they are apt to vote for almost anything, out of sentimentality," he said. "Property owners complain sometimes about our tax rate, and I tell them it would be lower if they would attend town meetings and vote to keep expenses down. But they won't do it. The old town meetings were dominated by men who knew town business and knew the value of a dollar, but such men are getting scarce here now." (Since that conversation, I have looked up some figures and found that our tax rate is relatively low; in fact, it is the third lowest among thirty-five Connecticut towns in our population bracket. I have also found that the attendance is indeed poor at our town meetings; it rarely approaches a hundred, though we now have 2,253 registered voters, our population having climbed back by 1960 to 3,309—a gain of eight hundred in four decades.)

The turnout at my first town meeting happened to be quite good—ninety-six people, which Mrs. Nash, the town clerk, later said was the highest figure in more than two years. This meeting was called to consider an important local issue: whether to spend about sixty-five thousand dollars on renovating our town hall, an old white colonnaded Colonial-and-Federal building—incorporating part of the original church meetinghouse—of which our citizens are very proud; it looms large in Salisbury center and helps give the village an authentic, even postcard New England look. For some years, I gathered at the meeting, the insurance companies holding policies on it had complained about the structure's hand-hewn beams and underpinnings—said to have been cut partly through when modern plumbing was installed—and for a year or more the town officers had been campaigning for an overhaul of its insides. They had been criticized by some townsmen, who felt that what they really wanted was lush bureaucratic offices for themselves, but they had

Midwinter
BULLETIN
FOR
YOUR TREES

(Keep this Davey Bulletin for your personal Calendar of Tree Care)

DAVEY TREE
DAVEY TREE SERVICE

OFF-SEASON ECONOMIES!

Davey's midwinter off-season is on: take advantage of it!

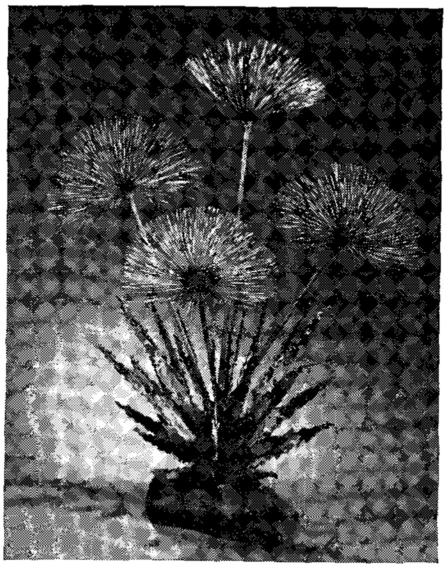
NOW—a money-saving time for trained Davey crews to remove dangerous trees and unsightly stumps while the ground is frozen. No lawn damage. "Stumpeater" levels stumps below ground level—fast, clean, inexpensive. **NOW**—damaged, split, or dead branches can be clearly seen. Davey men do an efficient, economical job of removing them. **NOW**—don't let sudden ice storms split off heavy, old limbs or crack wide V-forks! Let Davey brace and cable. **NOW**—clean up your woodlot, your outdoor "family room." Trim off low-hanging limbs. Let in more light for pleasanter summer picnicking and play. Open up new garden vistas! Get Davey experts!

Call
DAVEY TREE SERVICE

DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO

or write
The Davey Tree Expert Co.
Kent 6, Ohio

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST
TREE SAVING SERVICE IN THE WORLD

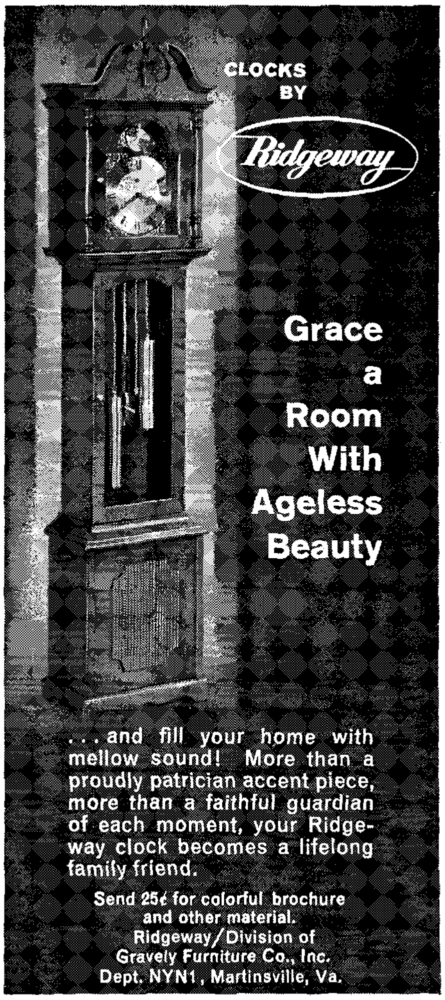


flowering fantastic

Desert plant with sizzle blooms of burnished copper on long-stemmed bronze and a fantasia of blue-green foliage. Crafted in metal, marvelously, by John Steck, and just one of the uncommonly creative plants and flowers in our collection.

This 18" tall beauty is $50; the 26" size is $60. Add $1.50 for shipping and insurance beyond regular delivery area.

america house
THE FINEST IN AMERICAN CRAFTS
44 W. 53rd St., N.Y. 19 • PL 7-9494


CLOCKS BY
Ridgeway

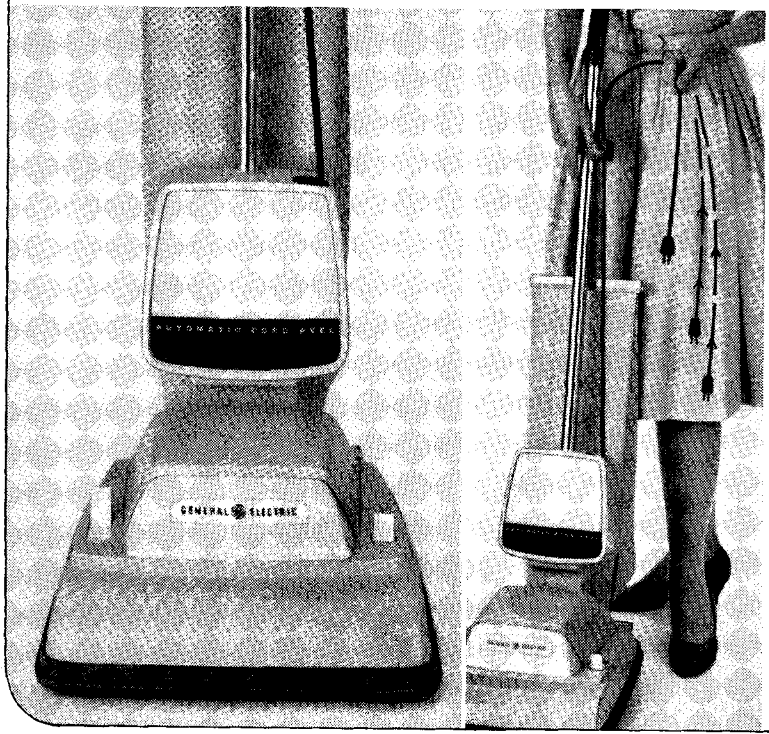
Grace a Room With Ageless Beauty

. . . and fill your home with mellow sound! More than a proudly patrician accent piece, more than a faithful guardian of each moment, your Ridgeway clock becomes a lifelong family friend.

Send 25¢ for colorful brochure and other material.
Ridgeway/Division of
Gravely Furniture Co., Inc.
Dept. NYN1, Martinsville, Va.

FIRST IN
HOME CARE
Work savers for sale!
GENERAL ELECTRIC MV1

New General Electric MV-1 Portable Cleaner does so many things so powerfully well! Lightweight, camera-size, portable (less than 12 in. long and just over 4 lbs. light), cleans, stores away where others can't. A new light, airy, and fast way to do all your above-the-floor cleaning. Good for bare floor sweeping and lightweight pick-up on carpets, too! How about your car? All the attachments you need are included.



New Upright Cleaner with Automatic Cord-Reel. No more tugging . . . twisting . . . no more tangled cords. A touch of the finger and the cord disappears into the cleaner for easy storage. Power-driven, double spiral brush lifts both surface and imbedded dirt from the deepest pile carpets. King-size bag for less changing and greater economy. Converts to attachment cleaning in seconds, no adaptor required.

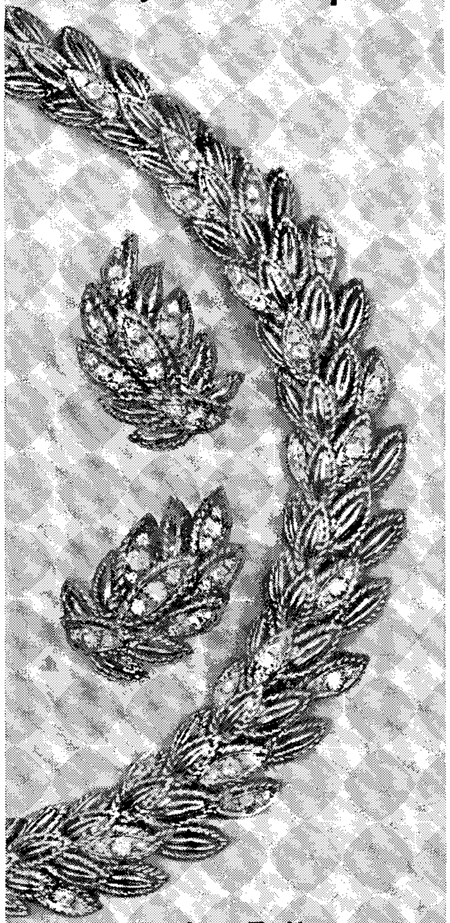
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., HOME CARE & COMFORT PRODUCTS DEPT.,
BRIDGEPORT 2, CONNECTICUT

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

"Paris Jewel Boutique"



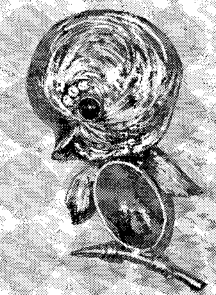
From Paris — To You

All the qualities that have made Van Cleef & Arpels world-famous are found in our Boutique jewels.

Parisienne necklace and earclips, with graceful golden leaves, diamonds. Necklace . . . $1,700. Earclips . . . $850. Matching bracelet (not shown) . . . $1,600. All available in plain gold.

Paris Sparrow clip, with gold feathers, turquoise body, ruby eye, diamond eyelid . . . $220.

Designs © Actual size 18 kt. gold
Fed. tax incl.



746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

gradually overcome this opposition, having laid the groundwork at a town meeting in the previous year. The current session was intended to clinch the decision.

The meeting was scheduled for 8 P.M. (the customary hour), and well before that the scene—a long downstairs chamber in the town hall—was filling up with citizens. Plans and charts explaining the renovation were on the walls as they assembled, and others were being put up by Nort Miner, our local architect. Soon the seats began running short, and extra benches were carried in by Bill Barnett, our first selectman, and Ray Silvernail, the town-hall janitor. Then the meeting was called to order, and Robinson Leech, the chairman of our town Republican committee, was elected moderator. First, three minor questions on the agenda were dealt with, and then the renovation issue came up. Tom Wagner, our town counsel, rose and read a motion that the money for the work be appropriated. Then George Milmine, chairman of our town board of finance—which has effective veto power in these cases—rose and said that the alterations were desirable, and called on Bill Ford, another finance-committee member (and also our judge of probate), to give further explanations. Ford read a state law that allows towns to spread unusual expenses over as much as five years, and said that Salisbury meant to spread this one over three, which would mean adding 1.1 mills to the tax rate (then 23.7 mills) for that period. He took note of some objections to the building costs (which apparently were higher than the local standard), but said that these were made necessary by state and federal minimum-wage laws. He also mentioned two neighboring towns that had recently built brand-new town halls, and said that Salisbury could do better than they at less expense—could create "an efficient municipal center" while saving a beloved antiquity. Later, there were questions from the floor, and it came out (as news to me, at least) that federal money is available to help towns in cases like this, but that Salisbury, in an earlier town meeting, had voted overwhelmingly against applying for such aid. Now some people urged a reconsideration, on the ground that the earlier meeting had been poorly attended, but the Messrs. Barnett and Ford and some others argued, successfully, that perhaps half of any federal money would be wasted in red tape and delays, and that the town's earlier stand had gained nationwide publicity and

Lord & Taylor

Hermès

Divine little silk hood from Paris, born to the sports car life. Drape it as a turban, wear it as a chic cover-up. Ours alone, in a scarf print, 22.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

The Woman Who Demands Individual Perfection

chooses the Delineator, with the incomparable fit and matchless comfort for which J. Berlé is famous. Foundations, lingerie, bathing and play suits made to order, in the finest Parisian fabrics.

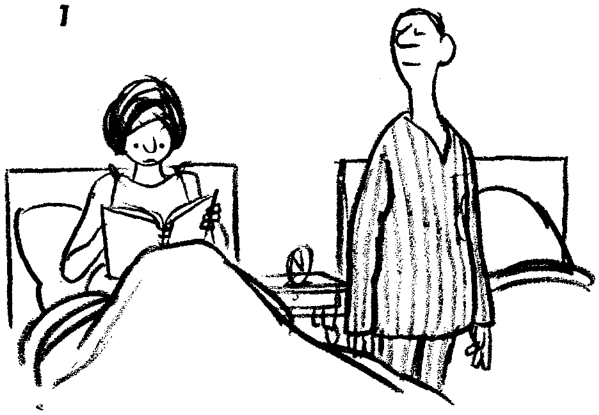
J. Berlé

DELINEATOR ©

15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

(*Advertisement*)

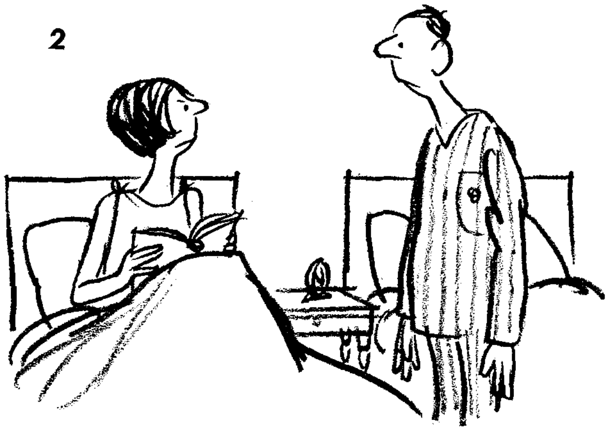
1



Did you know that when you're 35 the chance of a sickness or accident keeping you out of work over 90 days is more than twice as great as the chance of death?

Are you trying to tell me something?

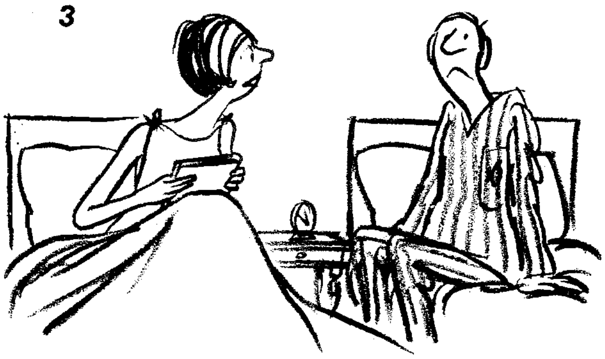
2



Well, you are 35.

And allergic to strawberries.

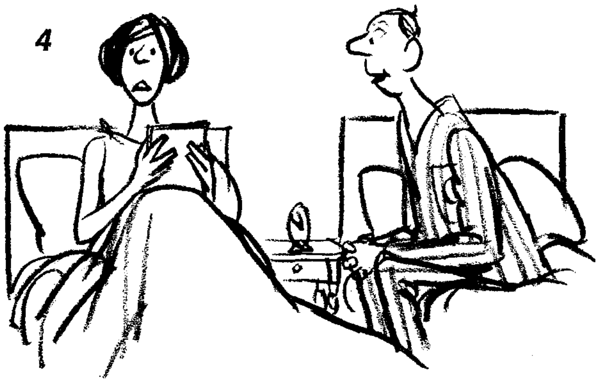
3



Just what would we live on if you weren't able to work? Remember, you have a mortgage and three hungry kids.

How can I ever forget?

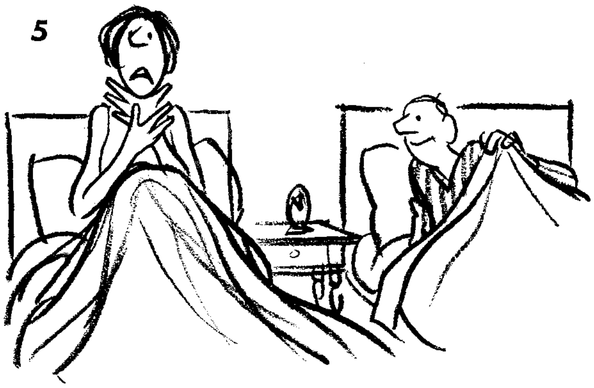
4



Our living expenses would keep going on even if your pay check stopped coming in.

Listen, I'm strong as an ox and I look both ways when I cross the street.

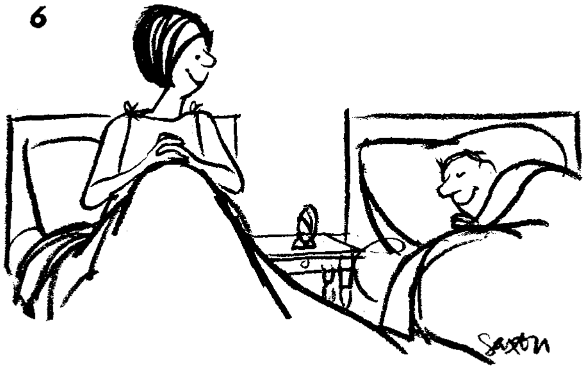
5



That's what Chuck Jones said, and he was laid up for six months.

The Joneses got by all right.

6



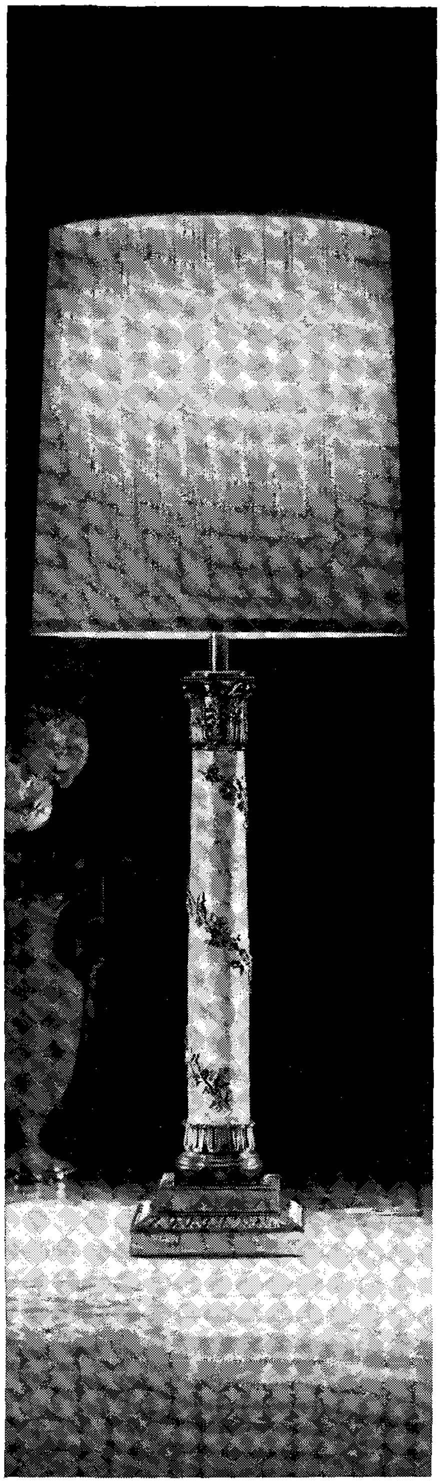
Because they had this kind of policy called Living Income from Equitable. It gave them a regular income to help meet living expenses during the time Chuck couldn't work.

Maybe we should keep up with the Joneses.

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States®

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 ©1964



STIFFEL

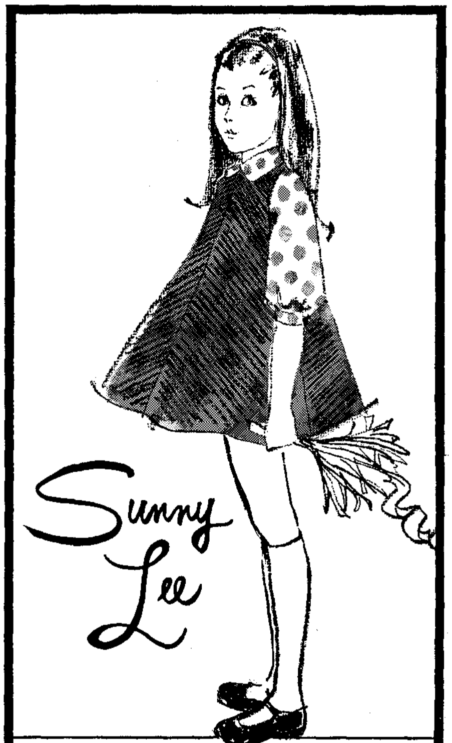
Rather elegant Second Empire column with Corinthian capital and Attic base—enameled shaft spirally entwined with traditional metal vine, leaves and fruit overlay. Excellent Dore (Empire Gilt) on all metal. 41 inches tall. About $79.50 at better stores everywhere. For descriptive literature address The Stiffel Company, Chicago 60610*

**slightly higher West, South and Canada*

could not be gracefully abandoned. The town leadership was, in fact, well prepared on the whole issue, and the motion to renovate was soon put to a vote and carried, unanimously.

After that, the floor was thrown open for other matters, and one citizen rose to ask what the town planned to do about gypsy moths, which were infesting the woods near his house. Mr. Leech called for an answer from First Selectman Barnett, who rose and gave a long explanation, quoting Rachel Carson and others, of why he was using restraint in spraying. This seemed to satisfy all present, and Mr. Leech, after congratulating Mr. Barnett on his mastery of the subject, adjourned the meeting.

MY second town meeting was called to consider an issue involving Salisbury's representation in the state legislature. Originally, as I noted earlier, each Connecticut town held two seats in the lower house, and, with some exceptions, this rule has endured to the present; it is, in fact, written into the state constitution. Meanwhile, of course, many Connecticut towns have given way to cities, but the basic principle of two seats per town has remained in force; in recent years, one-tenth of all Connecticut voters have elected more than half the members of the lower house. This setup, not surprisingly, has long been attacked by reformist elements, who have called it a rotten-borough system, and it has been correspondingly defended by our more conservative elements, who tend to feel that country or village people make a sounder electorate than the city masses do. Party factionalism has also come strongly into the matter, because country people in Connecticut are Republicans, for the most part, and city people are Democrats. On February 10th, three federal judges sitting as a panel to consider the districting of the state, had found, by a two-to-one majority, that the Connecticut lower house was being wrongly elected and should be redistricted on a one-man-one-vote basis, and they asked the Republican and Democratic parties to suggest ways of doing this. The Democrats set right out to comply, but the Republicans appealed the decision to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, new controversy over the question had sprung up everywhere—in the press, at public gatherings, and so on—and as part of this a meeting of small-town leaders, attended by many Democrats but dominated by Republicans, was held in Hartford on March 6th. This



Swinging party jumper of washable wide wale corduroy over demure dotted blouse. Pine tree green. Three to six-x about $11., seven to twelve about $13.

BEST & CO., New York • Filene's, Boston • I. Magnin & Co., West Coast or write Borgenicht Bros., Inc., 520 Eighth Ave., New York City

Droste® OF HOLLAND

CHOCOLATE APPLE

...delights the eye

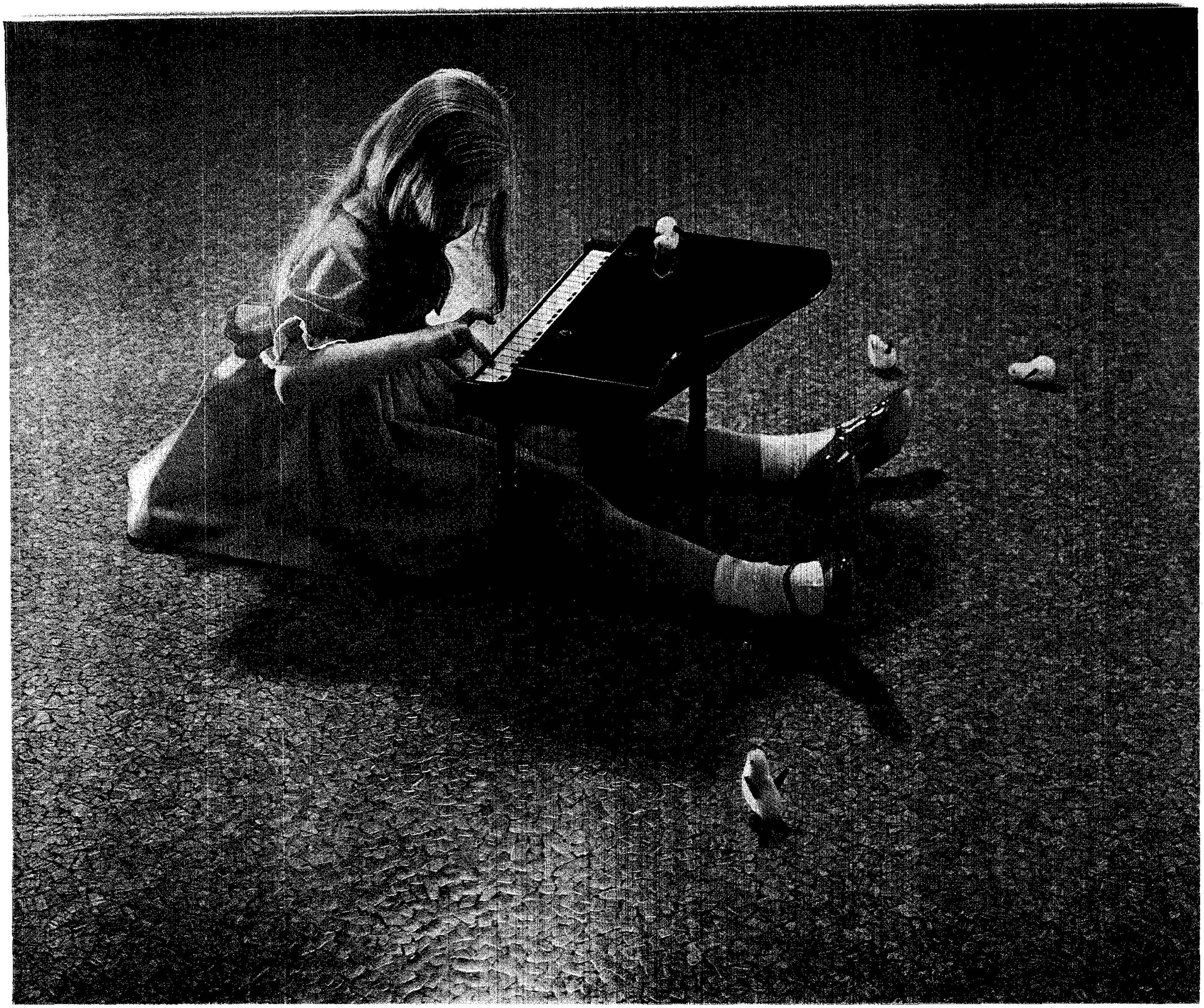
...tempts the taste

...tap it...see it fall into twenty tasty slices

Two flavors — semi-sweet or milk chocolate. Novel party surprise... unusual gift. Wherever fine foods and confections are sold.

H. Hamstra & Co. • Importers • Clifton, N.J.

CHOCOLATE APPLE
Droste



Old Mac - Don - ald had a floor, e— i— e— i— o

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
    Montina Corlon was its name, e-i-e-i-o,
With a vinyl chip here,
    and a vinyl chip there,
And here a chip, there a chip,
    everywhere a chip chip

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
    And all its chips, they looked like stone, e-i-e-i-o,
With a little stone here,
    and a little stone there,
And here a stone, there a stone,
    everywhere a stone stone

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
    And its texture, it was nubbly, e-i-e-i-o,
With a nubble nubble here,
    and a nubble nubble there,
Here a nubble, there a nubble,
    everywhere a nubble nubble

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
    For a free sample, write to us,* e-i-e-i-o,
With a sample sample here,
    and a sample sample there,
And here a sample, there a sample,
    everywhere a sample sample.

Old MacDonald had a floor,
    and that's enough of that.

Vinyl floors by **Armstrong**

*Write Armstrong, 6411 Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 114-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q. Floor style shown: 86704. Montina® and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

"The terrible thing about Burlington's nylon tricot is that it lasts and lasts and lasts..."

"The wonderful thing about Burlington's nylon tricot is that it lasts and lasts and lasts..."

It depends on your viewpoint. The fickle brunette wants the "in" look every season. Like her caged at-home culottes, hot off the drawing board of EYE-FUL. They're in the color of the hour, American Beauty red, and they make the seven veils look passé. The blonde holds on to her favorite things forever. She wears traditional tricots such as these p.j's styled for WIN'JAMAS. A discreet inlay of lace and a color called "Pearl", as classic as a string of real ones. But the girls agree on one thing—Burlington Tricot of Chemstrand nylon gives them both the flair and the wear. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Haggarty's, Southern California.

Burlington Tricot NYLON CHEMSTRAND®

Burlington Tricot Co., 1430 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018 A Division of Burlington Industries meeting decided to hire lawyers and intervene in the proceedings on behalf of the towns, and it asked the towns themselves to show their support by contributing up to a hundred dollars each toward the effort. It was to consider this request for funds that my second town meeting was called.

The meeting was less well attended than my earlier one—perhaps thirty people came—but it was lively, and for me it brought out another aspect of change in the town's significance. Of course, the judges' decision was a blow to the status of small Connecticut towns—if upheld, it would give Salisbury something like one-eighth of a seat in the lower house, instead of the two it now enjoyed—but, quite apart from that, the meeting's behavior showed that the two-party system, as such, has greatly invaded the town's outlook and helped sap its independence. In early times, party factionalism had been almost absent from town politics, but by 1841 it had become prominent enough for Judge Church to describe it in his Salisbury centennial address as "demoralizing," "disturbing," and "agitating," and to declare, "I cannot discharge a duty which I owe to the young men of my native place . . . without entreating them to divest themselves of party and political prejudices." When I first read these words, they had meant little to me, but since my second town meeting they have come to mean a lot; I feel that the Judge spotted a major trend.

That evening, George Milmine, our finance chairman, was elected moderator. He urged those present to avoid political (i.e., party) overtones in the discussion—to speak from the viewpoint of the town—and, in fact, some speakers did pay lip service to this principle, but in their actual arguments the Republican speakers talked throughout like Republicans, and the Democrats like Democrats. The Democratic Party here—traditionally a minority—has been growing of late, thanks partly to the influx of artists, writers, and other megalopolitan types. All its speakers supported their party line—in favor of redistricting—though they did it in different ways. John Wedda, the third selectman (a post that always goes to a Democrat), spoke about rotten boroughs in England, and especially about Old Sarum, Salisbury's namesake, which, he said, had wound up in the end with no inhabitants at all but with two seats in Parliament. He implied, of course, that this was no way to run a democracy. Spalding McCabe, until recently the chairman of the town

Christian
Dior

Diorling

...the new perfume of Christian Dior

Made in France

*U.S. PAT. NO. 2739467

This man was in great shape even before he bought two-way ribbed Supp-hose Socks.

So why did he buy them?

Most men who wear Supp-hose Socks could answer that question. Because most of them also keep in good shape.

Golf and tennis on week-ends. Weekly workouts. 25 push-ups every morning.

They know what's good for them.

That's one of the reasons they buy Supp-hose. It helps them keep fit. Because it makes them feel fit.

Supp-hose Socks has a two-way rib that helps ease what we call tired legs.

Supp-hose is the only sock in the world to have this remarkable rib. If any other sock claims to, we'd appreciate hearing about it.

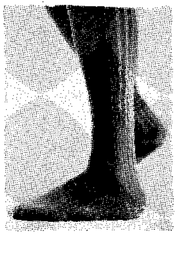
Because it's patented.*

The two-way ribbing is pretty good-looking too. No one would guess Supp-hose was a support sock. Unless you told them.

But then, most men don't think much about their legs. Until they start to hurt.

Don't you wait for that. Keep fit. Buy a pair of Supp-hose Socks for $4.95. We guarantee you'll feel good about it.

Supp-hose®
SOCKS FOR MEN
Another fine product of Kayser-Roth



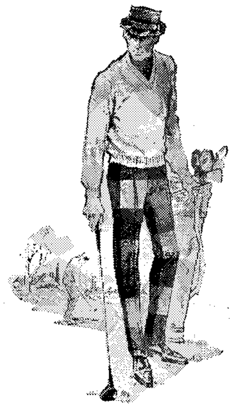
Democratic committee, brought out the point that the town would not be giving its own instructions to any lawyer it might help in hiring, and therefore questioned the wisdom of this procedure. And so on, all to the same end.

The Republicans at the meeting could theoretically have been moved by various feelings—party spirit, say, or dislike of change or of city people, or even just dislike of taxes, which would almost certainly rise with redistricting and urban control. No observer could be sure how these motives were mixed in any Republican that evening, but all the Republican speakers stuck to their party line, just as the Democrats stuck to theirs. Bill Barnett talked about the town's identity, about checks and balances, and about how well Connecticut was being run as it was. Robbo Leech talked about the small-town meeting in Hartford, which he had been to. Tom Wagner defended the proposed intervention from the legal point of view. And so on, again all to the same end. It was not a very real debate, but it was interesting. The arguments on both sides, however specious, were able and were fun to listen to, and they lasted an hour. Then the clock on the Scoville Memorial Library, across the way, struck nine, and soon after that a vote was held, by show of hands. Party again prevailed, and I daresay Judge Church was turning in his grave; the vote, fourteen to eleven, was rigidly factional, with the Republican side on top.

After that, we went home, I now thinking that the town did not amount to much as an entity where these larger issues were concerned. It had lost its people's affections to the national political parties, it had lost much of its administrative power to the welfare state, it had lost much of its identity to the regional community, it had lost its economic independence to the megalopolis, and it might soon be losing its legislative power to the cities. All that it was really holding on to, I felt, was freedom to do its own housekeeping—to renovate its town hall as it wished, for instance, and to preserve its landscape.

But that landscape, anyway—to say it again—is a marvel, and day after day, as March ran out, I kept enjoying it with all my senses. It was blustery in late March, with trees often bending in the wind, but also with more and more life coming onto the scene. Late in the month, the peepers began in the swamps, and I would hear them at night. Then some geese moved in, and I would hear them honking near my

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers



WEEKEND TROUSERS

Stimulate your fall weekend attire with our colorful winter-weight country trousers—tailored in our plain front, slim-cut model.

WIDEWALE COTTON CORDUROY (brindle tan-cream-fawn)	**$19.50**
CAVALRY TWILL, all wool worsted (natural)	**35.00**
English Worsted Flannel (lt.-med.-dark gray-olive-brown-lovat)	**29.50**
Whipcord, All Wool Worsted (natural)	**30.00**
District Check Tweeds (gray or tan Grounds)	**30.00**
PATCH SHETLAND TWEED (Custom Order Only)	**85.00**

Mail Orders Accepted *No C.O.D.'s*
Add 75¢ Postage
14 East 44th Street
CHIPP NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 CHIPP

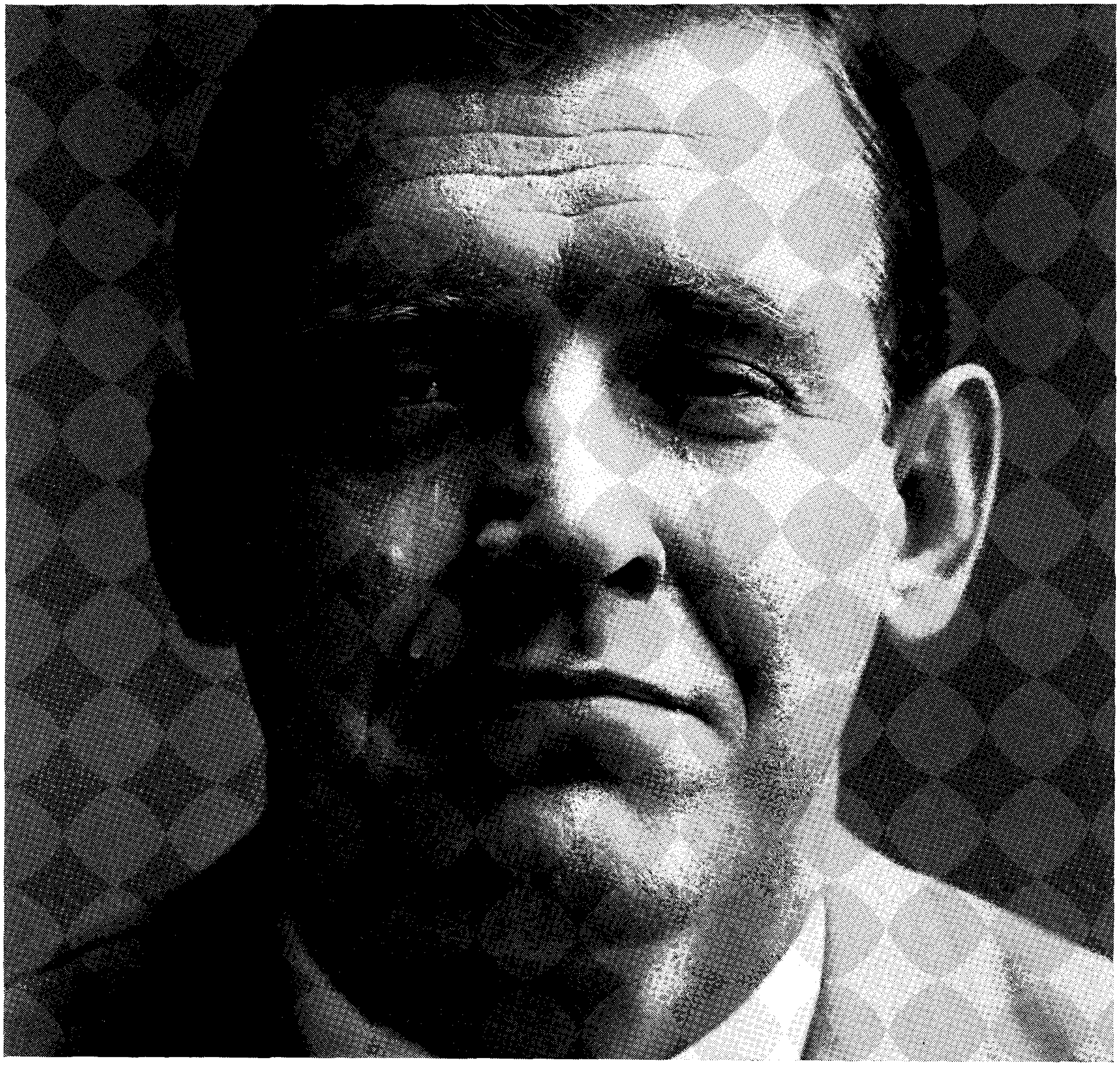
BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

Dress Wing

Refined wing tip styling in a 3-eyelet calfskin blucher. Fully leather lined. Smith Synchro-Flex construction. *Style 1668 Brown. Style 1568 Black. About $27.*
BRITISH WALKERS,
Dept. W-18, Freeport, Maine

See British Walkers at the Fair, New England Pavilion

Attention—all business travelers who feel a business trip is a chance to get away from the rigors of family life. Air Canada now has an irresistible Family Plan: 25% off. Even in Economy Class. Every day in the week. Sorry, old chap.



New daily discount Family Plan on all North American routes:

- **25% off for wives and dependent children, 12-21 years**
- **50% off for all children between 2 and 11**
- **Child under 2 travels free**

Good news, old man. Now it's easy and economical to take the gang along. Any day of the week. Consider:

You, the father, pay full fare. Your wife flies for 25% off. (If she's in charge—perhaps you got stuck at the office—she pays full fare.) As for the young ones, see our handsome box on the left for details.

On the way, we'll have special meals and reading matter for the youngsters. You'll all get the same doting service you got when you went off alone. And remember, you'll be on one of the free world's 10 great airlines.

Come to Canada soon. Try our skiing, sight-seeing, shopping, fishing, hunting, etc. (If you don't have business in Canada, you have two choices. Go purely for pleasure, or quickly arrange some business to attend to.) Ask your Travel Agent about our new Family Fare Plan. Or call us. (Come now, sir. No tears. You'll love it. So will the family. So will your wallet.)

AIR CANADA

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

Is your husband worth $220?

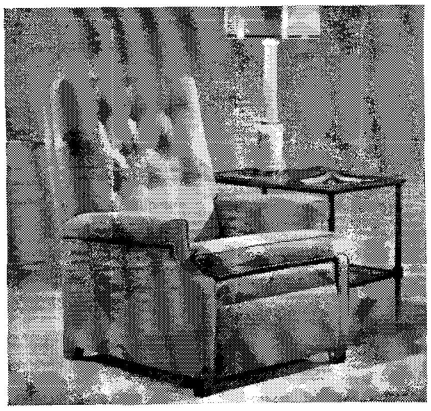
Most men realize that the fast pace of modern business should be balanced with rest and relaxation. However, most of them must be reminded to take time to simply "prop-up" their feet. Here's the answer. It's the "Prince-of-Ease". . . a chair that invites relaxation.

For your man, the "Prince-of-Ease" tilts gently back for reading or TV viewing in restful comfort...or reclines completely for a deserved cat nap.

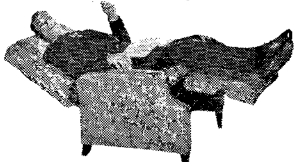
For you, Kittinger has styled the "Prince-of-Ease" to suit the most discriminating taste. It doesn't look like a reclining chair!

Comfort. Style. Kittinger craftsmanship inside and out. This is the value you receive. This is the reason prices start below $220.

See your Dealer, or write for free folder. Kittinger Company, 1899B Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. 14207.



Prince-of-Ease



KITTINGER

window in the mornings. I saw some dark-headed, white-sided ducks—bluebills? goldeneyes?—on the Housatonic one Sunday; they were a kind not found, as far as I know, on our smaller streams. And our stiller waters, too, were opening up. One day, our dog was caught, mildly, in a muskrat trap in swamp water; he stood there patiently while I took it off his foot. Another day, he found a duck in a trap himself, and we brought it home and tried to revive it, unsuccessfully. And so the days passed, and soon came Easter—it was early this year. And nature got ready for the big burst of green. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

THE COMING ON OF NIGHT

Light scatters from the trees
Like pigeons exploded into flight,
Flutters momentarily,
And seems to die on air.
Night picks up his walking stick.

Jackhammers machine-gunning the
 streets
Have stopped their persistent yammer.
Only a fragment of an echo
Brought by the restless wind
Chatters the Venetian blind.

In my room a girl trembles
To an emotion as far away
And indecipherable
As the shudder of subways
Through the belly of a building.

It is too late for summer,
But she makes fireflies
In the darkness
With her cigarette,
Insisting on her presence.

In the first night, in the Garden,
Did terror strike our hearts
With the quickness of the tiger?
Or was there a sign
To ease the uncertainty—
A surprise of stars
Assuring the upturned eyes?
Over the city now,
The stars open bloodshot eyes
In a heavy, sullen neon glow.

The girl snuffs out her light,
Makes a stirring like leaves,
Like grass disturbed by frightened
 birds,
Then empties out my room
With the closing of the door.

The heart crumples black
As a burned letter
From the half-forgotten past.
—GEORGE DICKERSON

Confusion is Expensive

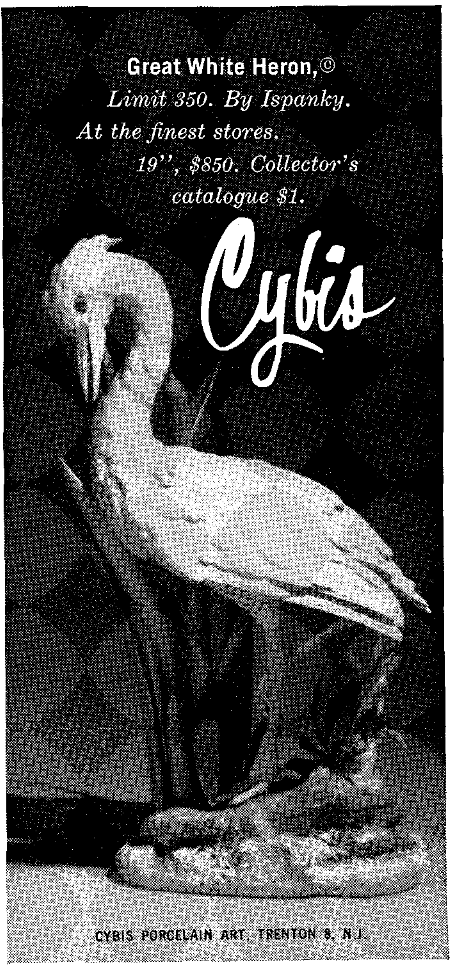
If your job requires you to move your family lock, stock and barrel to a strange city, don't despair—simply call Homerica. America's famous service for home buyers has representatives in 300 major cities—2500 prime suburbs across the land. Based on your requirements, no matter how difficult, we'll recommend the communities that offer you the maximum advantages. Then we'll ferret out potential homes and screen them thoroughly. On your inspection visit, you'll see only houses of interest. Homerica saves you time, worry and expense. There's no charge to you. Put Homerica to work for you today.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

Chicago, Marina City, 6023 East Tower 527-3111



Great White Heron,©
Limit 350. By Ispanky.
At the finest stores.
19", $850. Collector's catalogue $1.

Cybis

CYBIS PORCELAIN ART, TRENTON 8, N.J.

On Exhibit-World's Fair-Pavilion American Interiors

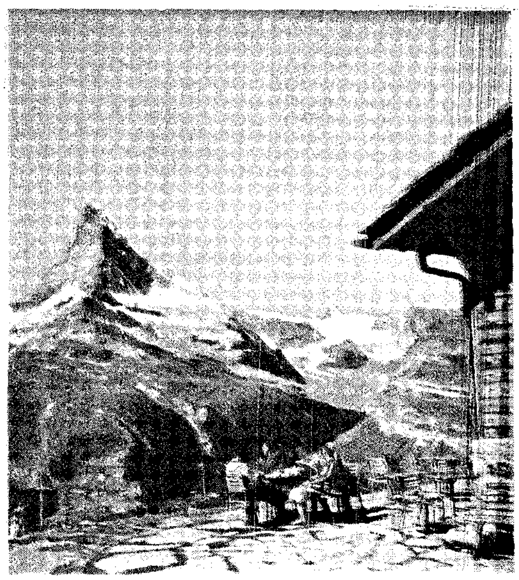
Alone at last–
Martini & Rossi Vermouth **all by itself.**
The way she likes it...he likes it...you'll like it.
Sweet or Extra Dry on the rocks.
Europe's distinguished Vermouth
is now the nation's favorite.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

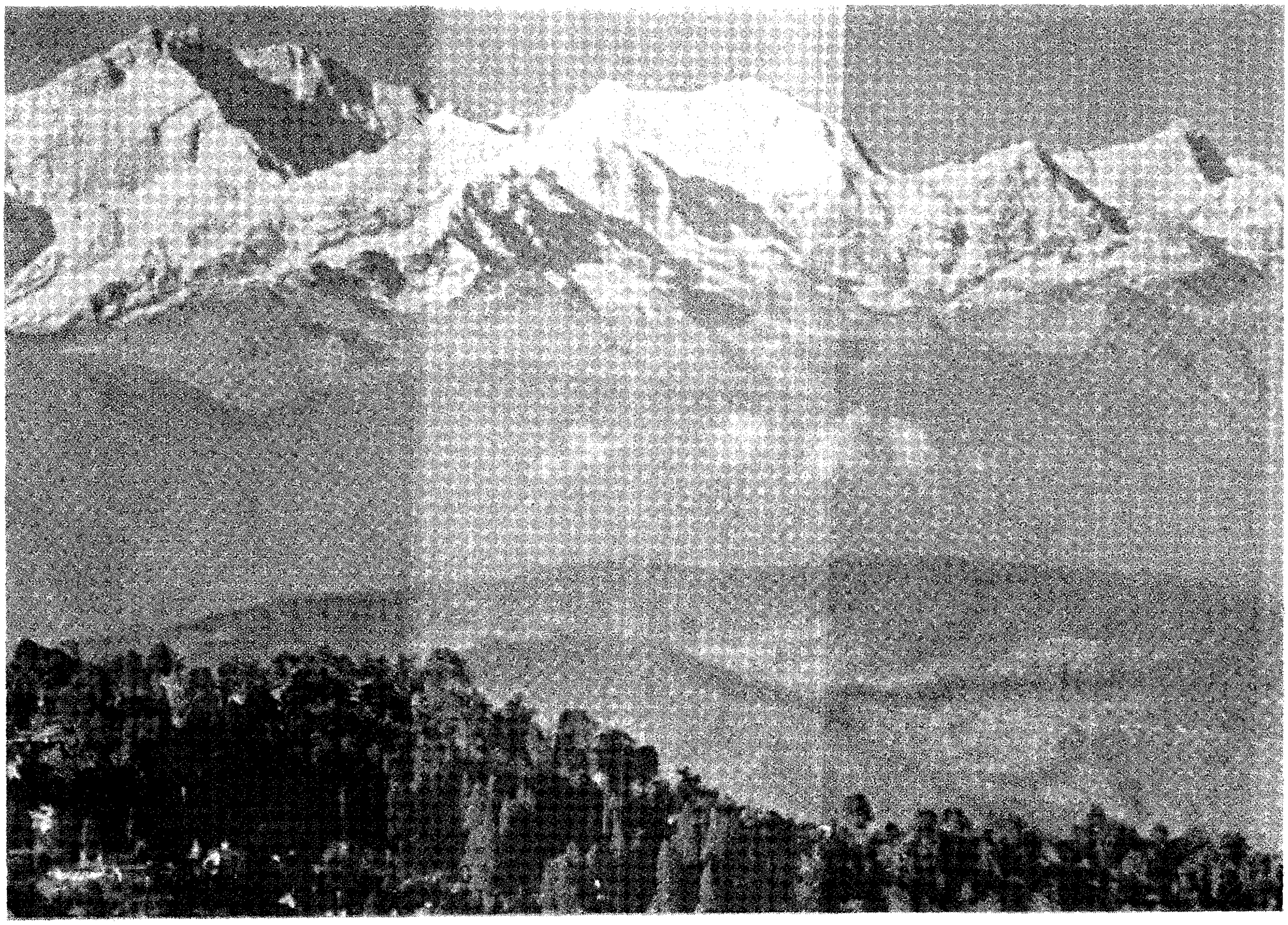
MARTINI & ROSSI
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
M&R
MARTINI & ROSSI

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH



What could be closer to heaven than the Alps?



Try the Himalayas.

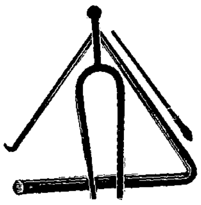
Even the seasoned Alpine traveller gets a shock at the sheer physical size of the Himalayas. When you get to the cool, breezy top of Tiger Hill in Darjeeling you can see a panorama of mountains up to 13,000 feet higher than anything in Switzerland. Standing there, it's hard to realize that the lush tropical coast of Southern India is just a few hours away. India is like that. It's a country of contrasts. You can be staying in an air-conditioned hotel while, outside, street musicians play strange-sounding melodies virtually unchanged from the 17th century. When you visit the huge, fresco-covered caverns at Ajanta and Ellora you can make most of the trip by modern airliner. But slow-moving bullock carts will share the road with the automobile that takes you the rest of the way. For brochures about India, see your Travel Agent. Or write to the Government of India Tourist Office.

New York, 19 East 49th Street. Chicago, Palmer House. San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Toronto, 177 King Street, W.

India

MUSICAL EVENTS

Conductivity



ON Wednesday evening of last week, I finally got around to attending one of the concerts of Thomas Dunn's Festival Orchestra of New York, in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Dunn has put forward a rather ambitious series of events this year—most of them conducted by himself, the rest by distinguished guest conductors—and this concert was well attended. The program consisted of an early and seldom heard Mozart symphony (No. 14 in A, K. 114), and two Mozart concertos for piano and orchestra—one the not often performed Concerto in D (K. 451), and the other the more familiar one in A (K. 488)—with Leon Fleisher as soloist. I was gratified at this unhackneyed and interesting program, but I found myself saddened by a performance of it that was way below par. Mr. Dunn is not the worst conductor currently before the New York public, and he seems greatly in earnest, but he lacks the most indispensable feature of the maestro's art—namely, an expressive beat. He does not appear to know what to do with his elbows, and his general technique consists of broad, monotonous sweeps of both arms in unison—sweeps that obviously convey little to the orchestra except the tempo. Moreover, his orchestra displays more than a touch of amateurishness, its first violin section in particular having a flabby tone and an extraordinarily feeble attack. On top of all this, Mr. Fleisher either was having a bad evening or is not the pianist I had been led to believe him to be. The K. 451 item was played, on the whole, as if he were not well acquainted with it and had memorized it on short notice. At times, his right hand did not seem to know what his left was doing; there were many fumbles in matters of detail, a very prominent one in the middle of the cadenza of the last movement; and almost nowhere did I hear the refinement of phrasing—the just accents and the diminishing phrase endings—that is mandatory in fine Mozart playing. The better-known Concerto in A got a somewhat more sensitive performance, but still not one to treasure in the memory.

Mr. Dunn's shortcomings led me to some reflections on the art of conduct-

KODAK PLUS X PAN FILM
KODAK SAFETY FILM

Candid shots of the man in Glen Guard.

How do you fit in the picture? Stop in at these great Glen Guard stores and see. Kolmer-Marcus, New York · Martini-Carl, Boston · Tabin & Pearlman Clothes, New York · Leighton's, New York · Martin's, Brooklyn, N.Y. · Turner/Fagman, Chicago · Cuzzens of Fountainebleau, Miami Beach · Scholnick's Importers-Clothiers, Detroit · Pincus Co., San Antonio · Porter's, New Orleans · Ollie Steiner's Men's Shop, Milwaukee · Tom Houlihan Men's Wear, Kansas City, Mo. · The Larkey Co., Passaic, Newark & Paterson, N.J. · Posner's, Bayonne, N.J. · Novell's, King of Prussia, Pa. For your free illustrated style booklet, write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. C, 12 East 14th Street, New York 3.

Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES

BONWIT TELLER

FOR MISS BONWIT'S HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS

Our gentle shape of dress, bowed at the throat, in a fluffy blend of wool-mohair-and-other-fibers is quite a knockout in white, cerise or jade green. By Adele Martin for 8 to 16 sizes, 40.00
Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT DRESSES
721 Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

ing that I found dispiriting. The world today seems to be flooded with young conductors who have little more idea of their craft than that it consists of studying scores, looking heroic, and beating time. Moreover, the standards of thirty years ago are seldom approached in today's concert halls even by experienced maestros. A few relics of the great age of conducting—Stokowski, Klemperer, Knappertsbusch (he, as far as I am aware, has never appeared on this side of the Atlantic)—remain. There are no longer any Nikisches, Toscaninis, or Furtwänglers. There is, to my knowledge, only one living maestro of the middle generation who can create vast excitement from the podium and make his audience feel that it is experiencing a revelation, and that is Herbert von Karajan, a highly temperamental—not to say tempestuous—figure who ought to be engaged by some courageous American symphony orchestra or opera company while he is at the height of his powers. I can also discern, every once in a while, a younger figure who seems to have the makings of a fine maestro—Zubin Mehta, who conducts orchestras in Los Angeles and Montreal, is one—but such men are few. The rest are mostly technicians endowed with a greater or lesser degree of artistic sensitivity. The popular and flamboyant Leonard Bernstein is a maestro of great talent but one who is only intermittently dedicated to the art of conducting, and whose antics on the podium are generally deplored by knowing music buffs. Our standards in this field have slipped, and only a miracle can prevent the era of the true virtuoso conductor—an exciting period that lasted from about 1860 to 1954 (the date of Toscanini's retirement)—from becoming only a memory.

WITH all this in mind, I went last Thursday evening to the New York Philharmonic's concert in Philharmonic Hall, under the leadership of Josef Krips. Now, Mr. Krips is, by the standards of the moment, a fine maestro—one whose insight into Bruckner's music I particularly appreciate. His performance of Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn was fair enough and his reading of Schumann's Fourth Symphony agreeably robust. But to those who can remember the magical understanding that Toscanini brought to both these works, Mr. Krips's versions seemed clumsy. There were other works on the program—Copland's pleasant, impressionistic "Quiet City," which, to me, is one

OUR EXCLUSIVE
JEWELED FLOWER PIN

Clustered ruby beads and faceted sapphires sparkle with natural freshness in their surrounding of soft and bright textured flower petals of hand finished, imported 18k gold.

fed. tax included, $185
illustration actual size
Gift Boxed by Mail

BLACK STARR & FROST LTD.
222 E. Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

Ah, the days.
Ah, the nights.
Ah, the fun.
THE COLONY
Montego Bay JAMAICA

Vacation in grand style at this glamorous tropic hotel at chic Montego Bay. You'll escape all pressures with pleasure-filled, relaxing days in our freshwater pool or on our 750-foot white sand beach. Just for fun, there's sailing, catamaraning, skin-diving, fishing, tennis, and gay island entertainment nightly. Golf on superb 18-hole championship course adjoining the Colony. Daily rates, winter season beginning Dec. 18 (including full breakfast on your private patio and oceanside dinner dancing) from $24 per person, double. Lower rates to Dec. 17; also Jan. 6-27, and after March 22.
See your travel agent or our international representatives: Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N.Y.
PL 7-2444
Also Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, England

The Colony
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, W. I.
A. Lee Wills, Managing Director

of the most attractive compositions he has created, and Prokofieff's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2. I am a great admirer of Prokofieff, but this is not my favorite Prokofieff work. It is an aggressive, thumping concoction, with passages in which I defy the keenest ear to tell whether the pianist is playing the right notes. The pianist on this occasion was the twenty-year-old Lorin Hollander, and he did what was expected of him, presenting the spectacle of a really first-rate slam-bang pianist playing a slam-bang work. Mr. Hollander probably has other, more refined gifts, but one was not able to appreciate them on this occasion.

There is one more comment I should like to make about this concert, and it concerns the Philharmonic's horn section. Toward the end of any concert, it usually plays like a quartet of angels. But at the beginning, or when it first appears onstage, it is apt to miss notes or scatter them like buckshot. This happened in the opening Variations the other night, and it has happened frequently before. The explanation is, of course, that the gentlemen playing the horns have not had time to warm up, and though it is not a critic's function to tell musicians how to play, I cannot refrain from observing that the only solution is for them to get to the hall ahead of time and spend a half hour exercising with their instruments. In the days of the great Bruno Jaenicke, who played first horn for Toscanini, this sort of thing could never have occurred.

ON Friday evening, I returned to Carnegie Hall for a piano recital by the young pianist Ralph Votapek. He revealed a nice romantic feeling in Brahms' Six Pieces, Opus 118, a good classical style in Bach's E-Minor Toccata, quite a lot of dash in Prokofieff's Sonata No. 5 in C, and some beautiful tone in excerpts from Olivier Messiaen's boring "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus." But Mr. Votapek needs to cultivate a larger range of dynamics than he showed the other night. What he did was pleasant enough, but it was not the last word in virtuoso piano playing.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

Concerts

WITH the exception of Duke Ellington's band, which has long been its ingenious creator's fifth limb, the best of the big jazz groups flourished for remarkably short periods. Benny Carter's bloomed for a couple

© COTY 1964
EMERAUDE
PARFUM DE
COTY

First you've got to get his attention!

For the woman who dares to be different.

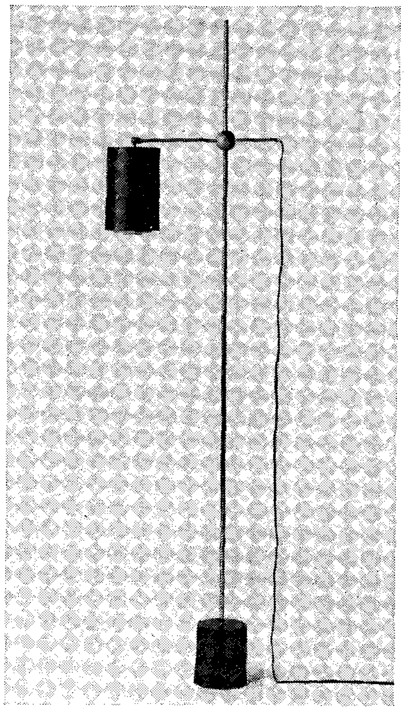
Would
you ever believe
this building
houses
the world's most
celebrated
names in
home
furnishings,
rugs and carpets.
Firms like
Baker-Manor House
Camer Glass
Dunbar
Dux
Ficks-Reed
Fritz Hansen
Kent-Costikyan
Kittinger
Mason-Art
Meldan House
Herman Miller
Milling Road Shop
Nahon Furniture Co., Inc.
Romweber-American
John Scalia, Schmieg & Kotzian
George Tanier
Richard Wheelwright
Woodard
Unika-Vaev.
It's the one place
in New York
where
you see the world's best.
Come by.
Come browse.
When you buy,
you must
work through an
established
trade source.

The Decorative Arts Center
305 EAST 63RD STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS & MANAGERS: HARRY G. SILVERSTEIN & SONS

of years, Cab Calloway's a little longer, Fletcher Henderson's for four or five years, Jimmy Lunceford's for six stirring years, and Count Basie's for the same length of time. Each followed the same life cycle—an early, ragged excitement; a gradual concentration of forces, built around stable, first-rate soloists; that brief prime, marked by resiliency, power, and collective brilliance; attempts to ape earlier successes; the one-by-one departure of the star soloists; and a final, fatal brittleness. All but one of these five bands died of natural causes. That one is Count Basie's, and how it has kept going twenty years longer than its peers is a mystery. Perhaps Basie's sheer determination and skill as a leader have something to do with it. Perhaps it is the vitamins—in the form of slick arrangements and precision playing—that he forces on the band. Perhaps it is the fervor of a dwindling audience, which remembers and loves the big bands and dreams of their return. Yet, unlike most everlasting successes, the present Basie band, formed in 1952, bears almost *no* resemblance to its celebrated predecessor—a loosely joined group of exceptional soloists who exhibited a small-band compactness and weight and only played at being a big band. The new Basie band is the reverse; it is an ensemble band. It delights in trumpet-section blasts, unison full-band elephant calls, and thick, oaken reed-and-trombone figures. It delights in *volume and rush and heavy rhythm*, as if it were a flying wedge that had to cover half the field in seconds for the winning score. Its soloists are incidental, and in some cases have actually been kept from fruition by the steady mass and din around them. But several things about the band *do* recall the old days—Basie himself, and Freddie Green, his peerless guitarist and the sole survivor of the original group, and the band's continuing fondness for the blues.

These qualities made the band bearable not long ago at Philharmonic Hall, where it appeared, seventeen strong, with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Half of its fourteen numbers were blues, and they were almost all opened by Basie, who, allowing himself as many as four choruses, seemed to float over the glistening chords laid down by Green. (Thanks to the recent acoustical adjustments in the hall, Green was as clear as a sneeze in church.) But these airy preambles were invariably overtaken by the hordes on the tundra, and so were the other soloists, who confused oomph with invention. The

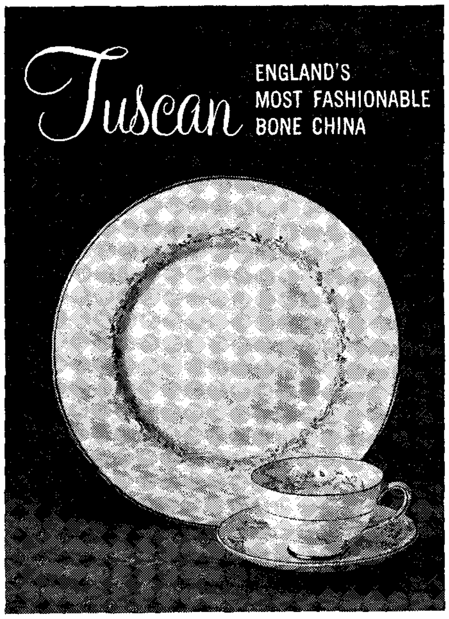


This lamp has a ball.

It's a teak ball that controls the whole lamp. The lamp is basically 2 slim satin chrome rods inserted through this ball. When you raise the ball, you raise the light. Lower the ball to lower the light. To lengthen the arm, push it through the ball. To shorten it, pull. When you turn the ball, you turn the light. This 57½" lamp has a swiveling black metal shade, and a very stationary black metal base. Spend the $48 for this lamp, and we guarantee you'll have a ball with it.

NEW 52 PG. CATALOG...ONLY 25c
Mail orders and browsers invited.

GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-27, 888 Madison Ave. (72nd St.)
N.Y.C.21, UN 1-8955. Open Thurs. till 8.

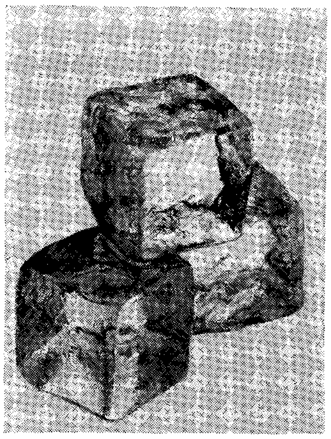


SILVER GLADE—5 piece place setting about $18
Send 25¢ for complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
23rd and Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103 (Dept. NY)

pot was kept boiling by Sonny Payne, an old-fashioned, stick-spinning show drummer, who, during an immense solo in "Old Man River," frequently recalled a DC-3 warming up.

The Brubeck quartet preceded Basie. Joe Morello, its eight-cylinder drummer, virtually swallowed the group when he joined five or six years ago, but he now appears weary of this pastime. Paul Desmond continues to dream of Benny Carter and soft, gentle things. Eugene Wright, the bassist, counts aloud the telephone poles as they go by. And Brubeck is all fuchsia.

AROUND 1940, when it was still possible for such matters as the relative merits of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra to be of national concern, one of the warmest no-account controversies raged between admirers of jazz and admirers of classical music. The latter group resented Tin Pan Alley's pilfering of choice Beethoven and Tchaikovsky melodies, as well as the often nonsensical attempts, by the likes of the pianist Hazel Scott, to "jazz" the classics. Jazz students, on the other hand, burned under the condescension of classical admirers, who considered jazz shaggy and vulgar. But the two camps might have joined hands over the Swingle Singers, a group of eight classically trained French performers (four male, four female) who have devoted the past couple of years to interpretations of baroque music that are melodically and harmonically faithful to the originals yet are sung to the accompaniment of a jazz bassist and drummer. The results were on display for the first time here at Carnegie Hall a week ago, and they were a delight. Not only do the Swingle Singers know precisely what they are doing (Ward Swingle, their creator and leader, sings tenor with them) but their materials—possibly because of their seemingly semi-improvised sound—are singularly adaptable to such handling. (The Swingles either hum or scat-sing.) Particularly notable were the slow, lyrical humming of the aria from Bach's D Major Suite, and scat-singing versions of the Symphonia from his Second Partita, a selection from his Clavichord Concerto, and Mozart's variations on "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." These were enhanced in an extraordinary fashion by the solo work of Christiane LeGrand, a soprano whose perfect timing, inflections, and subtle departures from the originals had the authority and surprise of superior jazz improvisations. The rest of the dozen numbers were almost



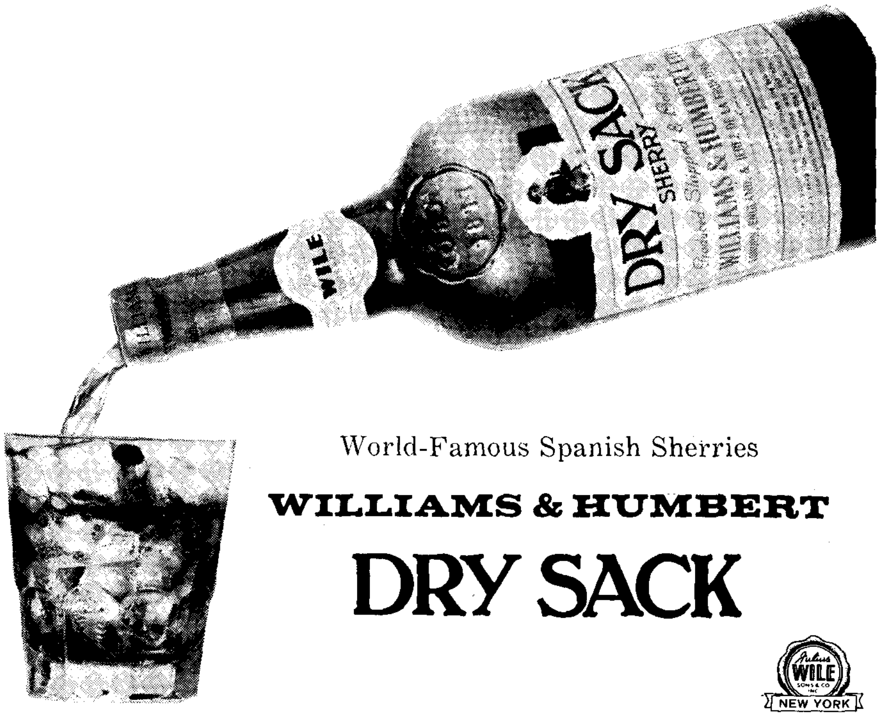
"rocks" man

and how they changed his mind about sherry.

Chances are that the man who says "no" to sherry never tasted Dry Sack on-the-rocks. Never savored Dry Sack's nutty, robust flavor. Never whiffed its pleasing aroma. Never knew that Dry Sack has the body and flavor to stand up to ice.

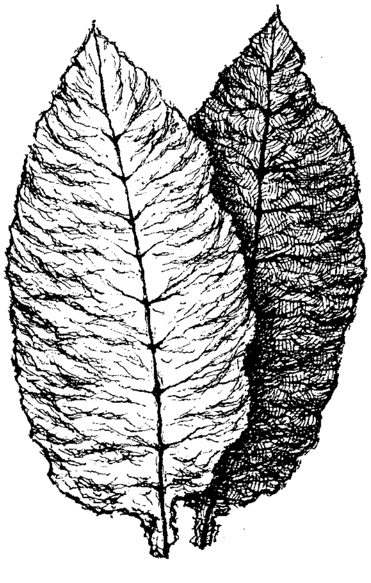
Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack—the man's sherry—is so popular!

"Dry Sack on-the-rocks" changed men's minds about sherry.



World-Famous Spanish Sherries
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK



Virginia & Perique and nothing else

Only two kinds of tobacco ever go into Cope's Escudo. Virginia and luscious dark Perique from Louisiana. No other tobaccos—and emphatically no scent or flavouring. It was back in 1912 that one of our blenders had this wild idea of creating a luxury tobacco using just two kinds of leaf. Or rather it was then that he perfected the blend: no-one knows how long it took him. Today we still make Escudo the same way, from the same two aristocratic leaves. We still go through the pleasant business of rolling it in string to mature (a method pinched from England's old mariners). And we still think Escudo is the most civilised tobacco in the world. See if you don't agree.

If you have any difficulty in getting Escudo, please write for the address of your nearest stockist to the importers: A. Oppenheimer & Co. Inc., 230 West Passaic Street, Maywood, New Jersey.

ESCUDO - Cope's very special tobacco from England

COPE'S ESCUDO
NAVY DE LUXE
PURE TOBACCO

A GALLAHER GROUP PRODUCT

equally distinguished, and were firmly though discreetly anchored by the rhythm section. It may be that the classical and jazz purists *will* belabor each other over the Swingles, but no matter. Purists, like bulldogs, have a steadfast bite and little imagination.

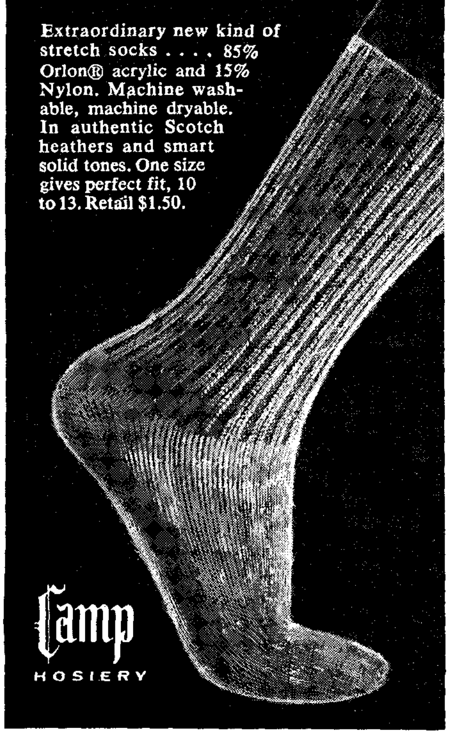
The first half of the evening was given over to the Oscar Peterson Trio, which is distinguished largely by its bassist, Ray Brown, a marvellous Jimmy Blanton performer, whose rare, fleeting solos were as fluid and lyrical as those of any bassist alive. (Asked during intermission why Peterson did not allow Brown more solo space, a friend suggested that perhaps Peterson, a compulsive soloist, couldn't find the off button.) Peterson's playing continues to be a pudding made from the leavings of Art Tatum, Nat Cole, and Teddy Wilson. That he stirs it so vigorously fools most of the people most of the time.

Clark Terry, equipped with trumpet, flugelhorn, and plunger mute, joined the trio in four numbers. In "Mack the Knife," Terry, whose oiled technique and rich tone occasionally lead him through clover beds of clichés, settled into some sumptuous flugelhorn variations, and in a blues he simply sang several wordless choruses, alternately whining and guttural, and apparently designed as a lampoon of all blues singing, from Blind Lemon Jefferson to Jimmy Rushing. It was very funny.

SOME days before the Basie and Swingle affairs, Stan Getz, playing with a quartet and as an accompanist for João and Astrud Gilberto, appeared at Carnegie Hall. Getz was in fulsome form. His vibrato shimmied, there were tears in his tone, and his falsetto notes brushed high C. It was a Ma Perkins performance, and it was a relief to have the Gilbertos along. They are immaculately cool bossa-nova singers. His voice is small but affecting, and she, as far as I know, is unique. Singing in English, she arranges her phrases in easy, curveless monotones. The resulting singsong effect, coupled with her tall, dark, shy beauty, is irresistible.

Check List

THE BENNY GOODMAN QUARTET: TOGETHER AGAIN (Victor Mono LPM-2698). This portly and agreeable reunion of the first Benny Goodman quartet (Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa) is a reminder that although the Goodman band sank long ago,



Shaggy Knit

HUSKY! HEATHERY! HANDSOME!

Extraordinary new kind of stretch socks . . . . 85% Orlon® acrylic and 15% Nylon. Machine washable, machine dryable. In authentic Scotch heathers and smart solid tones. One size gives perfect fit, 10 to 13. Retail $1.50.

Camp
HOSIERY

FEATURED AT **LORD & TAYLOR**

New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Jenkintown, Pa., Washington-Chevy Chase

The Plain toe

. . . by Barrie Ltd. of New Haven. A traditional seamless blucher for wear in town or country. Detailed with full leather linings, complete storm welts and double leather soles and heels with V-plates. Available in hand-antiqued golden tan grained calf, polished black grained calf or light brown French smooth calf.

Order by mail, $27.95 postpaid. State shoe size and width. Address all orders to Barrie Ltd., 260 York St., New Haven, Conn., Dept. NY 11.

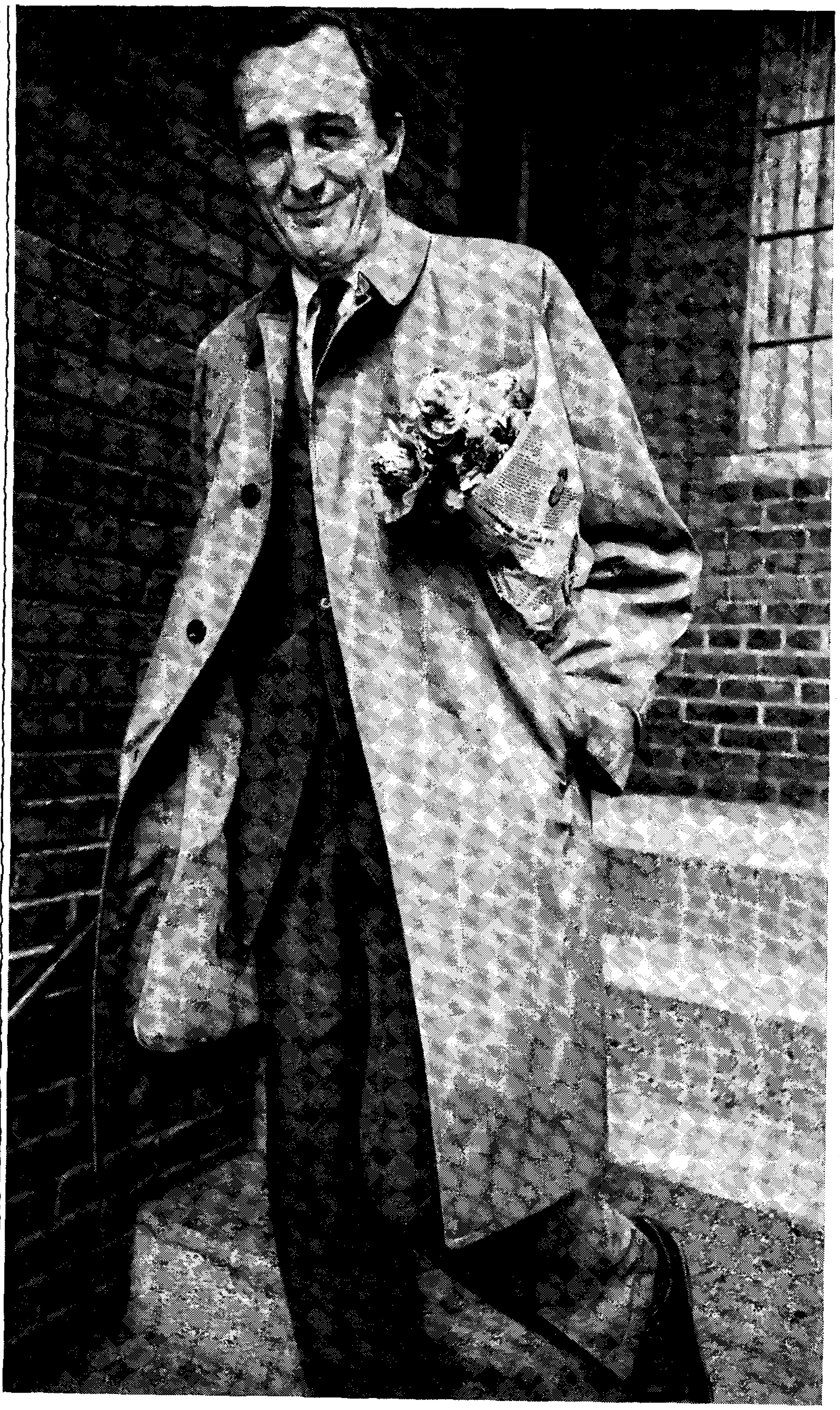
FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

A cherry, a quick jerk of bitters, one part vermouth with 5 parts Beam's Pin-Bottle Bourbon and you not only have a Manhattan...but the Bronx and Staten Island, too.

BEAM'S PIN-BOTTLE. 8 YRS. OLD. 86.8 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
JAMES B. BEAM DIST. CO., CLERMONT, KY.

the incidental small Goodman groups remain afloat. The earliest, composed of Goodman, Wilson, and Krupa, perfected an informal chamber jazz that had been dabbled in for over a decade by everyone from Jelly Roll Morton to Red Norvo. Goodman's fluency and articulateness were matched by Wilson's soft-shoe runs and chords, and Krupa's comparative heat and roughness kept the music from turning dandyish. After a while, Goodman added Lionel Hampton, whose steady invention and carillon instrument immediately filled the trio's occasional blank spaces; more than that, he forced the group to swing. There were further improvements in 1938 when Dave Tough, with his light-steel touch, replaced Krupa, never a self-effacing drummer. Wilson and Tough departed, and the Goodman sextet surfaced, with Hampton, Fletcher Henderson (piano), Charlie Christian, Artie Bernstein (bass), and Nick Fatool (drums). Henderson was an indifferent though charming pianist, and Bernstein and Fatool were adequate, but Christian was a marvel. His long, ringing melodic lines, which seemed to be casually propped against the beat, resembled the earlier experiments of Red Allen and Lester Young, and for the first time a Goodman small group broke ground instead of being a highly stylized form of the small-band Chicago jazz Goodman had helped create. In 1940, the sextet became a septet, and within the next year it made eleven priceless recordings. In its personnel were Cootie Williams, who had just left Duke Ellington, and George Auld, a Ben Webster admirer, as well as Christian, Bernstein, Johnny Guarnieri, and the drummer Harry Jaeger. Count Basie, however, sat in on eight recordings, and Jo Jones on four. The septet was a miraculous fusion of the best that had come before: Basie, Jones, Christian, and Auld reflected the glider qualities of Kansas City jazz, Goodman supplied the heat and form of Chicago jazz, and Williams recalled Louis Armstrong. Goodman has never put together a better group, and only Basie and Ellington have matched it. The present recording is surprisingly fresh and assured. Goodman, who has been notably lackadaisical in recent years, sounds like his old self, and Wilson and Hampton bear down. Krupa is again the bad boy. There



On you it looks good
—because Gleneagles are made for real people.

Made of Gleneagles "Royal Touch" cloth (80% Dacron®, 20% Cotton) tightly woven and ZEPEL treated for rain and stain protection. Completely wash and wear. Deep plush, blonde pile liner. Just zip-in warm winter protection. The "Clent"—in taupe, black, dark olive, bronze: $60—and the buttons will never fall off.

Gleneagles
1290 Sixth Avenue, New York

BUTTE KNIT
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

Contemporary classic in a tri-season ripple knit wool. Chanel inspired jacket underlines the new U-scarfed neckline on a short-sleeved overblouse. Slim skirt. Bright navy, raspberry punch, sea green . . . all with white. Sizes 8 to 20. About $40.

At B. ALTMAN & CO., New York
J. L. HUDSON, Detroit
J. W. ROBINSON, Los Angeles
and all fine stores. Or write Butte Knit,
1407 Broadway, New York 18.

DESIGNED BY NEUMA AGINS

HIGHER IN THE WEST

are ten numbers, and though they tend to slide here and there into gray patches, there are enough spirit and skill to make one go back eagerly to the original recordings.

Duke Ellington: Daybreak Express (Victor LPV-506) and Great Times: Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn Piano Duets (Riverside 475). The first of these presents sixteen long-unavailable numbers recorded by Ellington between 1931 and 1934. The band was essentially the one that reached such exalted heights in 1940, and it numbered Cootie Williams, Tricky Sam Nanton, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Harry Carney, and Sonny Greer in its ranks; the later addition of Ben Webster, Jimmy Blanton, and Rex Stewart made it infallible. The principal difference, however, between the earlier and later bands was rhythmic. The early band had not learned to move en masse, in the manner of the 1940 one in "Cottontail" and "Main Stem;" the rhythm section still had square wheels; the horn sections were more involved with right notes than with metre. But Ellington himself was already a master. His conception of a big jazz band as a group of first-rate soloists supported by solo-like sections is in full evidence. Time and again, one finds those easy, nudging reed passages, brilliant Old Glory trumpet bursts, and slide-away trombones, to say nothing of the exultant unison passages. His composing is of a similar order ("Delta Serenade," "Dallas Doings," "Rude Interlude," "Stompy Jones," "Solitude"), and his soloists prove it. Two numbers are also graced by the late and remarkable Ivie Anderson. Unlike most jazz singers, she had a clear, measured voice, superb diction, and an easy, fingertips attack. She had no model and has had no successors. The second record contains eight duets set down, sometimes on just one piano, by Ellington and Strayhorn in 1950. (The four other selections are devoted to Oscar Pettiford on cello, accompanied by Ellington and rhythm.) Since the two pianists have similar styles (Strayhorn tends to be even more ethereal and impressionistic), the results are harmonious but never repetitive, and they are witty as well. Each generally takes a turn with the melody and with improvisations on it, backed by the

CHARTREUSE GREEN TOURMALINE
AND DIAMOND CLIP
SET IN 18KT GOLD

Made
in
France

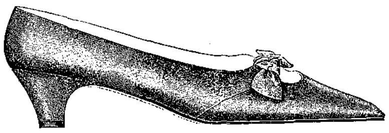
$1750.*

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

B Altman & Co

FROM THE ALTMAN COLLECTION:
SILVIA OF FIORENTINA'S GEM
IN SHIMMERING SATIN. 35.00



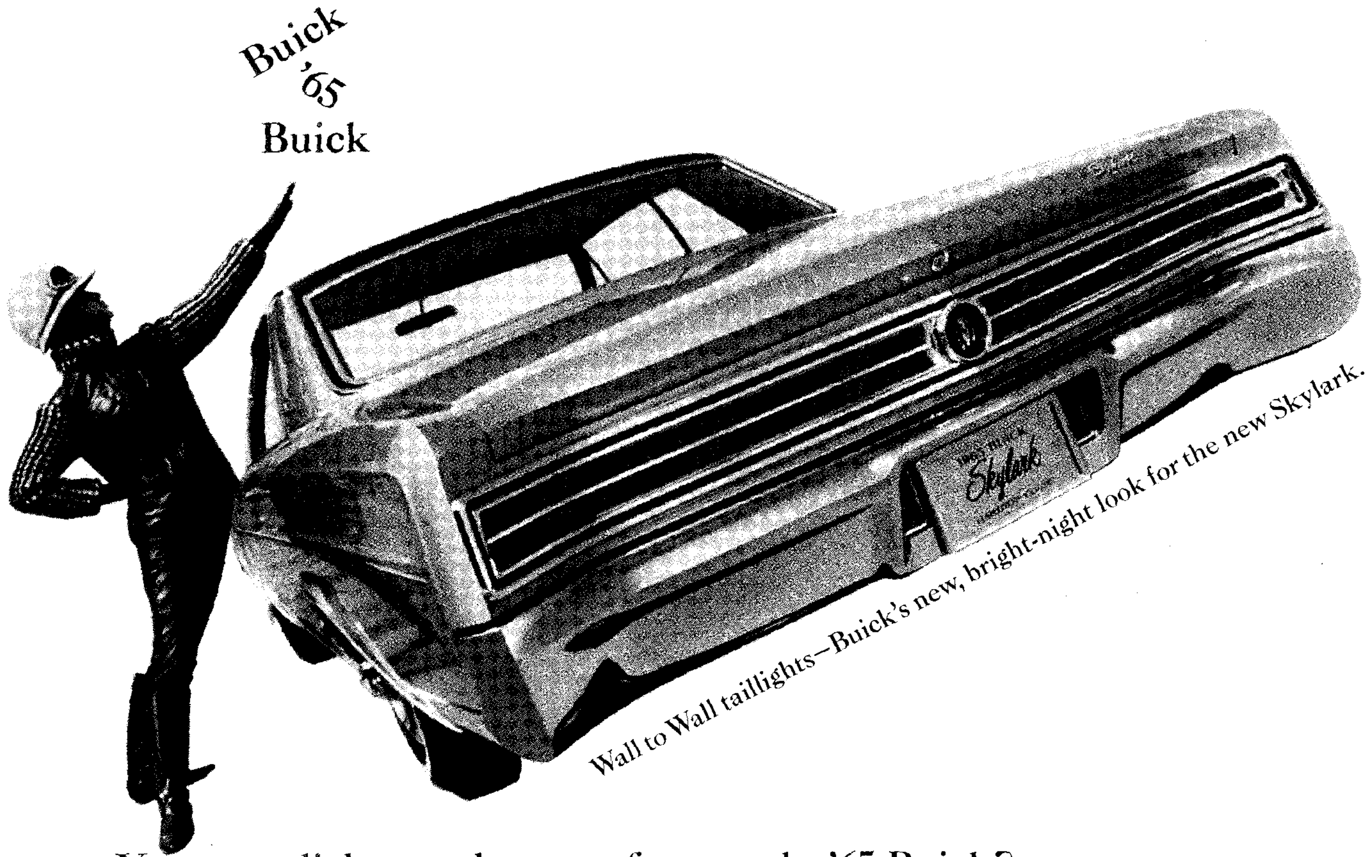
THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR
FIFTH AVENUE AND SUBURBAN STORES

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal.
A Light-bodied Rosé wine—
slightly effervescent—
delightfully different in
taste. Bottled in hand
molded earthenware
crock or glass jug.

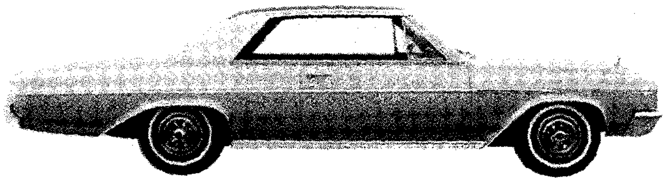
SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.



Wall to Wall taillights—Buick's new, bright-night look for the new Skylark.

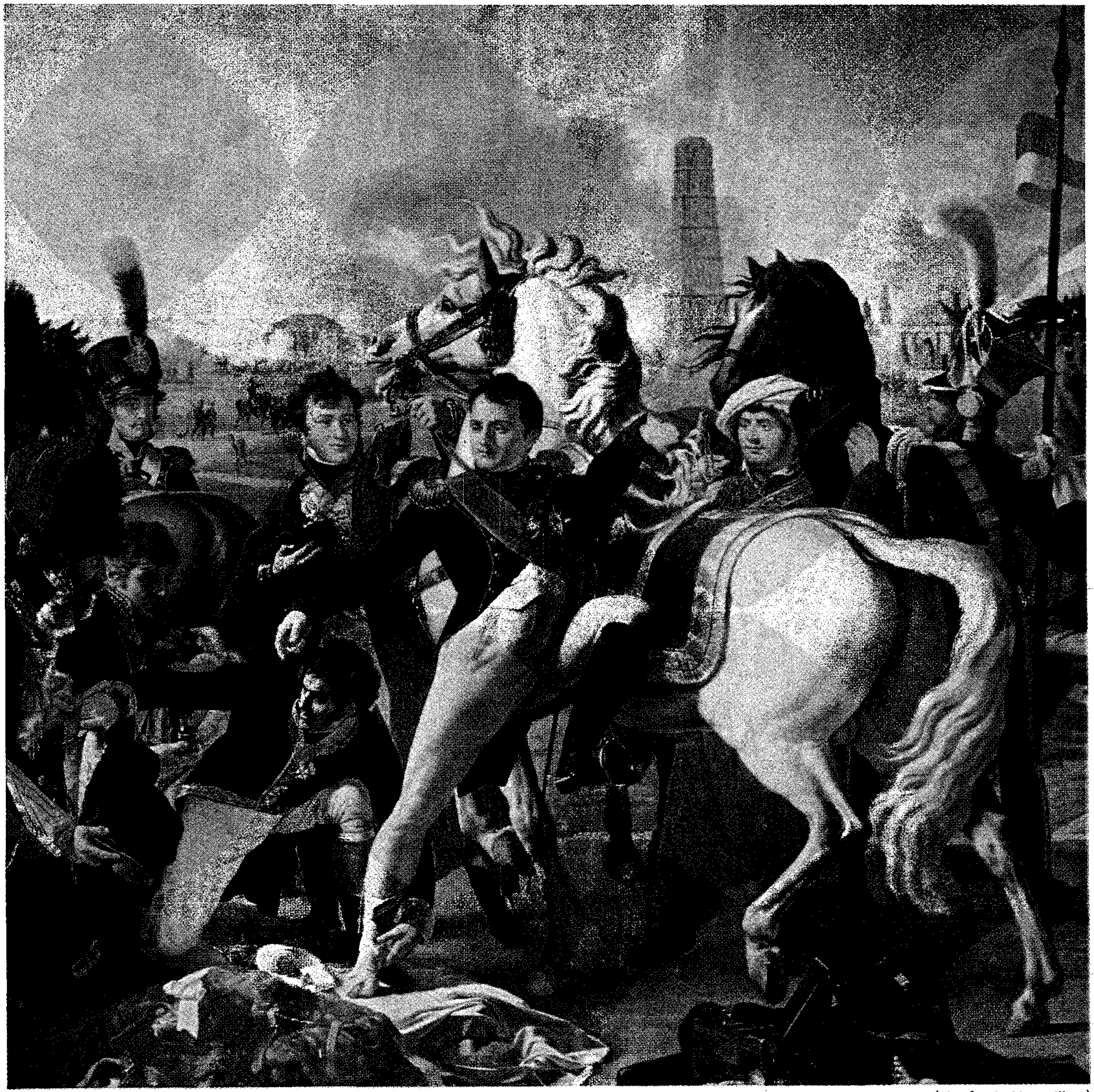
Your eyes light up when you first see the '65 Buick?
You should see what the '65 Buick does when it sees you.

It glows, if it's a new Skylark.
Skylark is one car you get with Wall to Wall taillights.
And lively V-6 engine. And what you get in all Buicks.
Like a little extra in places you may never see.
Tuned suspensions. Improved drivelines. Finned brake drums.
More carefully placed insulation. (Hush.)
Plus a little more where you do notice.
In Body by Fisher. Brakes that stay with you.
Switch-the-pitch, if you go for Super Turbine automatic.
Fresh style. In the Intermediate size Skylark in the picture
and in every size Buick. Wildcat, LeSabre, Special,
Electra 225 and Riviera—in all new Buicks.



Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division • General Motors Corporation



Napoléon blessé devant Ratisbonne. Détail de la peinture par C. Gautherot. (Musée de Versailles.)

On reconnaissance before taking Regensburg (Ratisbonne), April 25, 1809, Napoleon was hit by a ricochet bullet. As soon as his boot had been slit open and a dressing applied, Napoleon, though in severe pain, joked about his wound, asked for a little help in remounting and rode into the city. His self-control saved his troops from panic on the betrayal of their belief that he could never be wounded.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

The wisdom of famous men lives after them—thus, Napoleon's choice of Courvoisier Cognac enlivens *your* pleasure in its matchless flavour and bouquet. You will recognize in it *un air de grandeur* that sets it apart as *The Brandy of Napoleon*. And this will tell you why Courvoisier has for centuries been chosen by kings and statesmen, by all who can command the finest.

80 Proof
COURVOISIER
*The Brandy of Napoleon

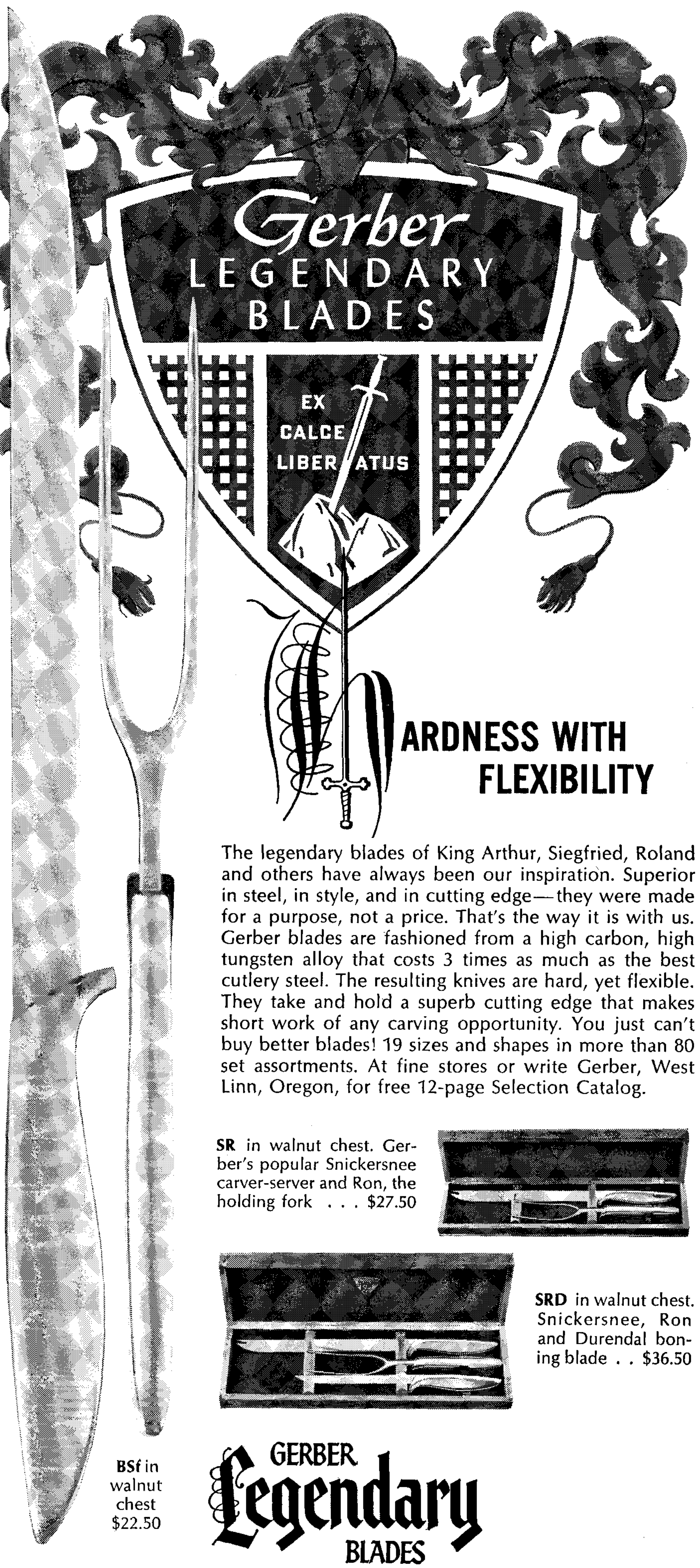
*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

other, and often they pitch in together. As for identification, Ellington is funnier and more forceful, Strayhorn is evanescent and oblique. They are backed on bass by Wendell Marshall or the late Joe Shulman.

SONNY MEETS HAWK: SONNY ROLLINS AND COLEMAN HAWKINS (Victor LPM-2712). Another and far stranger duet. In this one, Rollins, the most formidable saxophonist since Charlie Parker, does battle with Coleman Hawkins, the most formidable saxophonist ever, and one of Rollins' acknowledged inspirations. It is not a fair contest: Hawkins has recently shown signs of dwindling, and Rollins is at the height of his abilities. Yet Hawkins wins. Rollins' playing has in the past year or two taken on a severe, sarcastic edge, and here he is almost all spite and mockery. He repeatedly converts Hawkins' phrases into cruel parodies, through exaggerated rhythmic turns or by haw-hawing at certain figures in a thin, mad-goat tone. But Hawkins seems oblivious, and in two numbers ("Summertime" and "Lover Man") he plays as well as he ever has done. The statelier he becomes, the sillier Rollins sounds. The accompaniment—Roy McCurdy, drums; Henry Grimes or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Paul Bley, piano—is fine, and Bley, a fascinating post-Bud Powell pianist who has never had his due, almost topples both saxophonists in his brief solos.

FLUTE FEVER: THE JEREMY STEIG QUARTET (Columbia CL-2136). The flute has long been the sports car of jazz; its players mainly tool along. Wayman Carver, the first jazz flutist, recorded in the thirties with Benny Carter and Chick Webb. This admirable musician had no successors until the fifties, when the flute began to be widely taken up by saxophonists. These newcomers handled the instrument in an adept, suède fashion, but, unlike Carver, they gave it little emotional content. Jeremy Steig, whose first recording this is, is a twenty-two-year-old flutist and a marvellous surprise. He has clearly listened to Sonny Rollins and Thelonious Monk and Miles Davis, but, most important, he has all but removed the limitations of his instrument. His tone occasionally comes close to that of an alto saxophone (it is far more robust than Paul Desmond's), he grows husky, he growls, he is consistent in both the high and low registers, and in



Gerber
LEGENDARY
BLADES

EX
CALCE
LIBERATUS

HARDNESS WITH
FLEXIBILITY

The legendary blades of King Arthur, Siegfried, Roland and others have always been our inspiration. Superior in steel, in style, and in cutting edge—they were made for a purpose, not a price. That's the way it is with us. Gerber blades are fashioned from a high carbon, high tungsten alloy that costs 3 times as much as the best cutlery steel. The resulting knives are hard, yet flexible. They take and hold a superb cutting edge that makes short work of any carving opportunity. You just can't buy better blades! 19 sizes and shapes in more than 80 set assortments. At fine stores or write Gerber, West Linn, Oregon, for free 12-page Selection Catalog.

SR in walnut chest. Gerber's popular Snickersnee carver-server and Ron, the holding fork . . . $27.50

SRD in walnut chest. Snickersnee, Ron and Durendal boning blade . . $36.50

BSf in walnut chest $22.50

GERBER
Legendary
BLADES

BREATHTAKING BRILLIANCE

A covered bracelet watch by Universal Genève. The matchless magnificence of diamonds shimmering in a setting of precious platinum . . . an exquisite blending of marquise and round diamonds with exceptionally flexible pavé set bracelet. A jeweler's masterpiece, the ultimate gift for one woman in a million. Shown actual size $8,500 *Federal tax included.*

Send for the Caldwell Gift Book.

For 125 years
Jewelers to Philadelphia and the world

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Philadelphia, Pa. 19107
Haverford, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.

general he plays with an alarming force. He also appears to have an unlimited imagination. He uses galloping, fluent, melodic lines that in one instance—just after his opening statement of the melody in the slow "Willow Weep for Me"—result in a classic phrase. But Steig's enthusiasm occasionally carries him overboard, for in several of the seven numbers he hums note for note what he is playing. This unfortunate collaboration resembles two loud, pious hymn singers vying for His ear. Steig is backed by Ben Tucker on bass, Ben Riley on drums, and another newcomer, Denny Zeitlin, on piano.

CHAMPION JACK DUPREE: CABBAGE GREENS (Okeh 12103). Dupree has long been one of the best of the home-grown pianist-blues singers, and this record reissues sixteen numbers, along with bass and guitar, made between 1940 and 1941. His playing is heavy and untutored, but his voice is plaintive and affecting, particularly in "Junker's Blues" and "Weed Head Woman," for which he employs a staccato, behind-the-beat attack that recalls, of all singers, Billie Holiday. And "Cabbage Greens No. 1" is as joyous a jazz performance as comes to mind.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

SECTION NUMBERING SYSTEM

Each class section is designated by three characters. The first character indicates the beginning hour; the second, the days of the week; and the third enumerates the different sections meeting at the same time.

The first character is a digit from 1 to 9 and indicates the beginning hour for the class. The digit 1 stands for the first or 8:00 hour, the digit 2, for the second or 9:00 hour and so on.

The second character is one of the letters M, T, W, F, S, or B. In case of a lecture course the letter M is used to designate one or more days of the three-day sequence, Monday, Wednesday, Friday; the letter T, for the sequence Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday; and the letter B is used when days of both sequences are involved. In case of a course involving both lectures and laboratory the system refers to the lecture part only. In case of a course involving laboratory only, the second character is the first letter of the first day of the week which the laboratory meets but the third character is one of the digits 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 if the day designation is for Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday and one of the digits 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 otherwise.

An X in any position denotes some irregularity which makes it impossible to use the code.—*Curriculum bulletin issued by the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.*

First piece of *good* news we've had.

the village store

Quilting Bee...

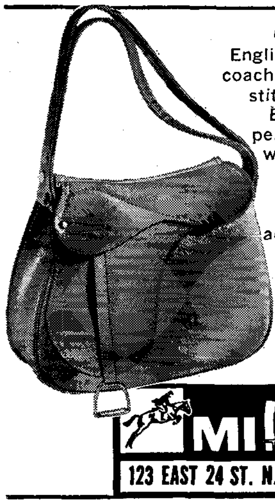
Ladies with hustle and bustle on their mind will jiffy into this zip front coat and whip through the day's chores looking crisp as lettuce. Try tulips gaily printed on cotton in original colors: blue buds on grass green or red buds on periwinkle blue. **14.00.** Also comes long for cozier covering. **17.00.** Both 5-15. **Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Add 50¢ postage. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:
NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

First Family of Photographers

Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233



Saddle Bag

English made of supple coach hide, this smartly stitched replica of an English saddle is a perfect gift for ladies with a penchant for ponies. 2¼" deep, 10" wide with inside pocket and adjustable shoulder strap. Ours alone.

$16.95 Tax incl. postpaid.

Call up or send for our new free Christmas gift brochure

MILLER'S

123 EAST 24 ST. N. Y. 10 • OR 7/0800

Shucks! No Pinch for the Vegetarian Party again. They lost another election!

You can sit there. Drinking Pinch and collecting election bets.

And being proud of your country.

But what about a Vegetarian?

For him there is no Pinch. Just the same old carrot squeezin's and mustard greens. And even if a man is pretty well smitten with beets and kohlrabi he'd like to be able to drink Pinch *once in a while.*

Not now, though.

Pinch is much too good and much too expensive for anything but Winners! Doers of Deeds! Aces!

For the moment it looks like a Vegetarian is going to have to satisfy himself with a great love for roots and leaves and Scotch in Round Bottles.

Not that Scotch in Round Bottles isn't good. It is.

But not when you compare it to winning elections and drinking Pinch.

Consider the nature of Pinch. It is, of course, Smooth and Mellow. As good Scotch should be. But there's another thing: *Pinch tastes delicious.* The flavor of Pinch comes from a delicate balancing of subtle Grain and rich Malt whiskies that has taken the House of Haig over 300 years to develop.

Now, Vegetarians, don't you despair.

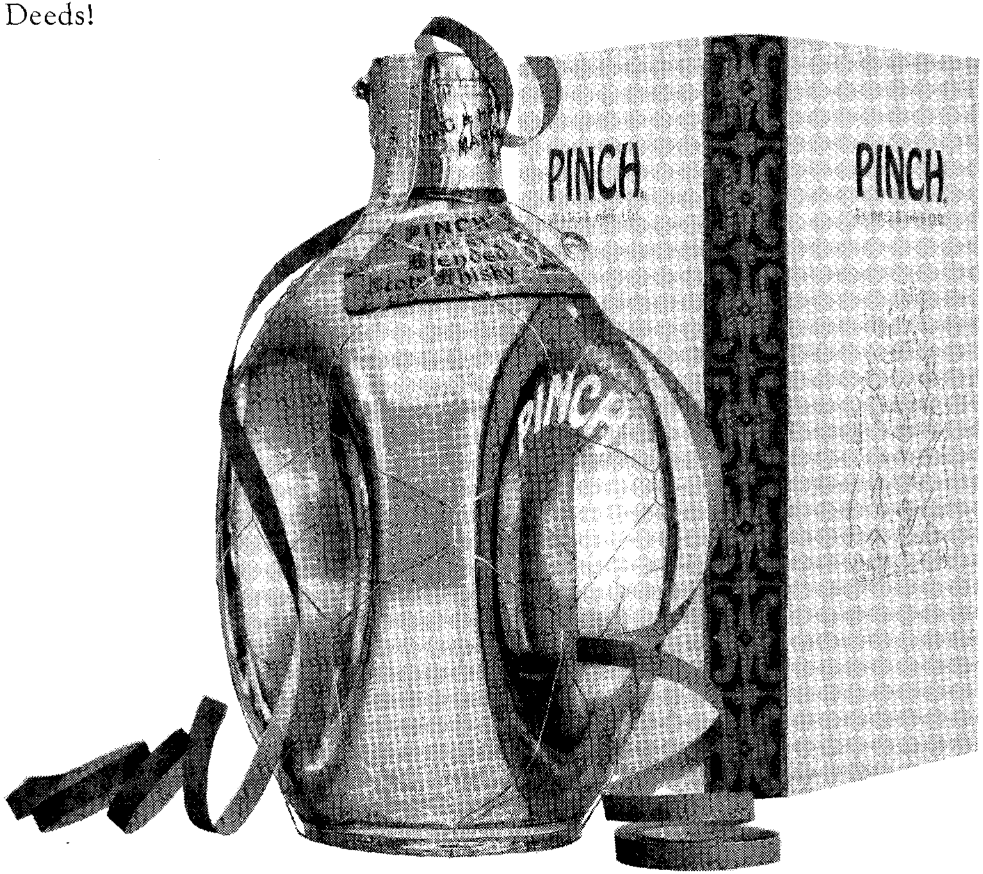
Rejoice!

First of all, you have a great country to live in.

Also, Christmas is coming.

That's a Pinch day for *everybody!*

And just think: you'll have all that *green* holly to look at, besides.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY / 86.8 PROOF / RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

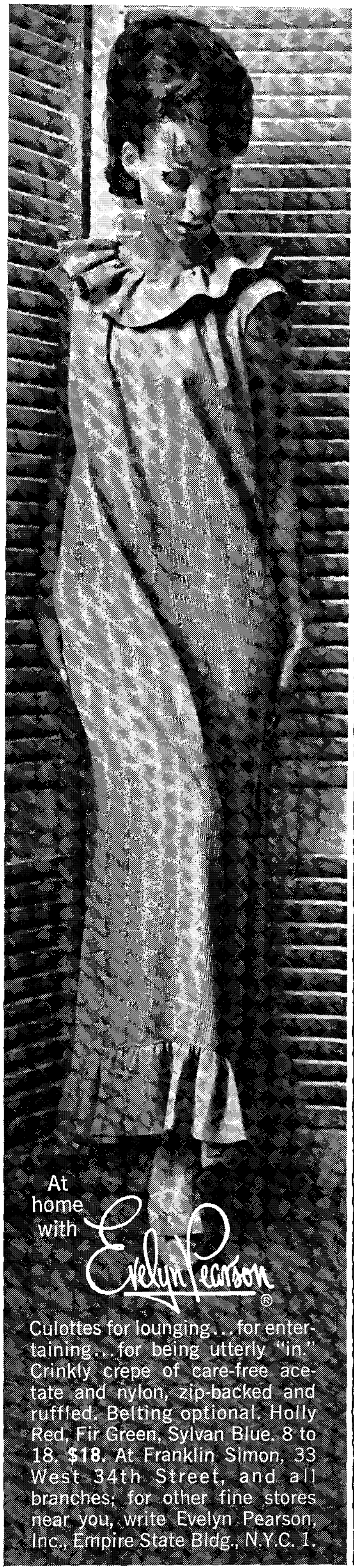
Pinch®...for Celebrations & Great Events (even when they're nobody's business but your own)

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

A WEEK before I came to set this dissertation down on paper, I was wallowing in the lap robe (fur, naturally) of luxury as I began to inspect the many objets d'art assembled for the fall collections of our most prominent custom furriers. Nothing, I decided as I turned in my first report on what I had seen, could possibly equal the accomplishments that were set before me. And yet already I am paraphrasing the late M. Al Jolson by declaring that "you ain't seen nothing yet" after I have had a look at the handiwork of several other towers of eminence in this particular field. They shall not for long be nameless. My first entry is Emeric Partos, of Bergdorf Goodman, who spends weeks searching for exactly the right buttons for every coat he makes and then carefully conceals them under a fly front. This he has done to a day-length job of what they tell me is violet Azurene mink. (Well, all *right*, but it looks white to me, and I think it will to you, too.) Its fly front completely covers some absolutely loverly crystal buttons; it is quite possible, though, to see the back belt, for it is slung so low that it all but reaches the knees. That carefree, low-life low line is one of the great loves of Partos. A three-inch-wide self belt, and a buckle, are down around the hips of a Partos coat (and not a thing in town is handsomer) of Russian broadtail. The standup collar is military, and two deep side pleats in the skirt hide the pockets. Russian broadtail does one of the very few wide coats in his showing—a veritable tent, with a turnover collar (the tie beneath it is of white suède) and three big bone buttons slanting outward down each side of the front. A convertible—day-evening, that is—suit is next to appear on the scene, and it's of ranch mink. Its sleeveless surplice of brown silk awaits your jewels, and a square of brass buttons sits on the stomach of the attached A skirt; the jacket, of just-below-waist length in front but dipping in back, supports six double-breasted brass buttons. A coat belted across the front, this time, is of white mink, and there are six more of those double-breasted buttons, two of them below the belt to suggest the long line Partos likes so much. Grandeur is prominent in a full-length coat of crown sable; engaging frankness is prominent in a long chinchilla that is given an ingénue look. This one has wide, soft revers, and iridescent buttons descend the front. The ingénue air is carried on by a hip-length cardigan of white mink with a vertical band of white satin forward and studs of pearl and rhinestone, and by a spencer jacket of the same fur, curving up under the bosom and adorned with three cut-steel buttons. Its neck is wide and oval, its sleeves are long and narrow. Far-out fantasy is represented in the Partos assemblage by a jump suit of white satin with a deep band of crystal beading at the top, and shoulder straps above that; its accompaniment is a mere full-length beauty of ranch mink that is slit to the hips on each side. (This *could* be worn with long evening dresses, if one wants to be conservative.) The most discussed Partos stunt of all is the introduction of fur knee breeches—no, *not* plus fours; these are quite narrow, and they button at the sides of the knees in courtly fashion. One set is shown in white mink, with a turtleneck fencing jacket of black velvet; another is of black Russian broadtail. I will never understand why so many fancy-pants designers, both here and abroad, go in for jump suits and such and then insist that long coats be worn over them, but they *do*, they do indeed; a lengthy coat of white moire is to be worn over the first of these breeches, and a lengthy one of black velvet over the other. Old-fashioned black or white silk stockings are likewise to go along with these sets, and for once I believe that low-heeled pumps of black patent leather and with steel buckles would look just great. As for further trickery, mink-lined bathrobes are nothing new to Partos; one such this year turns up in terry cloth, with matching wind-sock hat, bra, and pantaloons, plus a snap-in lining of white mink. The mink, being cut dolman fashion, with tiny sleeves set in wide and low, can always go it alone.

THE next name to be dropped by me is Ben Kahn, who is retail as well as wholesale, even though he is at 150 West 30th Street. He has developed a line that involves a bias flare,


At home with Evelyn Pearson®

Culottes for lounging...for entertaining...for being utterly "in." Crinkly crepe of care-free acetate and nylon, zip-backed and ruffled. Belting optional. Holly Red, Fir Green, Sylvan Blue. 8 to 18. $18. At Franklin Simon, 33 West 34th Street, and all branches; for other fine stores near you, write Evelyn Pearson, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. 1.

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies

As the hours glide by the glass glides down. Pure Magic!

Cocktails at seven. Dinner at eight. Then take it to the den for a ten p.m. brandy. Later, Dansk's Magic Lantern could light your way upstairs. It lasts ten slow-burning hours.

An old Swedish carriage lamp inspired us. (Where some nights last all day, you need lots of bright ideas.)

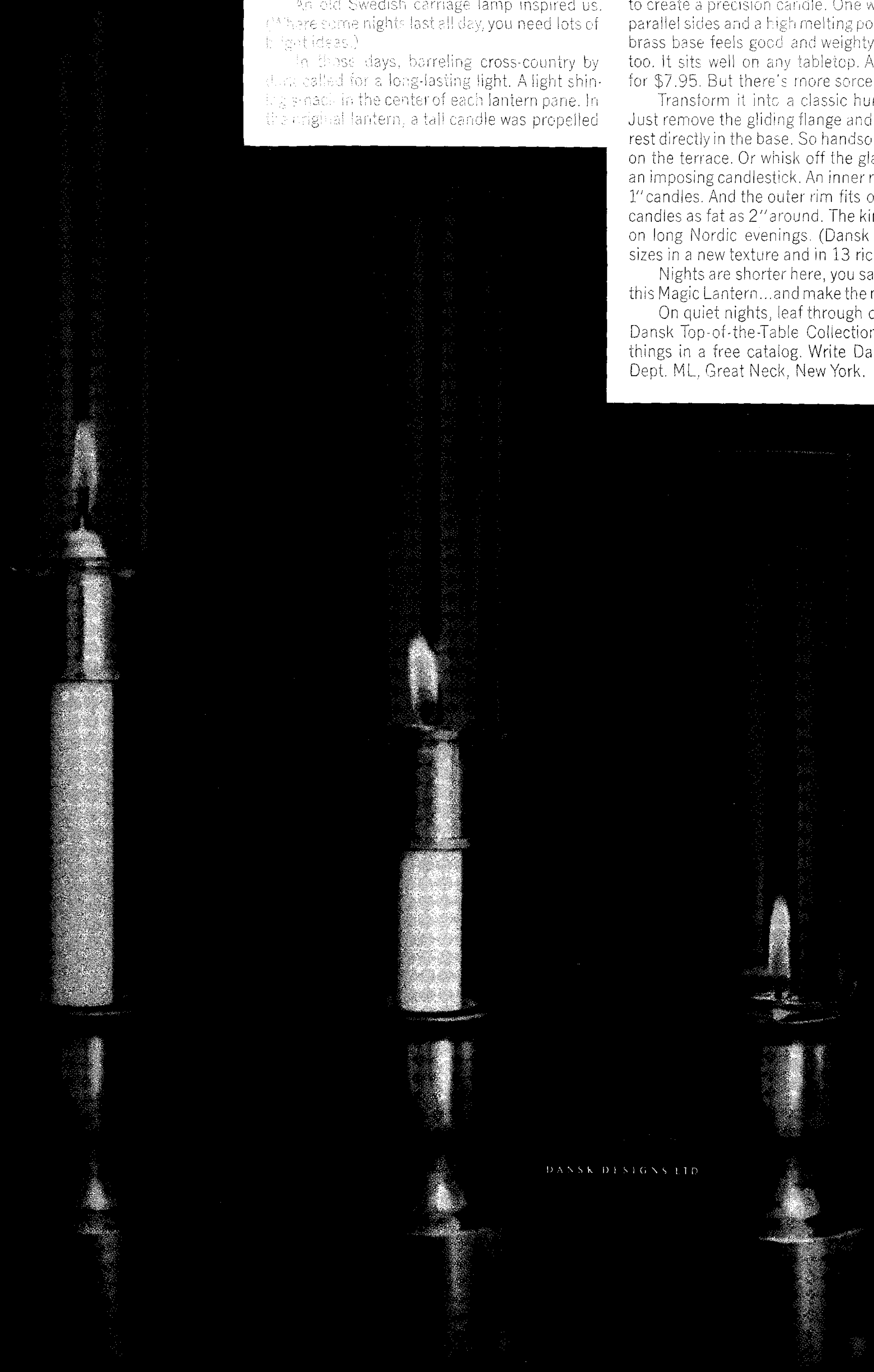
In those days, barreling cross-country by dusk called for a long-lasting light. A light shining smack in the center of each lantern pane. In the original lantern, a tall candle was propelled upward by a spring as it melted away. In our Dansk design, the hand-blown glass moves slowly down the melting candle on a brass flange.

This calls for more than magic. Dansk had to create a precision candle. One with perfectly parallel sides and a high melting point. The solid brass base feels good and weighty in the hand too. It sits well on any tabletop. All this magic for $7.95. But there's more sorcery.

Transform it into a classic hurricane lamp. Just remove the gliding flange and let the glass rest directly in the base. So handsome outdoors on the terrace. Or whisk off the glass and have an imposing candlestick. An inner ring holds tall 1" candles. And the outer rim fits old-fashioned candles as fat as 2" around. The kind they burn on long Nordic evenings. (Dansk makes both sizes in a new texture and in 13 rich colors.)

Nights are shorter here, you say? Then light this Magic Lantern...and make the most of them.

On quiet nights, leaf through our complete Dansk Top-of-the-Table Collection. 493 good things in a free catalog. Write Dansk Designs, Dept. ML, Great Neck, New York.



DANSK DESIGNS LTD

THE BRITISH RAGLAN AT ITS BEST The whole world looks to London for leadership in men's coats, and London looks to Aquascutum. Their Raglan coats are unsurpassed. This one is made from Aquaspectrum cloth, exclusive to Aquascutum — superb wool yarn woven in multi-colour blendings to produce a new muted richness. Other cloths include showerproof Saxonies and Irish tweeds all woven exclusively for Aquascutum in the finest British Mills. Price from about $125, wherever the best menswear is sold.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER,
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Enquiries to: 2 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK. MU 5-9571

sometimes on the trumpet order, for the bottoms of some day-length fur coats that had me just about spellbound. One small wonder is of light mink, the skins vertical to the hips and then swinging out horizontally and circularly; another, a coat dress of black Russian broadtail, has long, narrow sleeves, a little standup collar, and a bias flounce at the base that is fourteen inches deep. On another coat dress, of black India broadtail, that circular flare starts just below the hips. Short evening dresses, but for formal circumstances, may be topped off by huddling white minks; one coat is dolman style, cupped under the buttocks and with a circular flounce underneath, and another, all diagonal working of the fur, is gathered around the collarless neck and then tapers as it descends to the knees. If your evenings require dresses that go to the floor, look, I pray you, at a Russian crown sable that is made practical by the strip-tease act of the bottom four skins; they zip off to convert the thing into a street-length coat plus a stole. Look, too, at a literal Japanese kimono of black mink that can reverse to an inside of red brocade that matches the obi. For daytime, Kahn holds out for fluffy furs, some of them as the linings of raincoats. One such coat is of blond otter, and the lining is Norwegian blue fox; matter-of-fact poplin is the outside of several that are lined with, say, dark-brown Canadian fisher. He does rain ponchos, too; one is of white French calf with huge pockets and huge self buttons. It's really just a big square, open down the sides but held together by buttons, two of which demarcate each of the "sleeves," which amount to nothing more than slits. There are rarities and oddities at Kahn as well—bulky furs, usually done in wrapping style, such as snow leopard from the Himalayas (deep tan with dark-brown spots, and not in the least Abominable), and Australian possum (dyed to resemble sable), and Russian fitch (with a very wide brown stripe) that is belted in like a bathrobe, and Russian lynx bellies (white with flecks of charcoal) that are given a long-sweater look, and gray Russian squirrel worked horizontally. (The thicker the fur, the more the furriers want it horizontal, though I can never guess why, for some chinchillas thus make the wearer look like a long gray sausage.) Anyway, this squirrel has eight double-breasted buttons and flaring medium lapels, and the pockets are placed quite low, along the line formed by the junction of two of the

Steuben
Billy Martin's Carriage House
Arnaud's Restaurant Paris of the South
Hart's Peachtree Atlanta, Ga.
Sally's Steak House
Novak's Towne Terrace
Golden Parrot Restaurant
Yankee Pedlar Inn
Horizon Palisade Ave. Fort Lee, N.J.
Nick's

Boston, Mass. · Georgetown, D.C. · New Orleans, La. · Atlanta, Ga. · Highland Park, N.J.
Brookline, Mass. · Washington, D.C. · Holyoke, Mass. · Fort Lee, N.J. · Boston, Mass.

"HEDGES" is the scotch proudly served at magnificent places

Hedges & Butler
1667
Product of Scotland 100% Scotch Whiskies
Est. A.D. 1667 in the reign of H.M. King Charles II
Hedges & Butler
ROYAL
Blended Scotch Whisky
By Warrant of Appointment to
H.M. King George VI 1940
H.M. King George V 1910
H.M. King Edward VII 1901
H.M. Queen Victoria 1873
H.M. King William IV 1830
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales 1863
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh 1869
H.M. The King of Spain 1886
H.M. The King of Portugal 1897
H.I.M. The Emperor of Japan 1905
4/5 Quart · 86° Proof
Distilled blended & bottled in Scotland
Hedges & Butler Ltd.
Regent Street, London, England

The Company of Kings Since 1667

100% Scotch Whiskies • 86 Proof • The Westminster Corporation, New York, N.Y.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Smash

Recurrent problem: how to dress smashingly without looking like a birthday cake, or something strayed from an opera. Solution: cotton velveteen VILLAGER® jumper in Red, Blue, Olive, Violet, Black. Sizes 6 to 16. VILLAGER® shirt, correct and gentlemanly . . . buttondown collar, cuffed sleeves, righthanded buttons . . . in white acetate and nylon lace. Sizes 8 to 16.

Jumper about twenty-five dollars, shirt about ten dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

© THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 ; MANNEQUIN DES- REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

horizontally worked skins. A cocoa ermine makes a long, double-breasted blazer. Cheetah (to get along to the flatter furs) is done very Russki here, with ranch mink around the neck, down the sides, and along the hem; there are frog fastenings of black leather. Kahn's man's shirt is pure fun but handsome, since it's of Alaska seal—not that a man would ever wear it, which was not what Mr. K. had in mind anyhow. Another prank is his use of white calf in a baby-giraffe print to make either a tremendous blouson that is buttoned down the front or a collarless mandarin coat. And, for His and Her togetherness, there are coats of South African fur seal (a dark olive), His being double-breasted, with a back belt, and Hers being a parka zippered up the front.

GUNTHER JAECKEL is already dreaming of white Christmases and white débutante parties, for which the establishment has prepared with any number of floor-length white evening coats. One is a straight, loose tube of India broadtail with white mink all around the edges; another, also of the India, is very tailored, with a back belt and four double-breasted buttons below wide, slashed lapels. A coat of white ermine—this looks *so* good again, even for post-debs—is given a small, creased collar and a small waistline. (I noted here, by the way, several sharply nipped-in waistlines in place of the usual skimming-the-body arrangement.) The snug cuffs on the big balloon sleeves of this one are to be pushed up. Another long one is of sheared beaver (this is down at $1,893.75, the federal tax thrown in), with a little collar, large bell sleeves, and a trumpet flare from the backs of the knees to the floor. White mink is inescapable—a fate not hard to take, though. One of its many manifestations here is a formal cape with a crossed shawl collar. By day, Gunther Jaeckel is occupied with dyeing nutria navy for three-quarter-length nautical reefers that have a huge vent up the back and double-breasted braid buttons all the way down the front. Other reefers are of black Russian broadtail, a fur that I think is more at home in a Gunther Jaeckel redingote cut, with soft pleats below the waist at the sides. I like it, too, in a steely hue, as a narrow day-length coat that tapers toward the hem. Also on these premises is an absolutely beautiful coat of jaguar, the skins worked horizontally. The waist is very nipped, the hem is circular, and six buttons of black leather are

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

Barefoot freedom in hand-sewn, hand-turned soft soled casuals made in Belgium.

For Her
MIDINETTE
Over 17 colors
Calf **$22.50**

For Him
MR. CASUAL
Black or brown
calf **$25**

Full color brochures on request
MR. HENRI BENDEL *Owner-President*

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco • Beverly Hills • Los Angeles

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino ON THE Park
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club
ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

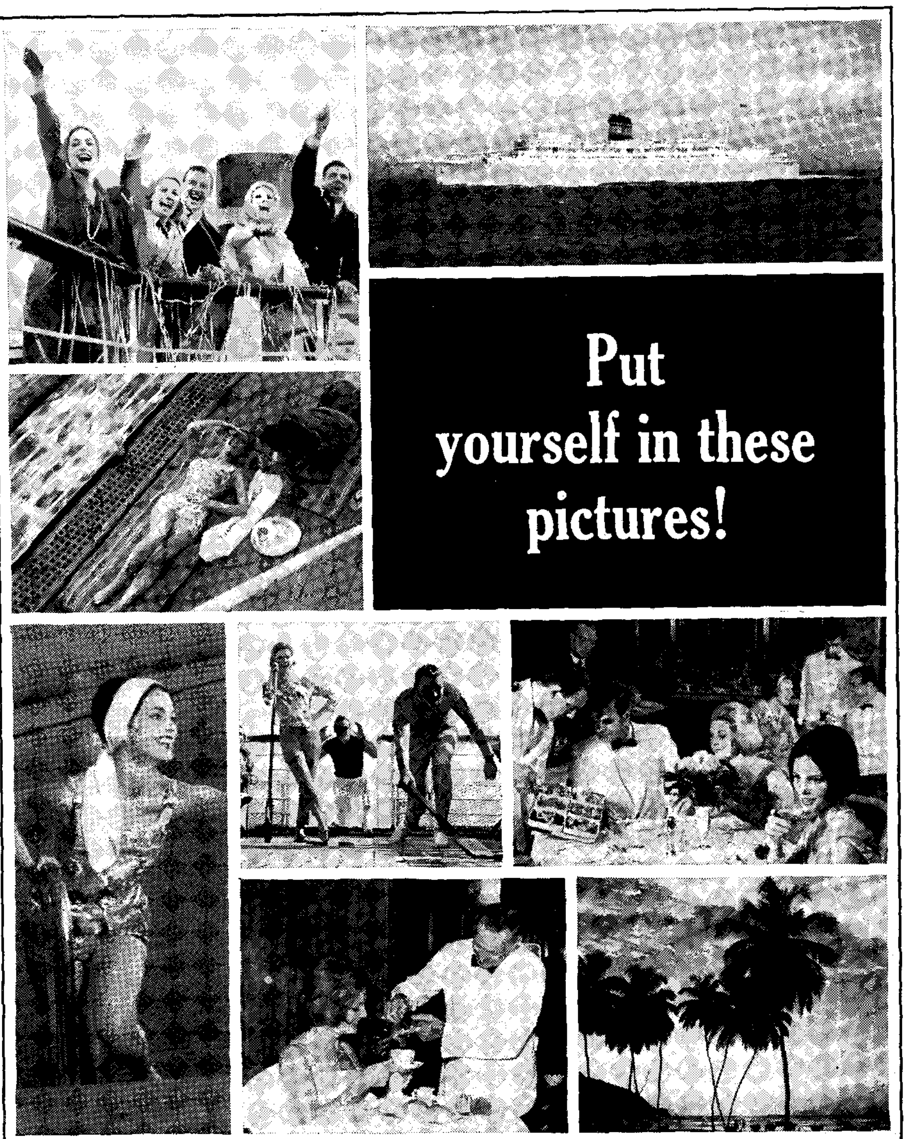
Isn't this your year to own a $3\frac{1}{4}$ oz. MINOX camera

Brochure? Write:
MINOX CORP.
Forest Hills 75, N.Y.

..a famous camera from camera-famous West Germany

in double-breasted array below the tiny standup collar.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's little fur salon has managed to pack in several things that are surprises even to veteran members of the Pelt Watchers' Society. One is a full-length tiered coat of Russian broadtail. The top tier comes down to the waist, the second ends at tunic length, the third comes to the knees, and the fourth goes to the ground. They are all melded together by that sticky strip stuff called Velcro, and—starting at the bottom—you can rip them off, one by one, creating a delicious tearing sound as you do it, to produce a coat and/or jacket of the required length for the required occasion. Even the sleeves are tiered, so that they can be ripped in two the same way. The whole thing, I'm told, can be put together again, but in my hands an item like this is just Humpty Dumpty. Carnegie is right up there with Partos in the matter of low-slung belts—or should I say right *down* there? A straight coat of black Alaska seal has a belt, three inches across, of simulated alligator slung around the hips through Norfolk-jacket tabs. Argentine broadtail makes for slimness and a comparatively modest price, but it can be cold going in wintry weather. Carnegie, though, has managed a straight, double-breasted coat of it that remains slim in spite of the warming nutria lining; the $1,375 it costs (federal tax included) adds a nutria ascot. For grand evenings in short dinner dresses, there is a mandarin coat, reversible, of white India broadtail on one side and black mink on the other; for tailored life by day, there is a double-breasted taupe India broadtail, not to mention an in-town gem of Norwegian hair seal that is mostly dark grays, with touches of cream here and there, going straight down as far as the hips and then flaring into a slight A line. White is prevalent here, too; I especially liked a straight, double-breasted coat of white India lamb that has a lush, bumpy surface. This can be sashed in front, trenchcoat style. Minks are also prevalent, which is scarcely a surprise. I hear that though women like skinny lines in other furs, in mink they still prefer Sweep. One coat of it, in a demi-buff mutation, works its voluminous skins vertically. A tie of black glove leather goes across its front. A gladdening coat of Morning Light mink accomplishes a snug high-busted look but is quite full everywhere else; a loose front panel with pockets at the



Put yourself in these pictures!

Make this winter memorable with a Furness Cruise to the West Indies!

Everything's arranged. We're determined to sail you off into the sun this winter. That's why the luxurious New York Queen of Bermuda will leave New York for the West Indies on not one, but four fabulous cruises. If you ever yearned for the Indies, this is the way to go. And now is the time to plan.

The beautiful Queen is fully air conditioned and one royal First Class throughout. Every stateroom has private bath, telephone and individual air conditioning controls. You enjoy all the famous Furness food, fun and festivities. Which cruise?

Jan. 22: 13 days • San Juan, St. Thomas, Barbados, Guadeloupe, Bermuda . . $375 up

Feb. 5: 14 days • St. Thomas, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Maarten, San Juan . . . . $405 up

Feb. 20: 18 days • Port Everglades, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Vincent, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, San Juan . . . . $525 up
(Or join cruise at Port Everglades, Fla.
Feb. 23: for 12 days • 6 ports . . . . $360 up)

Mar. 11: 14 days • St. Thomas, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Maarten, San Juan . . . . $405 up

Or give yourself a **Christmas Cruise on the Ocean Monarch.** Sail **Dec. 19** • 14 days Bermuda, San Juan, Barbados, Guadeloupe, Antigua, St. Thomas . . . . $405 up
Decide? Ask the expert, your Travel Agent.

(Conditions permitting, scenic cruising close by rarely seen Caribbean islands.)

Minimum fares, subject to availability

Furness
LINES
THE EXPERIENCED CRUISE LINE

34 Whitehall St., N. Y., N. Y. 10004 • BO 9-7800
Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Los Angeles • Montreal • Norfolk
Philadelphia • San Francisco • Country of Registry: Great Britain

sides rounds it out a bit below the waist. A Lutetia mink, worked horizontally, has a wide shawl collar and a deep yoke, below which there is shirring in back; its sleeves are cape. Fun is likewise in evidence here—a sweater of black mink with a heavy band of black knit buttoning down the front and more of the knit at the neck and the wrists; a sweater of mink sides, in white or black, with matching reptile leather making a buttoned-down band below its turnover collar. This last is $544.50, including that tax. As for little items, my eye caught a neckpiece of mink in any shade at all, one skin wide and crossing under a matching velvet bow, at $137.50, and a V-shaped bib of mink in black or white, to fill in any V neckline, at $90. The tax is blended in in both cases.

THAT is all for now. I have just one further remark to make: Thank Heaven it is trying to get cold enough for us to start putting ourselves inside some of these wonderful things.

—LOIS LONG

•

LIFE IN CHEERFUL CALIFORNIA

[From a transcript of remarks by the Venerable Darby Wood Betts, rector of St. Paul's Church, Oakland]

St. Paul's Towers is being built to assist people to enjoy the retirement days of their lives as God intended. The cost is based upon a non-profit program. The Towers' way of life will be that of any first class apartment-hotel on the American plan. The primary recreation program will be to continue the expansion of the mental and spiritual horizons of the resident through courses of study and cultural pursuits. The resident will worship where he desires. Health will be safeguarded by the staff and administration of Merritt Hospital and our fifty-bed infirmary will allow the residents—when the time comes—to die at home among friends on the top floor . . . already affectionately known as the "launching pad." You can change directions if you wish.

•

LOUISVILLE, KY. (AP)—Less than 2 per cent of the nation's juvenile delinquents have had music education, says Clinton J. Voigt of Beloit, Wis., former president and veteran official of the American Guild of Music which is holding its 63rd annual convention here.

"Let a boy blow a horn and he won't blow a safe," he added, explaining that he believed music helps prevent juvenile delinquency.

William Steed of Zanesville, Ohio, secretary of the guild, backed him up by saying, "pick a guitar and you won't pick pockets."—*Stars & Stripes, European edition.*

Sing song, no Sing Sing.

The "Sportsman"

A WRAP-AROUND KIMONO

Our handsome, medium weight, all wool flannel robe for lounging
Fully cut for comfort and ease of movement

NAVY BLUE OR MAROON
WITH CONTRASTING PIPING

Sizes: S. M. L. ExL

$22.50

Suede Mules, from Italy. Soft soles
Brown, green, black. $14

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

TREASURE
from
SCOTLAND

The Famous Grouse Brand
Blended Scotch Whisky
Matthew Gloag & Son
Perth

SCOTCH
for the
TRUE
CONNOISSEUR

The Famous Grouse Brand Scotch Whisky represents the cumulative blending experience of five generations of the Gloag family since 1800. To test the superb quality of this treasure from Scotland, try it straight.

FAMOUS
GROUSE
Brand Scotch Whisky
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N. Y. C.
Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof

VENISON FESTIVAL
Nov. 10th thru Nov. 15th

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

Julius Monk's brand new, all new musical revue

Bits & Pieces XIV

"See it...You'll be happy-happy"
—Esterow, Times

with GERRY MATTHEWS
JAMIE ROSS BARBARA CASON NAGLE JACKSON

Nightly (except Sunday) at 9 P.M. and 11:30 P.M.
Reservations: PLaza 9-3933

PLAZA 9-
at The Plaza

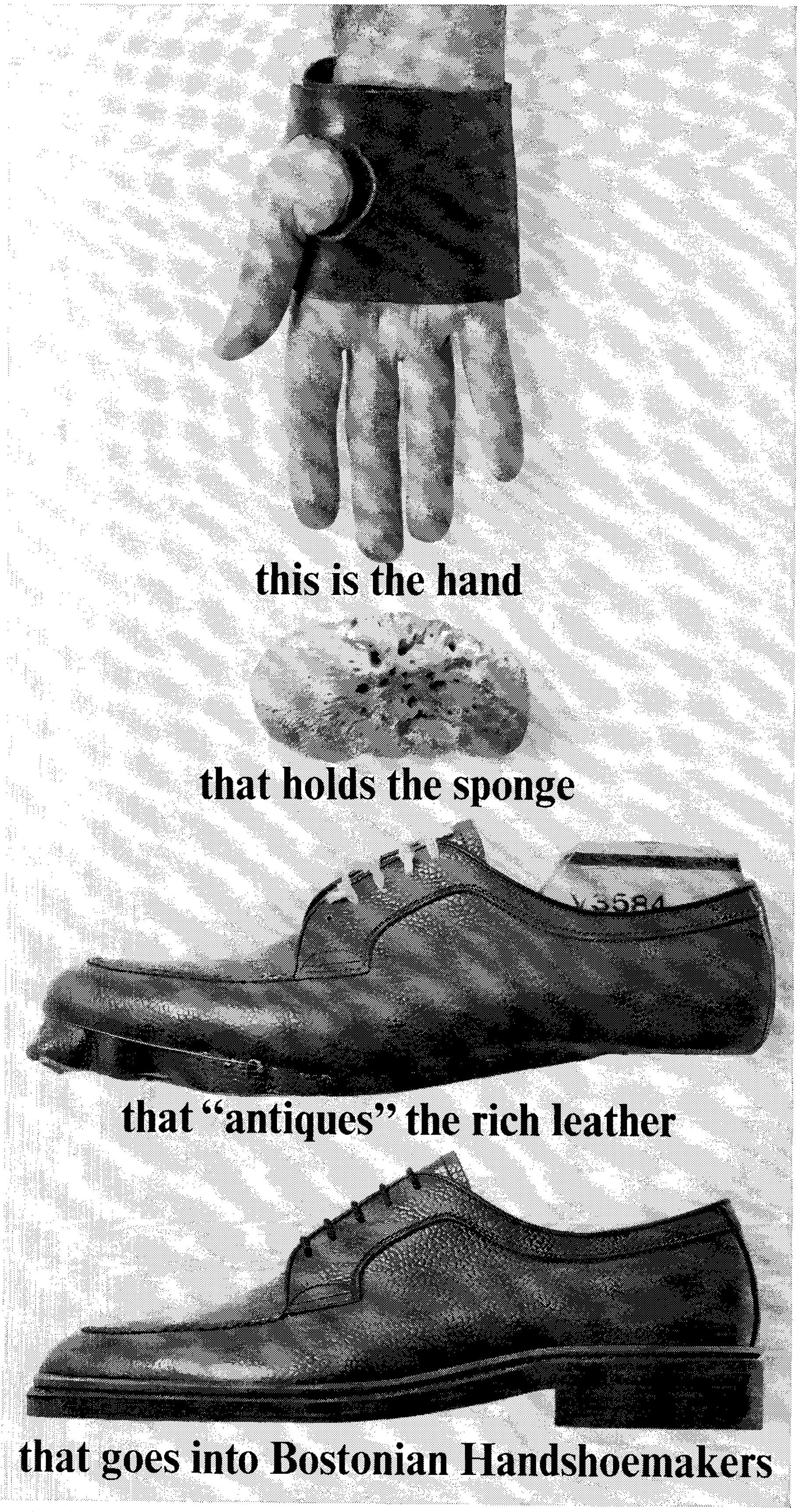
THE ART GALLERIES

Six

OUR preoccupation this week is with sculpture, most of it in motion, and leading the list, appropriately, is that master of the mobile, Alexander Calder. His current exhibition, at the Perls, consists primarily of some thirty-five ink drawings of circus subjects—acrobats, strong men, aerialists, and so on—which he made thirty years ago and then forgot until they cropped up in the course of some rummaging a short time back. I shall not say a great deal more about the show at the moment, in face of the fact that a major retrospective of his work is just opening at the Guggenheim Museum. But I will say that the drawings, slightly Légeresque, are graceful and spirited in their own right, and the affair is further enlivened by a couple of mobiles, "Red G" and "Bug, Of Course," and a sizable stabile, "The Jousters," comprising two symbolic abstract knights armed with spear and shield and confronting one another, which are also, in their separate ways, completely charming.

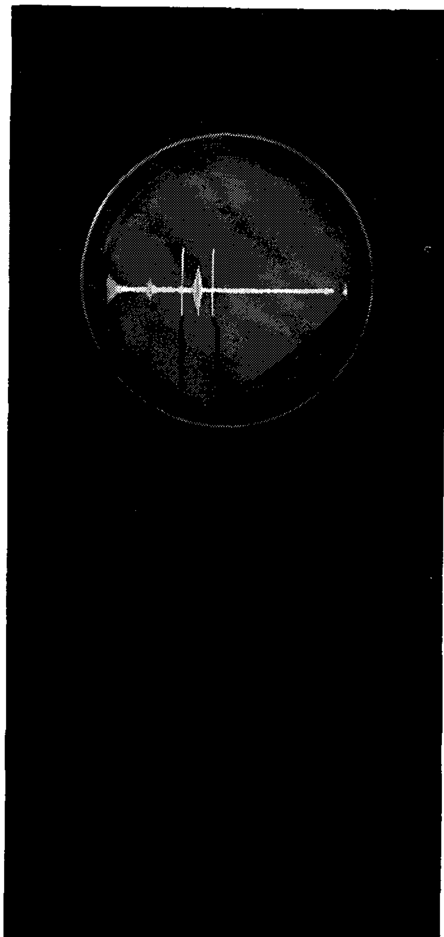
Two other artists who will concern us here are George Rickey and Pol Bury, at the Staempfli and the Lefebre, respectively, both of whom also present sculptures that will not stand still. Bury is a Belgian-born Parisian new to this country. But his name has preceded him by way of the last Biennale at Venice, where his work attracted considerable attention, and it is certainly extremely inventive. While both Calder's and Rickey's pieces move, as it were, at the wind's will, for the merest whisper of air will set them stirring, Bury's are mechanically operated and controlled, but (unlike those of Tinguely, another member of the restless set, who created a sensation here a few years back and whose constructions are almost frenetic in the wildness of their activity) they move slowly, slowly—so slowly that sometimes the spectator has to watch closely for several seconds to detect any motion at all.

Essentially, the appeal of the contrivances derives from the fact that they apparently defy the laws of gravity, and this, combined with their close to imperceptible movement, gives


this is the hand
that holds the sponge
that "antiques" the rich leather
that goes into Bostonian Handshoemakers
X3584

By hand...that's the master touch every step of the way. To wit: the antiquing is worked into the tiny crevices of the choice textured leather with a sponge. A precise hand worked art that cannot be copied by machine. Result: a custom finished look. Hand shoemaking! Many hands and much time go into the crafting of Handshoemakers...under the leadership of master cobbler, Denny Murray. Priced from Thirty-Five Dollars the pair.

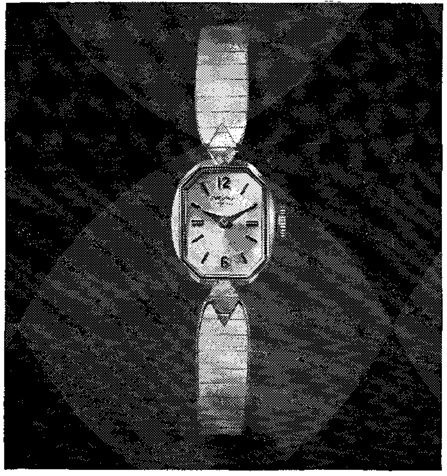
No. 2066 in Golden or Black Scotch Grain. Handshoemakers available at Ware-Pratt, Worcester, Mass.; Leighton's, New York City; Metropolitan Co., Dayton, Ohio; Leopold, Price & Rolle, Houston, Tex.; Parks Apparel, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Rosenblatt's, Portland, Ore.



Cardiogram of a Watch

Before a Wyler watch goes out into the world, it gets an electronic checkup. Happily it has the world's soundest heart—the Incaflex balance wheel, guaranteed against shock for the life of the watch. If this heart *ever* breaks, we'll replace it without charge but with much amazement.

14K Gold Case. $79.50 p.t.



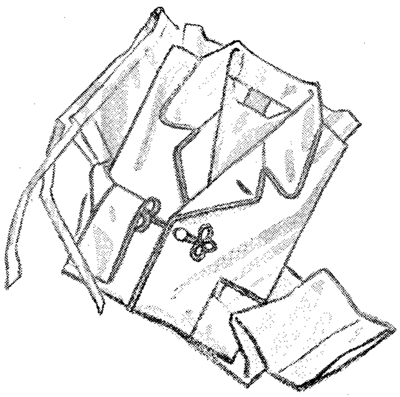
Wyler incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

them a now-you-see-it, now-you-don't air that is wickedly effective. A group of wooden balls of varying sizes, highly waxed and polished, are placed, improbably stationary, on an inclined board, but then they are seen, just as you turn away, to be not stationary at all. Instead, a couple of the balls start rolling, with incredible deliberation, down the steep slope. Others now are seen to be rolling up the hill, and the senses are further confused because, almost immediately, the balls that have been descending are now sluggishly ascending, and vice versa. Meantime, from within each apparatus, faint sounds are heard—a series of rapid, sharp clicks, punctuated by what could be the moaning of a faraway foghorn from one; cluckings from another; the twanging of a very slack guitar string from another. It is all unquestionably eerie.

The theme of the sliding-nonsliding object appears in a number of the exhibits. In "31 Rods Each with a Ball" (Mr. Bury is determinedly matter-of-fact about his titles), the balls, possibly a tribute to our national sport, are shown never quite falling from a precarious balance atop what appears to be a rack of baseball bats. In "80 Rectangles on 20 Sloping Planes," thin, shingle-shaped bits of wood eternally shuffle downhill and back from their tiered receptacles; in one of the most effective, "1003 White Points on an Oak Panel," a thousand and three of those old-fashioned dressmakers' pins, or reasonable facsimiles thereof, with little white china balls at one end (I didn't count them; I have to take Bury's word for some things), flick unpredictably briskly this way and that on their wall panel, all this to a ticking as ominous as a time bomb's. The things are ingenious, and extraordinarily deft and workmanlike in their presentation. (It took me a good deal of peering and prying to discover how most of them worked—so much that, in the tradition of a mystery-story reviewer, I won't give away the secret and spoil the performance.) The question of should one take them seriously, as art, is something else again, and one that, considering their quizzical, whimsical inventiveness, seems to me beside the point.

George Rickey, to proceed to him, is imaginative and workmanlike, too, and, it seems to me, in a more purposeful—one might almost say forthright—manner. One has only to look at the miniaturistic perfection of the universal joints, pivot points, and ful-



Dashing

PAJAMAS of fine quality pima cotton
Expertly tailored

SNOW WHITE LIGHT BLUE
PEARL GREY

All with contrasting frogs and piping

Sizes: A, B, C, D

$13.50

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F·R·TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

LOCK-A-TOWEL

A touch-and-lock *Velcro* closing circles the waistband, insuring every man who wears this tailored towel an exact fit. Just wrap it in place... press... and the Lock-a-towel stays put perfectly. Generous length, generous lapover, large pocket. One size exactly fits every man. White terry. $3.50

Add 35¢ each for shipping.
Send for color catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

crums on which the members of his swaying, swooping creations swivel and turn to realize that one is confronted with a technically accomplished engineering mind of a very high order. Rickey's further achievement is that he has been able to combine with this mechanical ability a creative—really a poetic—quality of equal value.

Otherwise, it seems to me, Rickey's possibly marginal but still important accomplishment is that he was the one who—back a couple of decades, at the time of his first exhibitions at the Kraushaar—liberated the school of mobile sculpture from its slavish dependence on Calder's mode of balanced and counterbalanced linkages of descending forms. This style was, and still is, inherently graceful in itself but in the long run a bit repetitive. Rickey's approach has always been both intellectually and symbolically more suggestive, and more directly organic in his choice of motivations, than that of anyone else in the field. His new show, which is surely his best, is a prime example of this naturalistic side of him, and it is this quality that gives the collection a great deal of its eloquence.

Long, needle-sharp, lancelike forms weave and wave in "Bubble Chamber II" and "Two Bronze Lines" and others. But they are not really lancelike, not warlike in connotation. They move too serenely, and their peacefulness is underlined by the title of one, "Sedge Theme, Bronze II"—marsh grasses, set swaying by the wind. A few, I think, are unsuccessful, because of oversimplification, as in "Tree with Crown," which is stingy in organization, or because, as in "Sprouting," he lets the mechanical techniques show through too clearly. But this is mere cavilling in the face of a generally bravura performance, topped by such pieces as "Peristyle," a congress of swaying blades, all moving mysteriously at different speeds; "Lumina," an ascending assemblage of glittering pine-cone-like rotors; and "Etoile," a five-pointed hanging construction, which is perhaps the most deeply thought-out piece of the lot.

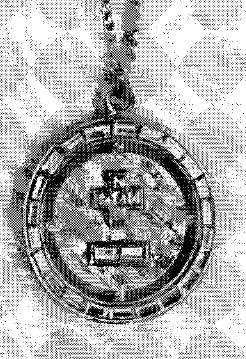
BY contrast, the sculptures of David Smith do not move. But I feel he might still be classed among the restless ones, for although his pieces remain rocklike in their immobility, his approach changes, at times with disconcerting rapidity; his new show, at the Marlborough-Gerson—a big one, and for the most part effective—contains works in no less than five styles. There are, to begin, a set of ten

This is the look for Michaels-Stern. **This is the Michaels-Stern look.**

What goes with Courier Cloth?
A knowing smile and a pretty girl on your arm.
Courier Cloth is exclusive.
A supple wool worsted made only for Michaels-Stern.
Light yet rugged.
Tailors like the thoroughbred it is.
Shown, the two-button model.
In a handsome variety of patterns.
Available with the Innovator® elastic waistband† trouser.
Courier Cloth suits, $79.95*

Michaels-Stern
Courier Cloth

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST AND CANADA. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE DEPT. NY, MICHAELS-STERN, 87 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH, ROCHESTER 2, NEW YORK. AFFILIATES: AUSTRALIA, HARFORD CLOTHING, LTD., MELBOURNE. CANADA, REX-NASH TAILORS, LTD., TORONTO
†LICENSED UNDER Y. LE COTTIER & A. G. TRENTESAUX OF FRANCE. PATENT . N2,757,381 N-B



Two variations
on the single theme
of love . . . by De Nicola.

Angel of Love pin —
Cupid figure in rich,
Italianesque sculptured
antique finish golden
metal. 6.00*

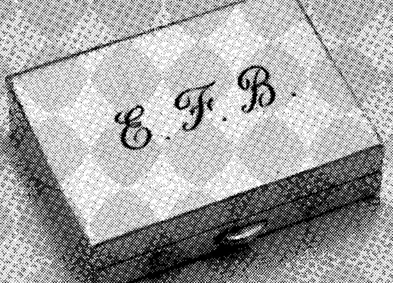
qu'hier que demain —
I love you
more than yesterday,
less than tomorrow — the
meaning of our gold-plated
charm with Plus & Minus
signs set and circled in
rhinestones; French
inscription on its reverse.
Pendant on 24" gold-filled
chain. 10.00*

*add 10% federal tax; 35c mailing
mail orders to Dallas; Xmas wrap 65c
shown actual size

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

"Cubis," as Smith calls them. These are compilations of hollow boxes of stainless steel, cubical or rectangular, welded together in deliberately angular formations, and they left me, frankly, puzzled. I have followed Smith's work for a good many years, and I long ago decided that he was determined to do things the hard way, breaking rules and upsetting traditions, and using the most intractable materials in the course of it. The "Cubis" go a little farther than usual, for these constructions, mounted on rather spindly columnar bases, with the boxlike elements angling out here and there, seem directly planned to confound all ordinary concepts of sculptural poise and balance, and though I know Smith is far too accomplished an artist to have done this by accident, the pieces are still too much for me. I liked better the works in a couple of other groups, such as Nos. III, V, and VI of the "Menands" series, which are also of welded metal but are made up of arcs and fragments of circles, often most attractively intertwined, and the intricately designed "March 9, 1964," of the set called "Bronze Planes."

SO, now, to paintings—the new show of canvases by Louis Bouché, at the Kraushaar, and a set of two canvases, one new, one old, plus a number of drawings, by Peter Blume, at Durlacher. It would be difficult to conceive of two men so different in every aspect of their artistic being. Bouché, it has always seemed to me, is one of the last of that vanishing breed, the true Impressionist—if one holds, as I do, that a main characteristic of such a man must be that he just likes painting for its own sake, particularly when he is depicting a cheerfully sunny landscape or a snug interior. This quality—of making no bones about the fact that he *enjoys* his craft—is one of Bouché's most engaging qualities. But I have sometimes felt that he overdoes things a trifle, pointing up a landscape pattern dramatically with a red-skirted girl in the middle distance, or with other accents, as if he were afraid of losing the spectator's attention. In the new collection, which is a pictorial travelogue in subject matter (England, Italy, and the United States), he appears to have outgrown that cautiousness, and the color generally is suaver, subtler, and lower in key, attuned to both hazy English afternoons and Roman twilights. I liked especially "Roman Farm," with its faded pink stucco walls, the darkly wooded "September," and "Albany," a triumph of investing

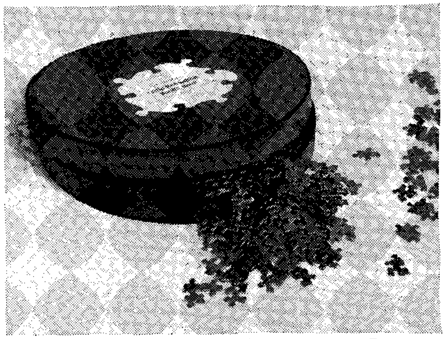


Contact Lens Case
. . . in Sterling Silver

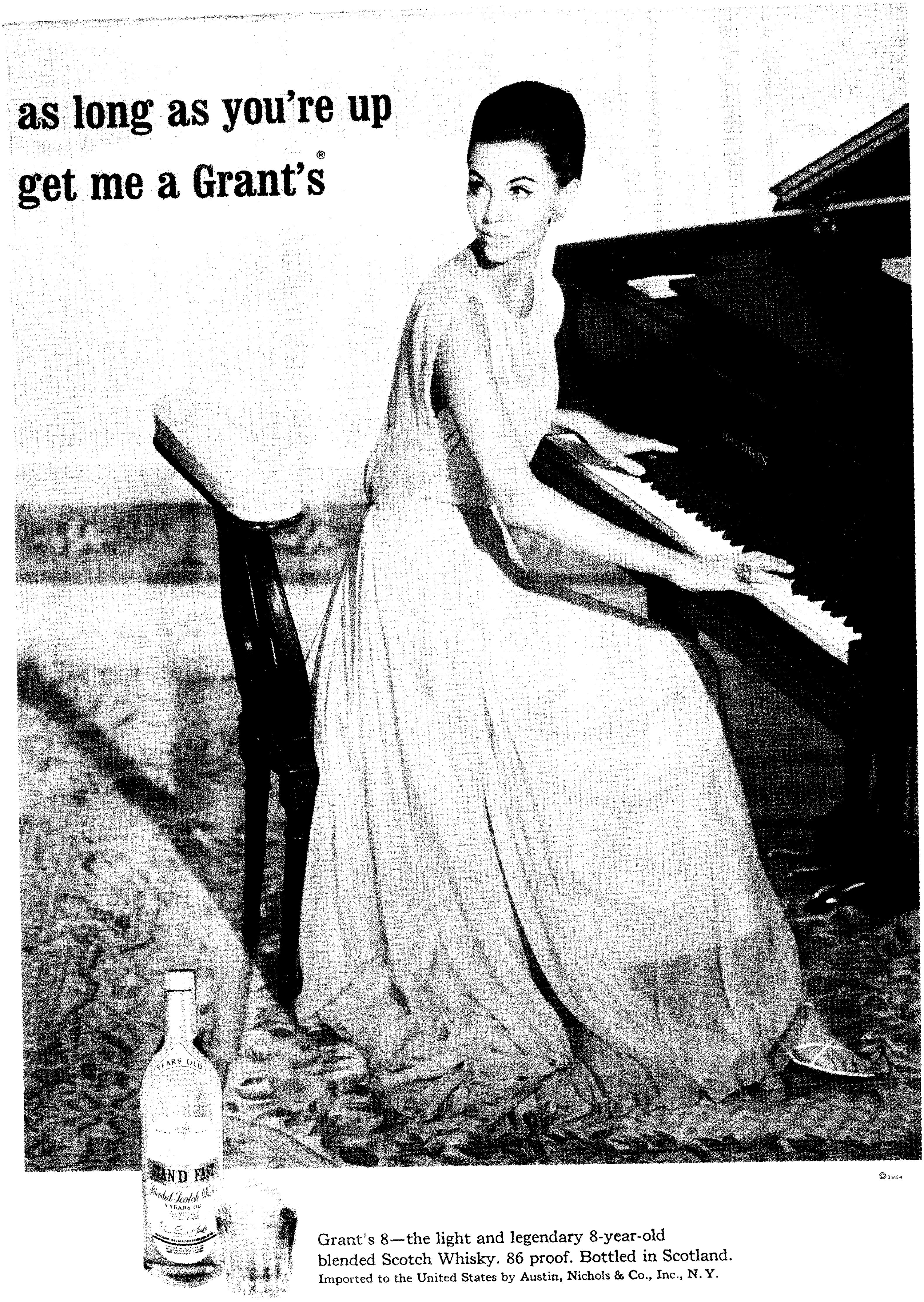
An unusual gift! Beautifully made case of sterling silver, holds contact lenses safely and attractively in purse or pocket. Florentine finish, with three engraved initials. $18.50, Fed. Tax incl.

LUGENE
Opticians
38 East 57th Street, New York / PL 3-6000
1058 Madison Ave., New York / BU 8-5486

Velveteen Taper
the long lovely look of evening
to wear with or without its own wide sash...
Holly Red
Turquoise
Shocking Pink
Deep Black
sizes 8-18 $29.95
Send for catalog "Fashions from the East"
Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55 ST. N.Y.C.



It's a Puzzlement!
No-picture round jigsaw picture puzzles keep you going in circles. All-red, all-white or all-brown . . . they're all ours exclusively. 506 pieces. $4.50 ppd.
serendipity 3
225 E. 60TH ST. TE 8-3531


as long as you're up
get me a Grant's®
YEARS OLD
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD
©1964

Grant's 8—the light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. 86 proof. Bottled in Scotland.

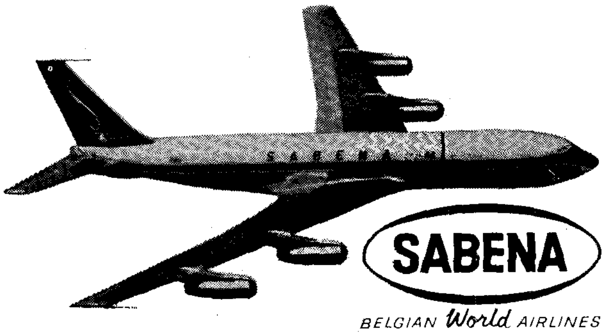
Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N. Y.

GALERIE DE LA REINE, IN DOWNTOWN BRUSSELS.

Whom do you see about shopping in Brussels, theater-going in Paris and sightseeing in Rome?

First, see SABENA, Europe's most helpful airline.

We'll show you just how helpful a big airline can be. Only Sabena jets daily non-stop to Brussels, where business and pleasure in the Common Market countries begin. Only Sabena has Mademoiselle Sabena hostesses and Lady Sabena Clubs throughout Europe to help you and your family with your personal needs. Every Sabena office has English-speaking personnel who know their cities well. They can help you with everything from shopping tips to business trips. Sabena, with 41 years' international airline experience, has more flights from Brussels to more cities than any other airline . . . 68 cities in Europe, Africa, the Middle East. See your Travel Agent or any of Sabena's 31 offices in North America. SABENA: **Europe's most helpful airline.**



SABENA

BELGIAN World AIRLINES

NORTH AMERICA, EUROPE, AFRICA, MIDDLE EAST.

our upstate capital with Impressionist atmosphere and charm.

PETER BLUME, I am sure, also enjoys painting, but with the difference that he thinks of it partly as a vehicle for comment, philosophical and otherwise. When I saw his retrospective at the Wadsworth Athenaeum last summer, I was struck, in spite of my considerable familiarity with his works, by his fondness for rocks, marble pillars, and hard surfaces, usually shattered, as dominant symbols in his compositions. There is a long procession of them, if one thinks back—from "South of Scranton" all the way to "The Rock," of a few years ago, a rock on which the world itself splits apart—and the major item in the present exhibit is "Winter," in which an outcrop of rock, leaning and vaguely spire-shaped, like a bombed cathedral, is the feature of a wintry landscape. The picture is heavy—it may be a shade too heavy—with symbolism, some of it a bit inscrutable. I am not sure that the rock represents a cathedral, but if it doesn't, what does it mean? Behind it is a blasted tree, and beyond that a landscape flat with snow and dotted with smaller outcrops of rock similar to the one in the foreground. Around the spired rock hover, in frantic flight, a heterogeneous flock of birds, startlingly varicolored in so wintry a scene, and some distorted slightly (notably two bluebirds in front of the rock) to look a little like human beings, or goblins, or wraiths . . . But it could be that I am making too much of the matter. In any case, it's an impressive as well as a provocative picture, and allusive enough so everyone will have his own interpretation. The smaller painting, "Children in the Tree," dates from 1962, but since it was bought direct by the Metropolitan Museum, this is its first gallery showing here. The tree is a Florida banyan, and the treatment is more purely pictorial, with the several children, as colorfully clad as the birds in "Winter" but more innocent in suggestion, swinging about like young monkeys in the labyrinthine roots and branches. The drawings, of which there are fifty or more, everywhere display Blume's almost Old Master assurance in this medium.

—ROBERT M. COATES

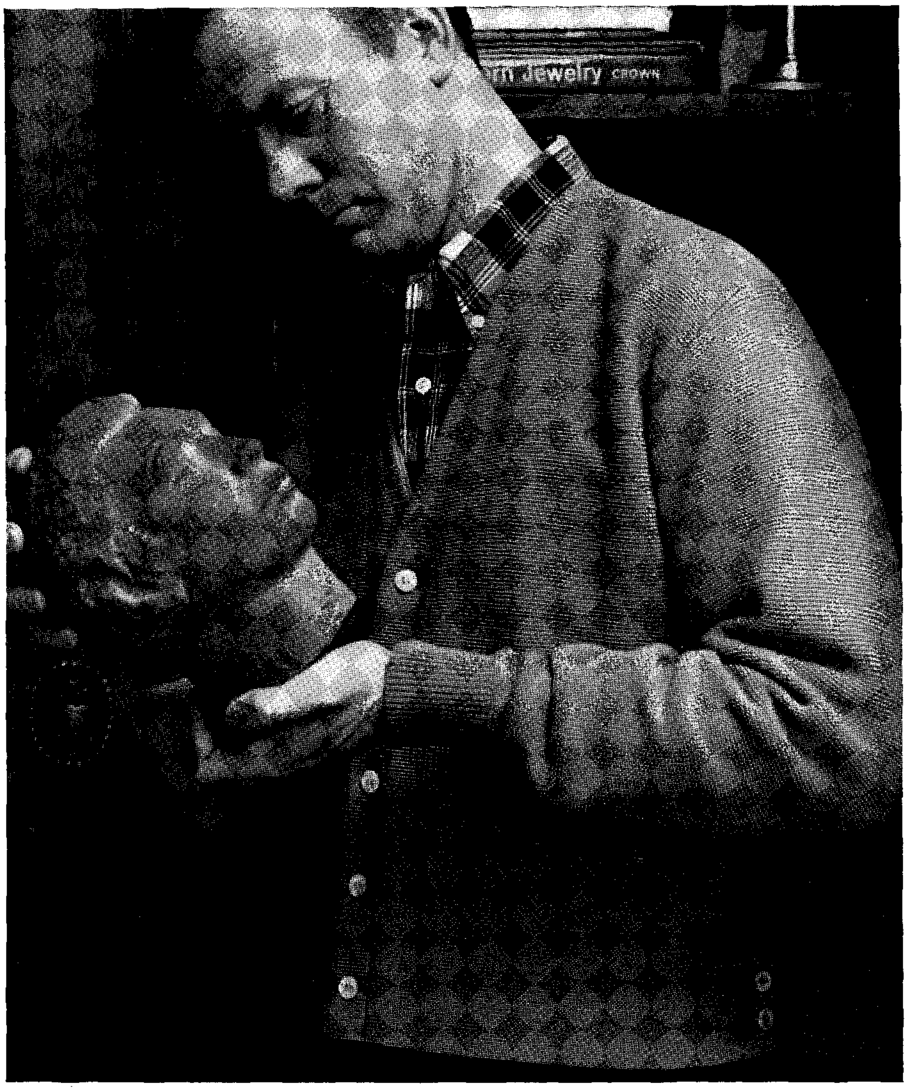
•

THE MYSTERIOUS, INQUISITIVE EAST

[*From a letter received by a man in Taipei*]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Do you have some clothings to be watched?



Must you be a golfer to wear this fine cardigan?

Not necessarily. Which is why Lord Jeff calls it the _19th hole_ cardigan. Soft 100% Zephyr wool. Smart, slim lines, extra room for comfort in sleeves and shoulders. You need that comfort to enjoy golf, of course. But you don't need golf to enjoy the comfort. Only at the finest stores.

Lord Jeff® New York 1

Rogers Peet Co
Makers of Fine Clothes since 1874

THE PARLIAMENTARIAN®

Our exclusive Parliamentarian suits are among the finest ready made suits a man can wear. Tailored in our workrooms of superb Huddersfield worsteds, Parliamentarians feature handsewn detailing usually found only in custom clothing. This fall's selection includes patterns and weaves of particular interest.

Parliamentarian Suits, $175.

AT ALL ROGERS PEET STORES:

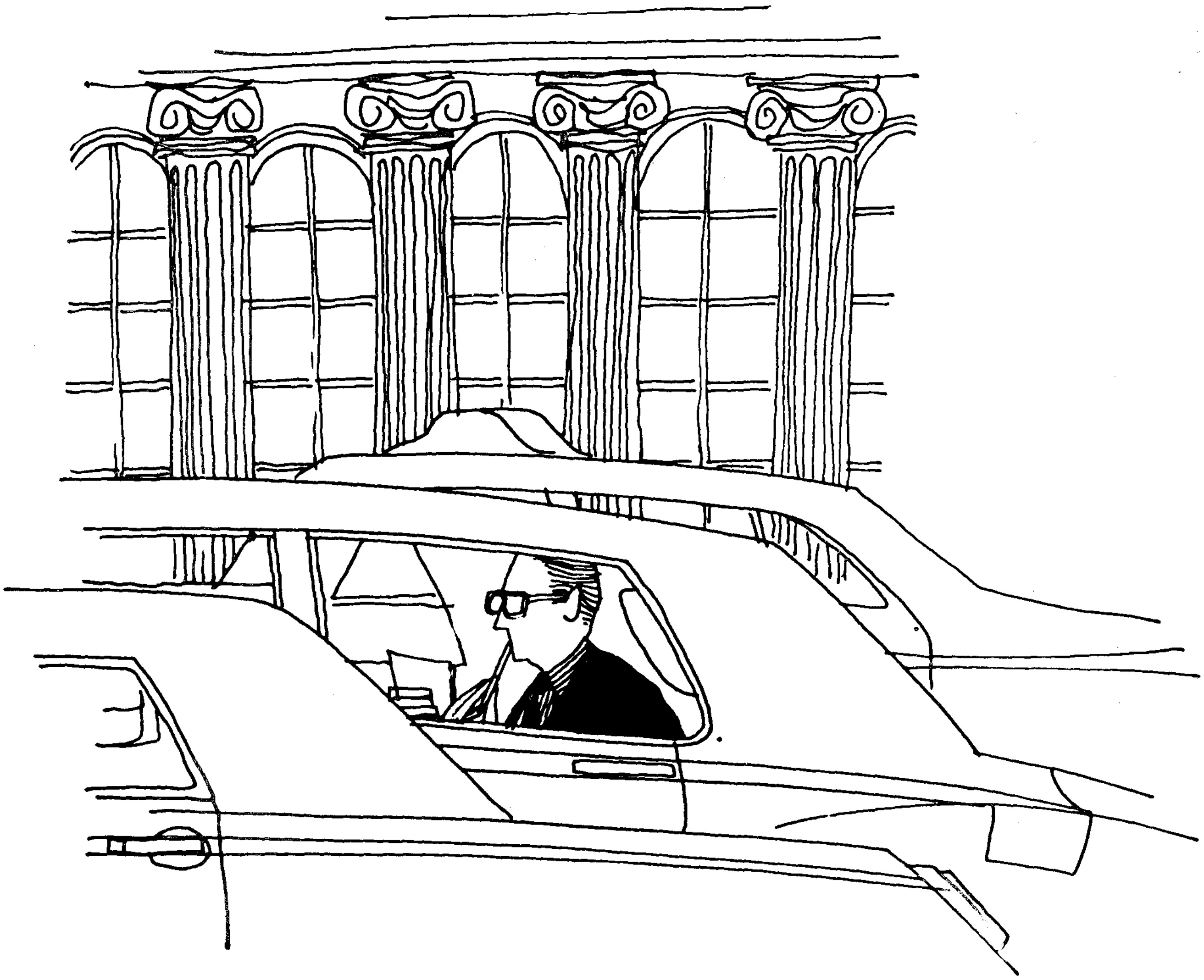
NEW YORK • HARTFORD
BOSTON • WASHINGTON

NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XLIX—HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

ALT., 608. Pop., 29,212. A large portion of the social life of Hot Springs takes place in the hot tubs and steamy massage rooms and tall-backed porch rockers of the brick-and-stucco bathhouses along Bath House Row, a quiet, tree-shaded stretch of street, dead in the center of town, that lies within the confines of Hot Springs National Park. The park is no Yellowstone or Zion—it consists of only one and a half square miles, in and around the city—but deep in its wooded confines lie forty-seven mysterious underground springs, which send forth a continuous flow of almost a million gallons of water a day with a temperature of approximately a hundred and forty-three degrees. The water flows into reservoirs and then, carefully controlled and cooled, into the tubs of seven bathhouses along Bath House Row and eleven registered bathhouses in other parts of town. Bathing in this water is said to be good for what ails a person, especially a person suffering from what is known in Hot Springs as "that rundown feeling" or from trouble in the joints, and thousands of people, attracted by the city's official slogan, "We Bathe the World," turn up there. Any city frequented by troubled joints has a tendency to start its day slowly, and during the early-morning hours—from seven to nine, say—Hot Springs presents a somnolent aspect. An early riser who recently spent a few days in Hot Springs reported that at seven o'clock one morning he stepped out of his hotel, a mammoth establishment directly across from the park, and walked through the park for quite some time in stark solitude. "There was not a living soul to be seen along its neatly tended paths," he said. "It was an odd experience—all alone in a national park." Forty-five of the forty-seven springs have been sealed off from public view, but near one that was bubbling forth from between some rocks—and giving off small puffs of steam—he spotted a button near an inconspicuous display board describing the park. He pressed the button, and was delighted to hear the sound of a human voice. It was a recorded message from a National Park Service man, speaking clearly and firmly. "Indians bathed their sick and injured here long before the explorers visited the area," said the voice. "In 1541, the Hernando de Soto expedition may have been led to the hot springs by Indian guides." The city not only has hot water, the visitor thought, but has *old* hot water. The visitor was just about to ask the voice what made the water hot when the voice asked, "Are you wondering what makes the water hot?" This so unnerved the visitor that a good deal of the explanation escaped him, but he felt later that he had got the gist of it: the area was once covered by a great ocean, and on its floor there accumulated thick layers of silt and mud, which turned into sedimentary rock that buckled and wrinkled as the earth moved, and then, as the earth pushed up and the ocean drained away, cracks and fault zones formed in the rock, through which hot water has since been rising from the center of the earth—itself a mass of molten rock—and becoming mixed with ground water in the right proportions to create hot springs. The voice, suddenly becoming stern and scholarly, intoned that the water contains blue-green algae of a kind to be found elsewhere only in Banff. "Because of the high temperature of the water, practically no animal life can survive," said the voice, "and therefore the thermal water is bacteriologically pure."

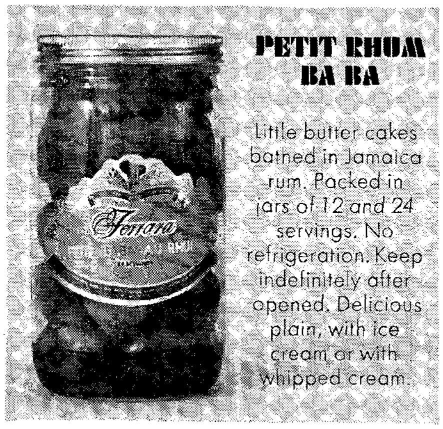
The visitor, reassured, walked out of the park. It was just a few steps to the street and Bath House Row. The bathhouses—each with a ramp leading from the sidewalk to the main door—were still closed. He passed the Buckstaff, the Ozark, the Hale, the Maurice, the Superior, the Lamar, and the Quapaw—imposing structures built along the general lines of seaside villas. Bath House Row lines one side of Central Avenue, a principal street, and at intersections "Walk" and "Don't Walk" signs were flashing on and off. At the end of the row, facing a corner of the park, the visitor noted a few signs of



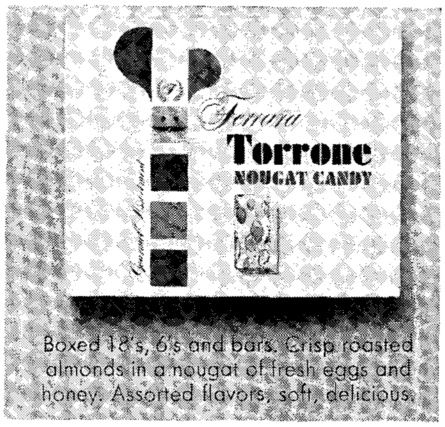
He owns 51% of his company's stock—but even his signature can now take on added authority. Give him the distinctively new Parker 75—a fountain pen that will even make his doodles look better. It will be available soon at $25. PLUS TAX

To be one of the first to examine this new pen, write The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, for name of dealer nearest you.

©1964 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.


PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.


Boxed 18's, 6's and bars. Crisp roasted almonds in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.

Ferrara's delicious baked crepes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)

FERRARA'S WILD CHERRY JUBILEE

Delicious Cherries Anglaise in rum for tasty desserts.

Try our Panettone (Italian Coffee Cake), Panforte Siena style, Marron au rhum, Imported Apricots and Figs in cordials and Rum Nesselrode.
WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

ESTABLISHED 1892
Ferrara
PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

hesitantly emerging animal life. There was no vehicular traffic, but several people were dutifully waiting for the traffic signs to change to "Walk" before crossing the street to a drinking fountain outside the headquarters of the park superintendent. Water from the hot springs was gushing from the fountain. "It was a strange phenomenon," the visitor later told a friend. "They were the early-morning drinkers—water drinkers, you understand, who are the firsts to appear—but they were unlike any other early-morning drinkers I had ever seen. There were just a few at first, but gradually I noticed that men and women were converging on the fountain from all over town. Their advance had the air of a pilgrimage—a slow, unsteady pilgrimage. Some of them carried those little folding metal cups that Boy Scouts take on hikes. Others had gallon prune-juice or cider jugs, with the labels still on them. Others held buckets—old-fashioned tin buckets, with dippers. One man had an eyedropper. They all scrupulously waited for the 'Walk' signs, although I could see how eager they were to get to the water. When the people got to the fountain, they filled their cups and drank the water, or they filled their buckets and jugs and went back to the curb to wait for the 'Walk' sign to flash, and then slowly crossed the street and headed for their motels or rooming houses. The man with the eyedropper carefully dropped some of the water into both eyes, and then shook his head like a dog coming out of a pond. I had some of the water myself. Just leaned over and put my mouth to the jet. It seemed fine to me—warmish but not hot, and odorless. Tasted like water."

THE early-morning-water-hole crowd is distinct from the people taking the baths. The water-hole devotees merely drink the water; they do not bathe in it. An aficionado of hot-spring bathing generally signs up for a whole series of baths, and the bathhouse becomes his home away from home while he is visiting Hot Springs. A certain amount of prestige goes with taking the baths, and the names of bathers, listed both by bathhouses and by points of origin, appear each week in the Hot Springs *Visitor's Bulletin*, which is available free all over town. The *Bulletin* is the *Who's Who* of tubbing. If Earl Caauwe, from Iowa, bathes at the Lamar Bath House, this is duly noted, and by glancing down the list of names in the *Bulletin* Mr. Caauwe can discover that George

ANDRÉ DERAIN
IMPORTANT RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION
THROUGH NOV. 21

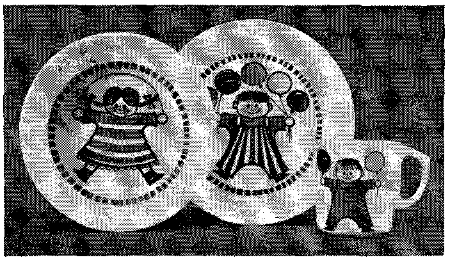
L'Italienne 1929

HIRSCHL & ADLER Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. • NY 21 • LE 5-8810

HU-KWA
THE SMOKY TEA

For those who enjoy the satisfying flavor of smoky Lapsang Souchong Tea — there's nothing finer. $4.00 per pound — ½ pound $2.25. Send check or M.O. Please add 25¢ per item if more than 350 miles from Boston.

Gift orders filled promptly.
MARK T. WENDELL, Importer
156 State St., Boston, Mass. 02109
ALSO SOLD AT FINE FOOD STORES.


SWEDISH DISHES FOR CHILDREN

Gay designs permanently locked in new Ornamid plastic, unbreakable and heat-proof. 6 in. bowl, 7 in. plate and 7 oz. mug giftwrapped and postpaid, **$5.95.**

Christmas folder upon request.

curt wagner
1729 S. CATALINA AVENUE
REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

FROM THE "PRESENT INDICATIVE" COLLECTION BY HERITAGE AT FINE STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

DRESSES BY YOUNGLAND.

"SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is a product of
3M COMPANY

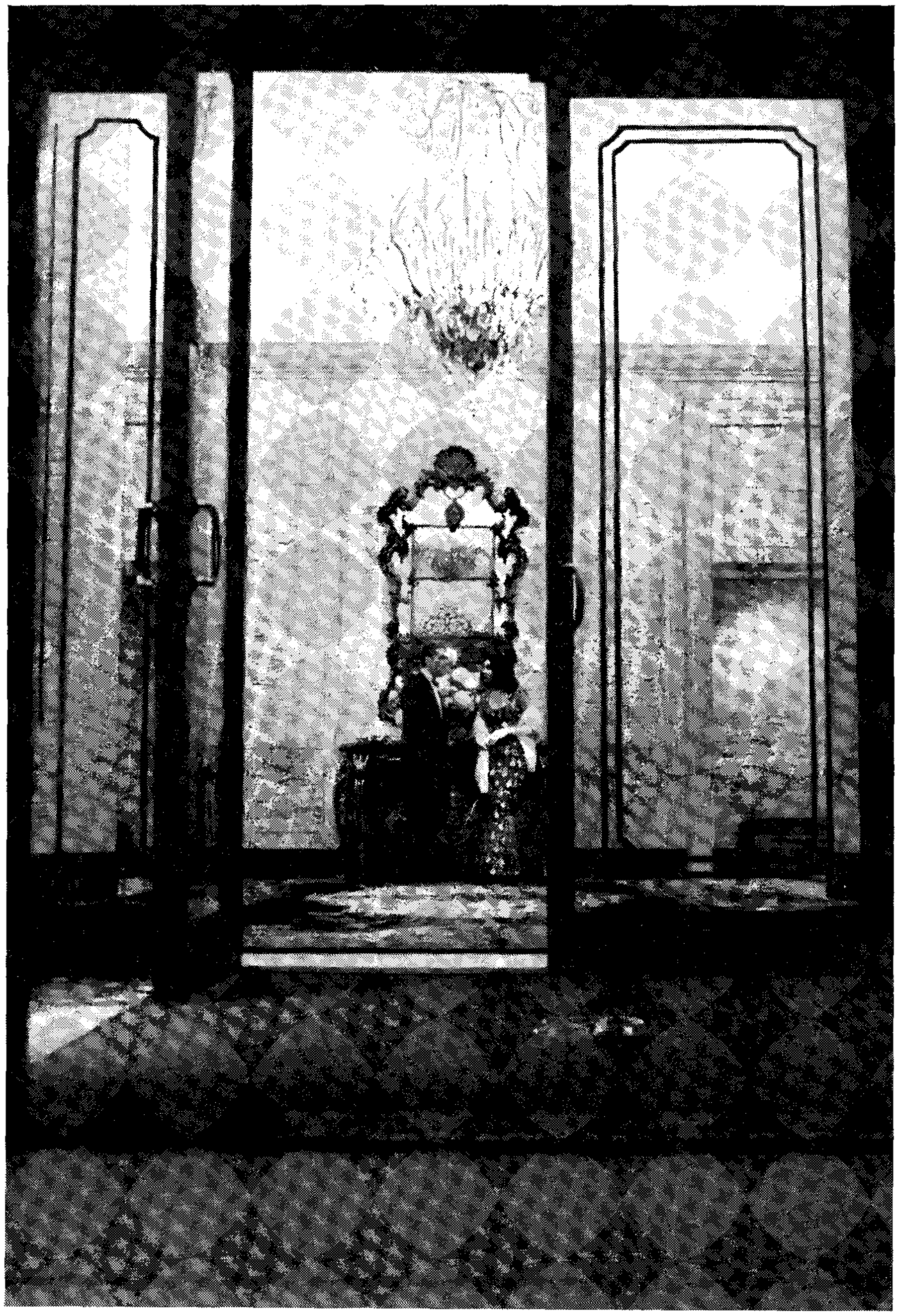
live dangerously...with Heritage!

(the fabric's protected by "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller)

In a situation like this you needn't panic. That's because Heritage had the foresight to treat these fabrics with "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller. "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is down-right remarkable. First of all, it's unperturbed by spills—even oily ones. Second, it finds most stains quite resistible. Third, it makes fabrics so spot-cleanable, they generally won't develop tell-tale rings. Next time the sundae-school set meets in your living room, let them live dangerously. Providing the affair has been catered by Heritage and **Scotchgard** STAIN REPELLER

Nothing else quite measures up
AGED 8 YEARS
WALKER'S
DeLuxe
BOURBON
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon
THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

Lantz, also from Iowa, is bathing at the same bathhouse. The bathers come from all over: the Griffins from Tennessee (Hale Bath House); Mrs. Meisenheimer from Texas (Maurice Bath House); Mrs. F. Ritter from Nebraska (Lamar Bath House); Mr. and Mrs. J. Trost from Missouri (Buckstaff Bath House). People have a chance to get together after their baths, sitting on the glassed-in porches of the bathhouses and waiting for their pores to close. "It is extremely important for people to wait a minimum of half an hour for their pores to close after their baths," a bathhouse official recently remarked. "It would never do for them to get their pores all opened up taking their baths and then walk out of the bathhouse and catch their death." Television is provided on the porches, along with writing desks, mail drops, and the rockers. People like to sit down after their baths and write postcards home describing the water and its temperature. There is also a good deal of chatter on the porches, largely about grandchildren, diet, and aches and pains. Most of the talk is about aches and pains. Talk about aches and pains has a never-ending quality, for it presents an infinite series of possible combinations; it can continue as long as it would take, say, all living Chinese to pass a given spot. The broad divisions of the pain-talk curriculum are location, frequency, duration, previous history, and prognosis. A chain reaction inevitably sets in upon the porches, with one man's backache sliding naturally into another man's Charley horse. "Of course, we do not discourage talk about ailments," a bathhouse proprietor said not long ago. "It does people a certain amount of good to talk about their aches and pains, and to compare notes. I always point out that we have a hundred-and-twelve-year-old man who comes in here, and when he talks about the stiffening in his joints he is a positive inspiration to the others, who see how dang far they have to go and the improvements that can set in. We close down during the lunch hour, and in the afternoon a whole new set arrives, with a whole new batch of places that hurt. We're ready for them. The water contains silica, potassium, magnesium, nitrates, and phosphates, plus gases. Single baths run from a dollar eighty-five to two twenty-five, depending on the bathhouse, while six baths cost from ten fifty-five to twelve ninety-five, twelve baths from twenty dollars and thirty cents to twenty-five dollars and

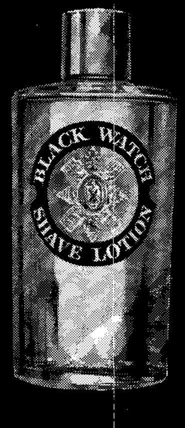


This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park.

The Regency Hotel

61ST STREET AND PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, NEW YORK. PLAZA 9-4100. EDMOND A. RIEDER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

WATCH WHAT BLACK WATCH DOES FOR A MAN !

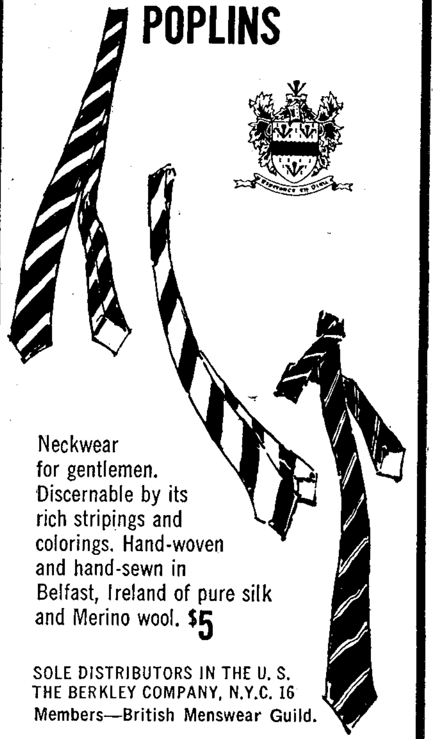


BLACK WATCH
The Man's Fragrance
shave lotion $2^{50}, cologne $3 PLUS TAX
By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

PSST!
THEY'RE NEW!
Black Watch Instant Foam Shave
Black Watch Pre-Electric Skin Conditioner

ten cents, eighteen baths from twenty-nine sixty to thirty-six eighty, and twenty-four baths from thirty-seven forty to forty-seven dollars. We bathe the world!"

The most expensive and elegant baths are to be found, or taken, at the Arlington Hotel, a celebrated resort hotel with innumerable corridors, card rooms, gift shops, lobbies, coffee shops, and restaurants. Drinking fountains offering water from the hot springs are conveniently situated on each floor of the Arlington, near the elevators. There are paper-cup holders beside them, and most of the guests swig a cup or two while waiting to go up or down. Special elevators whisk the guests from their floors to bathing headquarters, on the third floor, and guests have the privilege of walking down the halls in their bathrobes and slippers on their way to the delights of the baths. The manager of the Arlington, a jovial, portly man named Edgar A. May, who has an encyclopedic knowledge of the baths and a dedication to their way of life, makes frequent trips to the bath floor during the day. The knowledge that deep in the recesses of his establishment people are tubbing or steaming or being pounded by masseurs gives him a special sense of security. "Invigorating, health-producing, life-giving thermal waters!" Mr. May recently exclaimed to a visitor while showing him around the men's bath section, and went on to explain, "During February, when the racing season is on, we give the majority of our baths in the morning. People are then refreshed to go out to the track. In April and May, when people start golfing, we bathe large numbers in the afternoons. Summers, we bathe entire families all the time. For anything except the standard bath, a physician who is registered with the National Park Service must prescribe the regime. We are very strict about this. All people who come in for a bath must sign a sheet called 'Application and Certificate for Baths.' Either they must sign under the section saying they have engaged a doctor or person publicly professing to heal or cure or they must sign under the section saying they have not engaged a doctor or person publicly professing to heal or cure. They must sign under one category or the other. They must also put down their home town, and how they arrived in Hot Springs—by bus or car, or however. We have to be strict. We're dealing with thermal waters. For example, for the standard bath the tub temperature must be from ninety-eight to a hundred

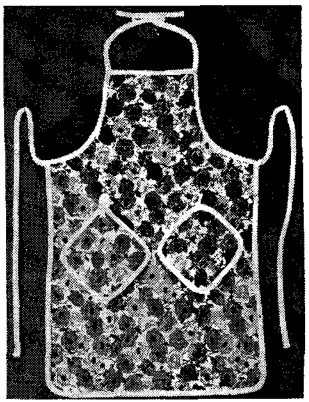


WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1820
ATKINSONS
ROYAL IRISH
POPLINS

Neckwear for gentlemen. Discernable by its rich stripings and colorings. Hand-woven and hand-sewn in Belfast, Ireland of pure silk and Merino wool. $5

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U. S.
THE BERKLEY COMPANY, N.Y.C. 16
Members—British Menswear Guild.

Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK



HOLIDAY CHEF
This delectable apron lifts the cook to gourmet heights. Poppy-printed TERRY of red, pinks, greens—iced all around with white. Second "pocket" is the handiest pot holder ever—it buttons on to the front. Terry apron with pot holder: $5.95
Add 35¢ each for shipping.
Send for color catalog of terry fashions for beach and bath.
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

ROBERT GOULET
is the shah in the
PERSIAN ROOM
November 4 - December 1
Performances at
9:15 & Midnight
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

degrees and the maximum time permitted in the tub is twenty minutes. If the bather wants the optional, dollar-extra whirlpool action—a mixer-type device is lowered into the clear water and agitates it—the maximum temperature is a hundred degrees and the maximum tubbing time is fifteen minutes. One or more cups of water, from a faucet alongside the tub, are permitted while tubbing. You don't just sit in the tub. Heavens, no! An attendant massages your body with a special bath mitt, which has a rough fibroid surface, and which is made right here in Hot Springs. I haven't even begun. There are the vapor baths. This is steam. People stand in a showerlike arrangement, either with their heads in or with their heads out—two minutes for the head in, five minutes for the head out—*under the constant supervision of an attendant.* We prescribe a regular shower for two minutes at ninety-eight degrees. And packs—a maximum of thirty minutes in the pack room, during which one is permitted to drink one or more glasses of water. And then the massage. And, finally, there is the cooling-off period, when you just lie down on a cot and cool off. The temperature in the cooling-off room is ninety-five degrees. Some doctors will prescribe a tub temperature of a hundred and one or a hundred and two. The maximum would certainly be a hundred and four—*very* hot, and *very* special. For *extremely* odd aches and pains." Mr. May and his visitor were now in the cooling-off room, where twenty or more men, almost all of them of great bulk, with huge jaws and blue chins, were sleeping like babies on the cots. Mr. May appeared overwhelmed by the sight. "They've never felt better in their lives," he said softly. "They are ready for anything."

ONE thing that Hot Springs bathers used to get ready for was gambling after dark, but this they can no longer indulge in. The gambling is over at Hot Springs, to the considerable dismay of many clients, who felt that the wear and tear of standing at the gaming tables required them to be watered down and pounded into shape if they were to test their luck again the next night at blackjack, roulette, or slot machines. "You just try pulling one of those bandits all night, chum, and see if your arm doesn't need limbering up," a former game-of-chance client recently remarked to a man standing in the next vapor bath, with his head out. "I needed the baths real bad before and

This is Creighton's Navy Blue Stripe are you man enough to wear it?

Creighton launches a new wave of color . . . Salty Navy Blue Oxford stripes. A bold, crisp color accent . . . neat, in an honored tradition. Button down collar, back pleat, and hanger loop, naturally. About $6.00 at selected stores.

CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS
Empire State Building, New York

©1964 CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS

Here's more of the Johnston & Murphy Alligator Story

An alligator must be at least 50 years old before its skin is acceptable for Johnston & Murphy shoes. An entire prime hide of an alligator is required for the manufacture of a single pair.
Each alligator skin is as individual as your fingerprints; therefore, no pair of these shoes can ever be duplicated.

shown on opposite page:
The Chevy Chase Tassel Loafer, $135
The Granada Plain-toe Oxford, $135

The Bordeaux Slip-on, $115

The Leon Moc-Oxford, $115

The New Haven Hand-sewn Moccasin, $85

All are available in black or brown.

Johnston
& Murphy

GENESCO PARK, NASHVILLE 1, TENNESSEE/GENESCO EVERYTHING TO WEAR

Featured at these fine stores:

Alabama, *Birmingham,*
J. Blach & Sons

Arizona, *Phoenix,* Hanny's
Tucson, Mills-Touche

Arkansas,
Little Rock, Bauman's

California, *Beverly Hills,*
The London Shop
Bixby Knolls, De Santis
Burbank, Lyon's
Burlingame, Robert W. Gates
Canoga Park, Stuart McDonald
Carmel, Derek Rayne
Chula Vista, Raya's
Indio, Bob Williams
Inglewood, Mort Kamins
La Jolla, Stuard's
Long Beach, Buffum's
Los Angeles, Innes Shoe
Company
Sacramento, Bonney & Gordon
San Francisco, Sommer &
Kaufmann
San Jose, Bert Schroeder
Southern, Desmond's
Stockton, The Oxford Shop
Studio City, Studio Boot Shop
Van Nuys, Marv Miller

Colorado, *Denver,* Neusteter's

District of Columbia, *Washington,*
Snyder & Little

Florida, *Miami Beach,*
Cuzzen's-Fontainebleau

Hawaii, *Honolulu,* Andrade & Co.

Illinois, *Chicago,* Capper & Capper
Chicago, J&M Shop

Maryland, *Baltimore,* Hess Shoes

Massachusetts, *Boston,* J. L. Esart
Boston, Louis
Lawrence, The Gentry Shop

Michigan, *Birmingham,* Jacobson's
Dearborn, Jacobson's
Detroit, Capper & Capper
Jackson, Jacobson's

Mississippi, *Jackson,* Gus Mayer

Missouri, *Kansas City,* Woolf Bros.

Montana, *Great Falls,* Kaufman's

Nevada, *Las Vegas,* Christensen's
Las Vegas, Jackman's
Las Vegas, Frank Richard's
Las Vegas, Stuard's-Sahara
Reno, Menard's

New York, *Brooklyn,* Field Brothers
Buffalo, Peller & Mure
New York, Kolmer-Marcus
New York, F. R. Tripler
New York, Whitehouse & Hardy

Ohio, *Cleveland,* Steven's

Oklahoma, *Tulsa,* Woolf Bros.

Oregon, *Portland,* The Clothes
Horse

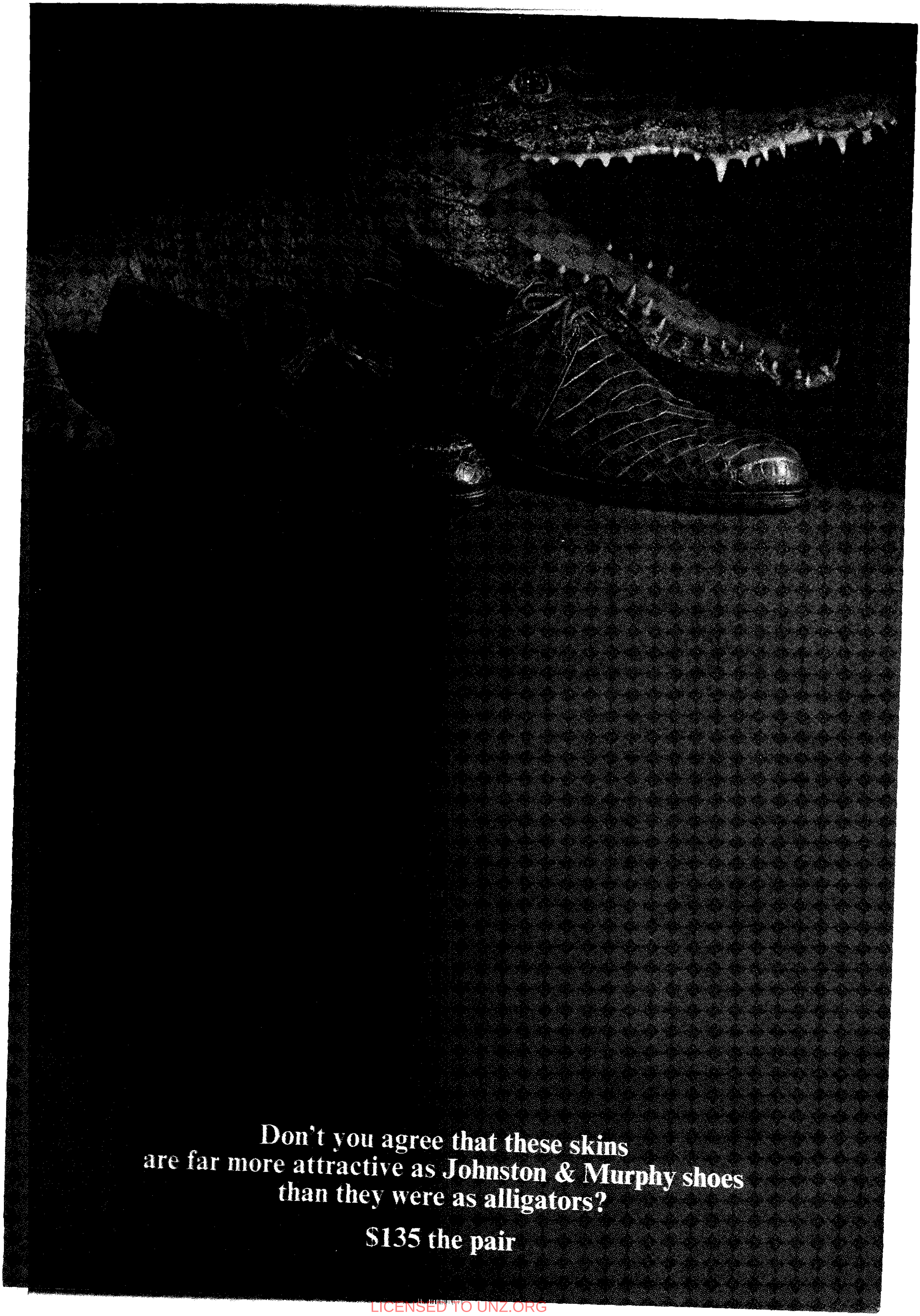
Pennsylvania, *Philadelphia,*
Morville Clothes Co.

Tennessee, *Memphis,* Phil A. Halle

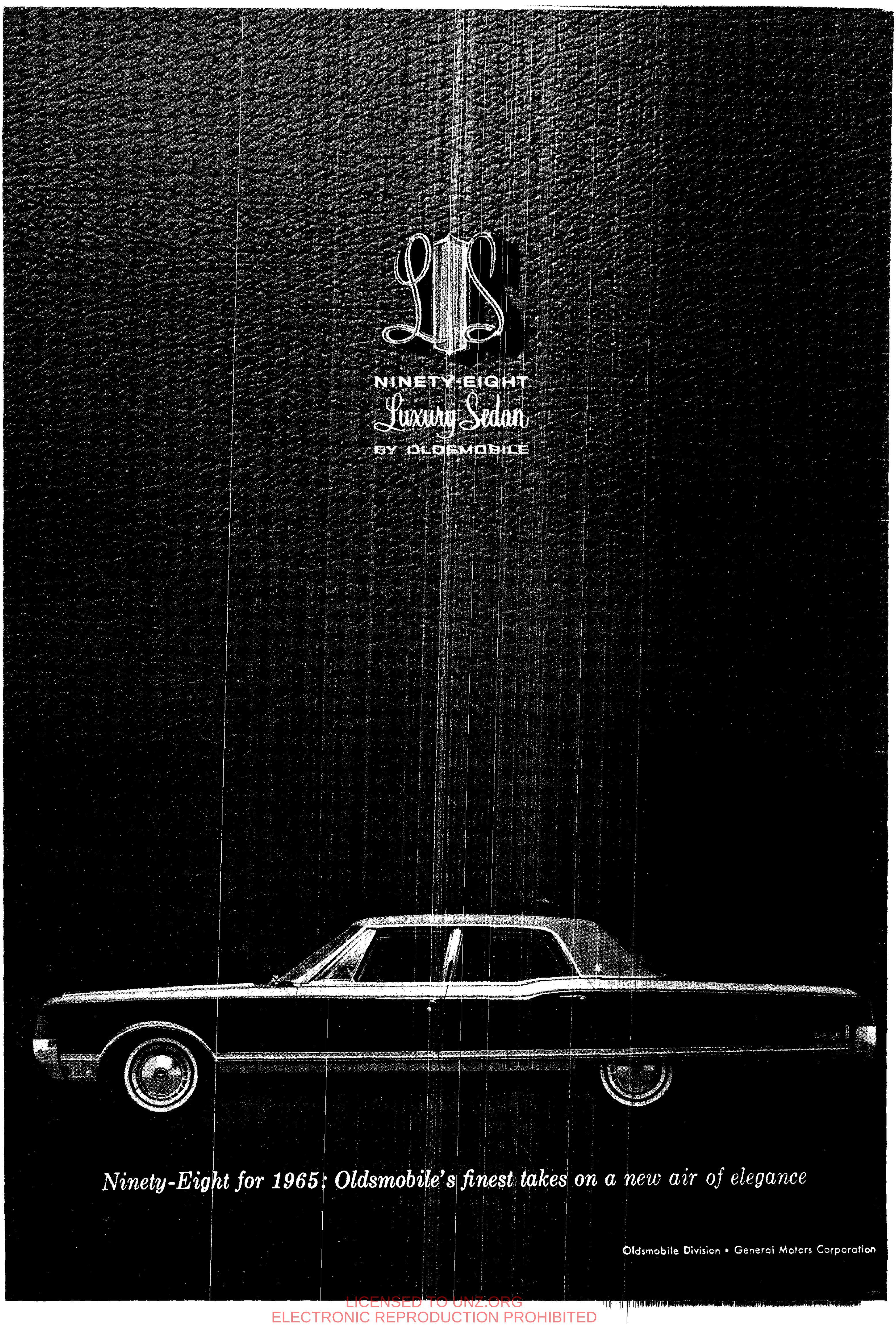
Texas, *Amarillo,* Harry Holland
Dallas, Dreyfuss & Son
Fort Worth, John L. Ashe
Laredo, Joe Brand
San Antonio, Hutchins Bros.

Utah, *Ogden,* Janson Shoe
Company
Salt Lake City
Maurice Anderson

West Virginia, *Charleston,*
Schwabe-May



Don't you agree that these skins
are far more attractive as Johnston & Murphy shoes
than they were as alligators?
$135 the pair


NINETY-EIGHT
Luxury Sedan
BY OLDSMOBILE
Ninety-Eight for 1965: Oldsmobile's finest takes on a new air of elegance
Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation

after a night at the Vapors Club or the Southern Club. It was a positive health necessity." He added that he could not understand why the State of Arkansas had taken such a narrow attitude toward the gambling places as to close them down. "Sure it was illegal," he said, his face half hidden by steam, "but the city collected taxes on the illegal take and was making notable civic improvements, including the building of a handsome new municipal auditorium. It is truly a pity." This man, who still goes down to Hot Springs for the baths and for bingo, is convinced that gambling will inevitably resume. "This sort of thing happens," he said. "It's a cycle in human nature. Public officials have a tendency to get virtuous from time to time. I was standing right here in the vapor bath yesterday, and I closed my eyes and went down Memory Lane, and I saw the dense smoke at the Vapors Club, around the corner from the Arlington, and I saw the floor show, with people eating immense steaks while Mickey Rooney told jokes up on the stage and imitated Jimmy Stewart. I could hear people gambling in the next room, and I could see in my mind's eye the big doors swinging open to the gaming room and to the muted but hysterical hum of voices and the click of the machines and the strange-looking women betting like fiends, with their crazy blond hair and purple hair and green hair. Then the attendant cried 'Steam time up!' and, believe me, when I snapped out of it I was ready for a rubdown and a nap."

—Philip Hamburger

•

As they moved off, Peggy put her arm through Stanley's. He could feel her arm in his toes.—*From a story in Good Housekeeping.*

Is there a chiropractor in the room?

•

The Great Books Discussion Group will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Terry Fields on October 25. Topics for discussion will be selections from the history of "The Peloponnesian War" by P. H. Ucydides.—*Norris (Tenn.) Star.*

That's *T.* H. Ucydides.

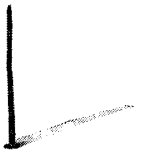
•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

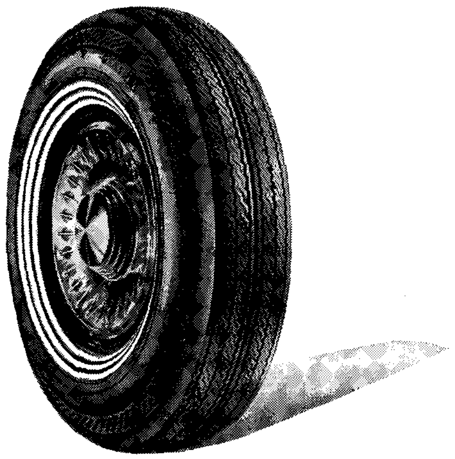
[From the London Observer]

Today's Weather

All areas will have sunny periods and showers, heavy at times with local hail and thunder. Snow will fall on mountains. It will be cold or rather cold everywhere with slight frost in many places at first.



It's a puncture-sealing
General Dual 90
with new Duragen rubber



Forget flats...
Forget blowouts...
And now, forget wear!

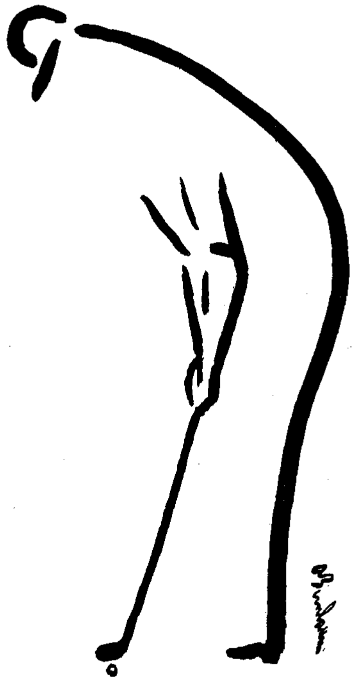
GENERAL TIRE
T.M.
THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

THE SPORTING SCENE

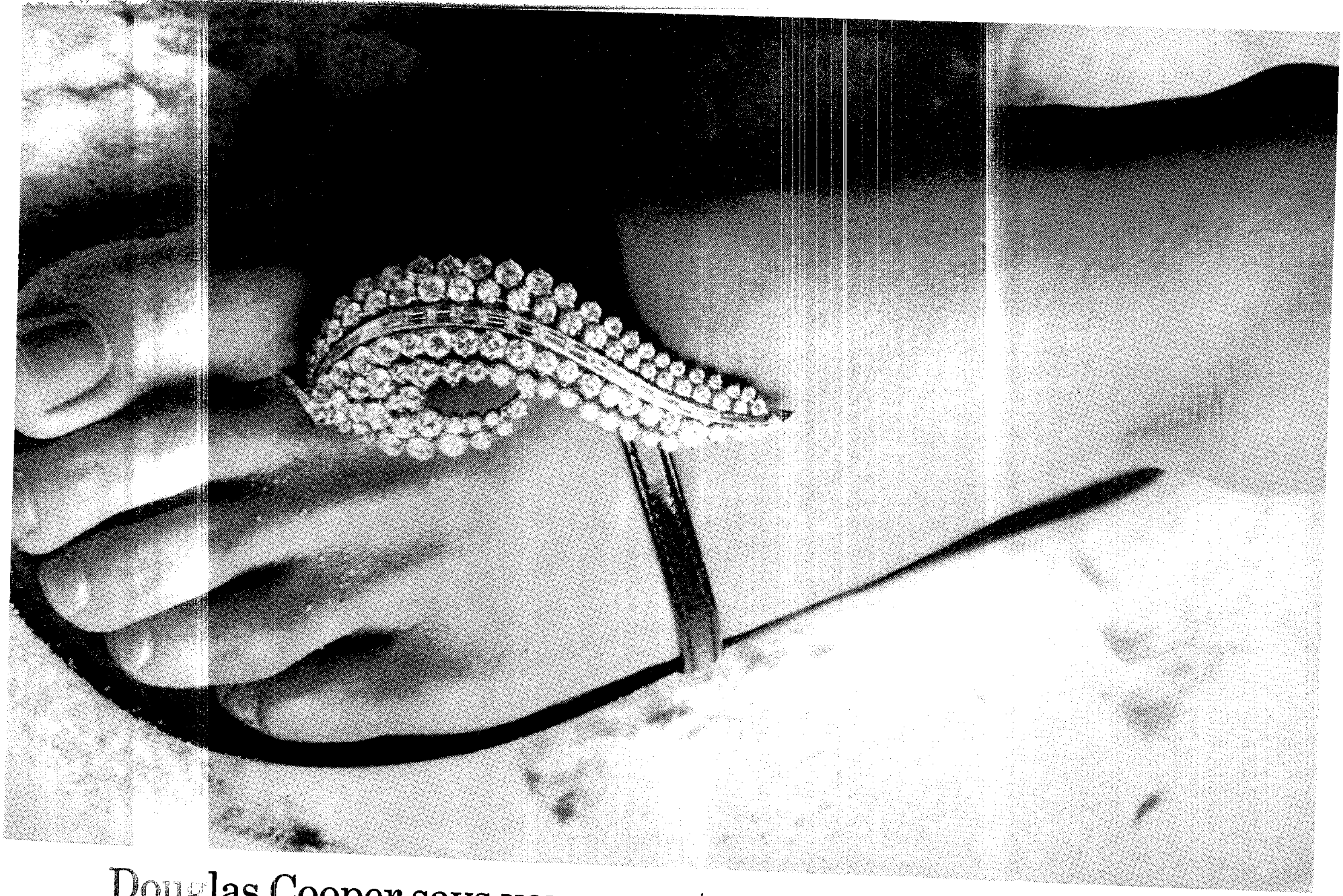
EUROPE IN THE FALL

As far as sports are concerned, autumn is, as a rule, a relatively mild and quiet season in Great Britain and on the European continent. Tennis and golf are both about over, after having reached their peaks in early summer—tennis with the Wimbledon championships, golf with the British Open. In England, the cricket stumps have long since been pulled up and stored away. In nearly all countries, the soccer and Rugby league seasons are well advanced, of course, but the significant clashes between the contenders lie months ahead. While some horse racing still goes on, there are few fixtures of consequence. All in all, as the days grow shorter and the sun grows paler and the skies grow grayer and the air grows colder, sports lose a good deal of their intensity, and their devotees begin to translate their energies into longer walks, longer political discussions, and even longer business hours.

This autumn, however, it was a bit different, for in the first two weeks of October golf enjoyed a completely unprecedented Indian summer of importance. Four major events took place: the inaugural Braemar Seven-Club Professional Tournament, over the Ailsa course at Turnberry, in Scotland, from October 1st through October 3rd; the first Women's World Amateur Team Championship, at the Saint-Germain-en-Laye Golf Club, outside Paris, from October 1st through October 4th; the fourth biennial Men's World Amateur Team Championship for the Eisenhower Trophy, at the Circolo Golf Olgiata, fifteen miles north of Rome, from October 7th through October 10th; and the first Piccadilly World Match-Play Tournament, at the Wentworth Golf Club, near London, from October 9th through October 11th. Like any golf fan, my appetite was whetted when I learned of this super-*smörgåsbord*, and, reasoning that it might be years before a comparable spread was placed on the table, I made arrangements to go abroad and take in the four tournaments. Their overlapping schedules made it impossible to see *any* one of the four in its entirety, but I was pleased rather than dismayed by the prospect of looking in on a tournament for two days and then dashing on to the next one, for there is something in all of us that delights in playing the poor man's Phileas Fogg even in this accelerated era when the world has become almost too travellable.



Turnberry stretches alongside the Firth of Clyde, about fifty miles south of Glasgow and fifteen miles south of Prestwick International Airport—and I can think of no pleasanter way to "enter Europe," incidentally, than to disembark at Prestwick, with its unbustling, country pace and lack of confusion, and drive through the scrubbed-down towns and green fields of Ayrshire to the Turnberry Hotel, a large, comfortable place that sits atop an abrupt ridge overlooking the Ailsa links and the sea beyond. I arrived on the morning of the first day of the Seven-Club Tournament, a seventy-two-hole stroke-play event in which, as its title indicates, a player may carry in his bag only seven clubs, instead of the full complement of fourteen he is entitled to in ordinary competitions. To go back a little way, up until 1938, when the fourteen-club rule was passed simultaneously by the game's two governing bodies—the United States Golf Association and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews—a golfer could carry as many clubs as he wished. Until the nineteen-twenties, however, few players, even among the champions, thought they needed more than ten or twelve—in 1916, for instance, when Chick Evans won the United States Open with a record low total of 286, he did it with only seven clubs—but after Walter Hagen and our other professionals introduced the trunk-size golf bag, around 1924, there was a decided trend toward carrying extra weapons. It soon became fairly commonplace for the serious golfer to supplement his basic set of clubs with such spares as an extra driver that he could resort to when his regular driver was not working too well; a shallow-faced spoon, for tight lies; a spoon with a big pear-shaped head, for gorgeous lies; an all-purpose jigger; a couple of hickory-shafted irons from his old set, for trouble shots; one left-handed club; and an assortment of putters, to suit all types of greens. Lawson Little brought this to its *reductio ad absurdum* in 1934, when, if I remember correctly, he had his caddie lug more than thirty clubs, including eight or nine woods, and after that it was only a matter of time before a limitation on armaments had to be invoked. The main purpose of the fourteen-club rule, apart from insuring the continued existence of able-bodied caddies, was to bring back into the game some measure of the old shotmaking skills that had gradually gone out when, with the increase in the number of clubs carried, it had become unnecessary for a man to be able to play half shots and three-quarter shots, high shots and low shots with each of the clubs in his bag. The rule has proved to be a popular one with most golfers, but, as you might expect, there are two sects of extremists who think it should be revised. On one hand, more than a few of our professional stars, possibly encouraged by golf-club manufacturers, have in recent years been lobbying for upping the limit to sixteen; their contention is that they need, of all things, more pitching clubs. On the other hand, there is, as there always has been, a group of unreconstructed old-timers who remain convinced that fourteen clubs are about five too many to test a golfer's true worth, since, as they are fond of saying, "It allows him to buy too many of his shots in the pro shop." If this is hardly a realistic argument, it is an appealing one, in that it evokes a picture of the golfer as an ingenious improviser, and I know of nobody who plays the game, pro or hacker, who hasn't wondered how he would make out if he had to leave half his clubs in his locker. In any event, it is very much to the credit of the British golf-club manufacturers that when the idea of a seven-club tournament was proposed

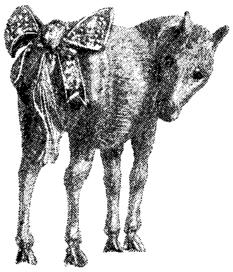


Douglas Cooper says you can get away with it in Jamaica. Elsewhere, wear it elsewhere.

Do diamonds lose their dignity on a lady's foot? Definitely not, says Douglas Cooper. (But it helps if the foot is nicely tanned and treading in a somewhat informal environment.) Diamonds are nobly adaptable. They gleam just as generously in tropical sands as in your hair at the opera, as modelled by Mrs. Cooper at lower right.

Changing the habitat of a diamond broadens its horizons. If you were a diamond (the Coopers find such suppositions quite normal), wouldn't you be bored anchored forever to the same old décolletage?

This swirling diamond brooch is part of a brave contemporary collection at F. J. Cooper. The stones (can you guess how many there are?) literally bounce with light and personality. It is eight thousand dollars. If you care to see more of this versatile new collection, call Mr. Cooper before you go South.



The little horse lurking on the left thinks diamonds should be worn on the tail. He is entitled to his point of view. Diamond bow and all, this 18 karat gold equine brooch with ruby eyes is three hundred fifty dollars. With a simple golden bow, he is one hundred fifteen dollars. In both cases, his tail flicks. Just to be silly.

F·J·COOPER INC.

jewelers by birth...since 1883

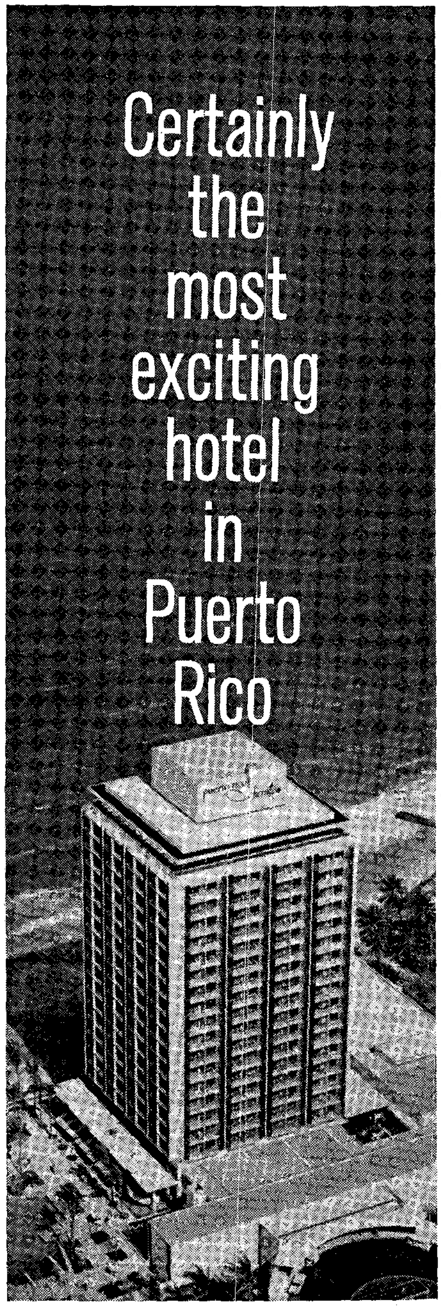
1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.
& F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

Federal Tax included. Jewelry shown actual size. Add 5% for Pennsylvania delivery.

they didn't sabotage it. Furthermore, it is very much to the credit of the British professionals that they not only agreed to play in such a tournament, at the risk of jeopardizing their reputations by shooting relatively high scores, but also converged on Turnberry as enthusiastic as schoolboys about the novelty of the challenge.

What seven clubs would you pick if you were going to tackle a formidable 7,000-yard seaside links like the Ailsa? Most of us, I think, would settle on a driver, a 4-wood, a 3-iron, a 5-iron, a 7-iron, a pitching wedge, and a putter. At the Seven-Club Tournament, the selection made by each player was posted in the press tent (which in Britain is still literally a tent), and I meant to study these lists closely, but before doing this I went out to the fourteenth hole with some British golf writers I know to watch the parade go by. The first sight that struck my eyes was one for which I was unprepared. George Will and Guy Wolstenholme, two of the best young British professionals, had just driven off the fourteenth, and were walking jauntily up the fairway carrying their own bags—those small canvas sacks that we used to call "Sunday bags" and that the British call "drainpipes." Somehow, I cannot picture Tommy Bolt or Sam Snead doing this. Not long afterward, Neil Coles, the most accomplished British professional at the present time, came off the thirteenth green. Now, this was more like it. He had a caddie, and the caddie was carrying Coles' regular tournament bag, but, with only seven clubs inside, it gaped ludicrously. (About half the players, I later gathered, used a caddie and about half toted their own bags.) Upon closer examination of Coles' bag, I saw that he had brought along only one wood—a brassie, or 2-wood. He hit a screamer with it off the tee on the fourteenth, a par-4 hole, 455 yards long, and then from a very snug lie he smashed another beautiful brassie, fifteen feet from the flag. Today, none of our touring professionals uses a brassie except to drive with occasionally, and I certainly can't remember when I last saw a reputable golfer hit two brassie shots on one hole. It was quite a treat.

I followed Coles in, and he finished with a 75—four over par, and a very creditable score, but far from the lowest one posted. Then I went to the press tent to look over the lists of clubs that the different golfers had taken. The majority had gone with the orthodox septet—two woods, a 3-iron, a 5-iron, a 7-iron, a wedge, and a putter—but

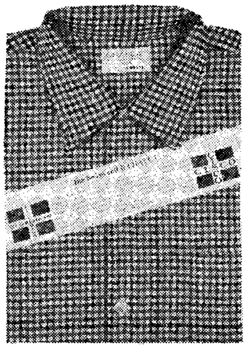


and rates start at $10.50*

You dine in the magnificent Alhambra on our 22nd floor with all of San Juan below you, you swim in the Atlantic from our front yard beach or in our gorgeous big pool, you fish in the deep-blue sea or play golf nearby or dance in El Salon Carnaval or shop in charming old San Juan or enjoy the wonderful view from your air-conditioned room. It's a great place! *Per person per day, two in a room until Dec. 15th.

For Insured Reservations call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Sheraton Reservation Offices: in New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585, Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

puerto rico Sheraton



CHALLA® SHIRTS ON FACING PAGE are Certified Washable by the American Institute of Laundering

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED WASHABLE ®

Available at fine stores, including

Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston, Mass.	Kennedy's
Buffalo, N.Y.	L. L. Berger
Buffalo, N.Y.	Wm. Hengerer Co.
Cleveland, O.	Halle Bros. Co.
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbels
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton Co.
New York City	Best & Co.
New York City	Wallachs
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Jacob Reed
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Providence, R. I.	Gladdings
Rochester, N.Y.	National Clo. Co.
Rochester, N.Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
San Francisco, Calif.	Bullock & Jones
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandevers
Washington, D.C.	Woodward & Lothrop

or write

CISCO

16 East 34th Street, New York 10016

Gin and Vodka's new rival...

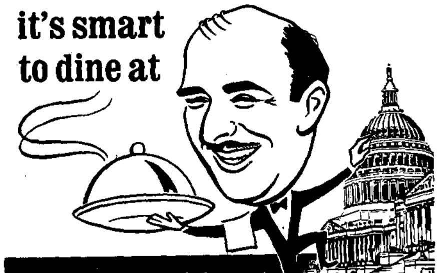
GAVILAN TEQUILA!

Meet this spirited new challenger in the Tequini (Gavilan Martini) Margharita Tequila Collins

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A Distributors

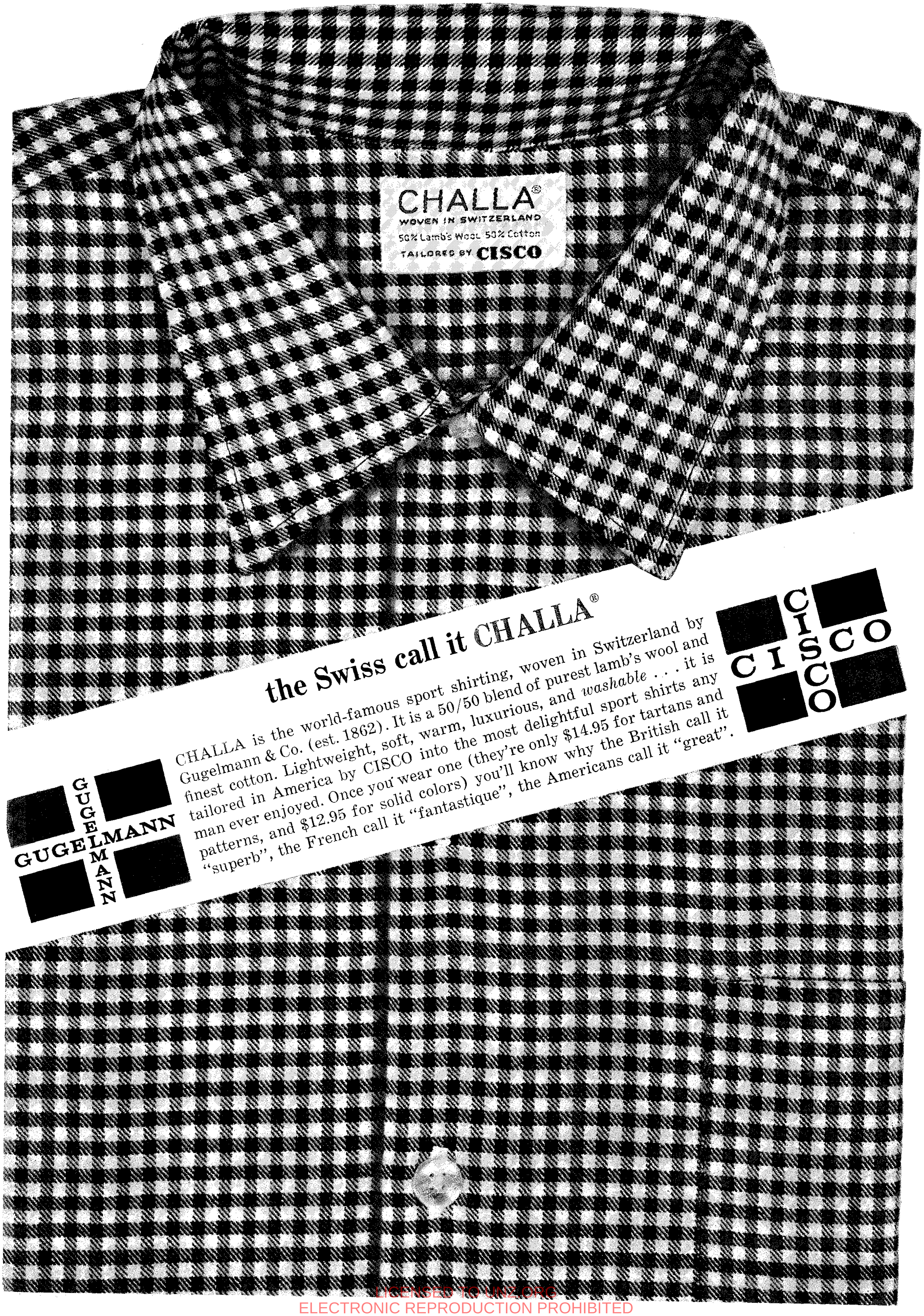
90 Proof

IN WASHINGTON, D.C. it's smart to dine at



DUKE ZEIBERT'S

RESTAURANT / 1722 L ST. N.W.


CHALLA®
WOVEN IN SWITZERLAND
50% Lamb's Wool 50% Cotton
TAILORED BY CISCO

the Swiss call it CHALLA®

CHALLA is the world-famous sport shirting, woven in Switzerland by Gugelmann & Co. (est. 1862). It is a 50/50 blend of purest lamb's wool and finest cotton. Lightweight, soft, warm, luxurious, and *washable* . . . it is tailored in America by CISCO into the most delightful sport shirts any man ever enjoyed. Once you wear one (they're only $14.95 for tartans and patterns, and $12.95 for solid colors) you'll know why the British call it "superb", the French call it "fantastique", the Americans call it "great".

GUGELMANN

CISCO

There's only one Drake Hotel in New York…

the one on Park Avenue at 56th.

The Drake Hotel is known for the quiet good taste of its rooms and suites, and for the extra little touches that make your visit so much more comfortable and relaxed. For example, you'll find a butler's pantry complete with refrigerator in every suite.

Of course, you'd expect television in every room, but the Drake even adds the homey touch of turning down your bed every evening. The Drake Room, one of the town's finest restaurants, and Shepheard's, discothèque haunt of the internationally chic, are two deft touches by the Drake.

For a lively evening out, or a memorable stay, remember the Drake. The hotel that's considerate of you in every way …from initial service to final bill.

THE Drake
Park Avenue at 56th Street,
New York 10022, Telephone: HA 1-0900
Loew's Hotels reservation offices
in 52 cities, or see any Travel Agent
A Loew's Hotel,
Preston Robert Tisch, President

there were several interesting variations. A fairly high percentage, for example, had chosen a 2-iron, a 4-iron, and a 6-iron instead of the odd-numbered clubs. About a fifth of the field had, like Coles, taken only one wood—usually a brassie. At least a quarter of the field had dispensed with the wedge in favor of a 9-iron, and this was one selection I could not understand, for while a 9-iron is at least as serviceable as a wedge for playing pitch shots off firm seaside turf, I would hate to try to blast out of a deep Scottish bunker with so thin a blade. All in all, I gathered, each man had picked the clubs he had the most confidence in, and this conclusion was reinforced on the second day of play, when Tony Fisher, a club professional from suburban London, came in with a wonderful 68 that he had wrought with the unlikely lineup of two woods, a 3-iron, a 5-iron, a 6-iron, a 9-iron, and a putter. He was, as you might imagine, in very good spirits, and claimed he had played only one poor stroke—"a fine attackin' putt from six feet on the seventeenth green, which I left four inches short of the hole."

I spent a good part of that second day, which was my last one at Turnberry, following Arthur Havers, who won the British Open at Troon in 1923, when he nipped Walter Hagen by a stroke. A dignified, white-haired man, now sixty-six, he plays little or no competitive golf these days, but the Seven-Club Tournament fascinated him so much that he mailed in an entry. He wore knickers, carried his own canvas bag, and hit many splendid shots. Partnered with him was another superannuated British Open champion—Fred Daly, a Belfast Irishman, who won the title in 1947—and there was no question but that they were enjoying themselves hugely. I remember in particular an exchange I overheard as they came off the ninth green after both had gone over par on the hole.

"Yis, yis, yis," Daly groaned with mock heaviness as he wrote the scores down. "They're very keen here on handing out the pencils but not so keen on supplying rubber erasers."

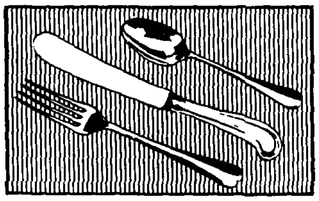
"Seven clubs is no test anyhow, Fred," Havers observed with a gentle smile. "Now, five, that's a proper number."

As I say, the tightness of my schedule made it necessary for me to leave Turnberry before the finish of the tournament, and I had to get the final results from the papers. It was won, I learned, by Lionel Platts, of Wanstead, England, who has been coming up fast for the past four years, with a

Calvan COLLECTION
Handsome Queen Anne Secretary, superbly crafted of selected Solid Walnut.

For Free Brochure, Write Dept. C-3
Davis CABINET COMPANY
NASHVILLE 6, TENNESSEE

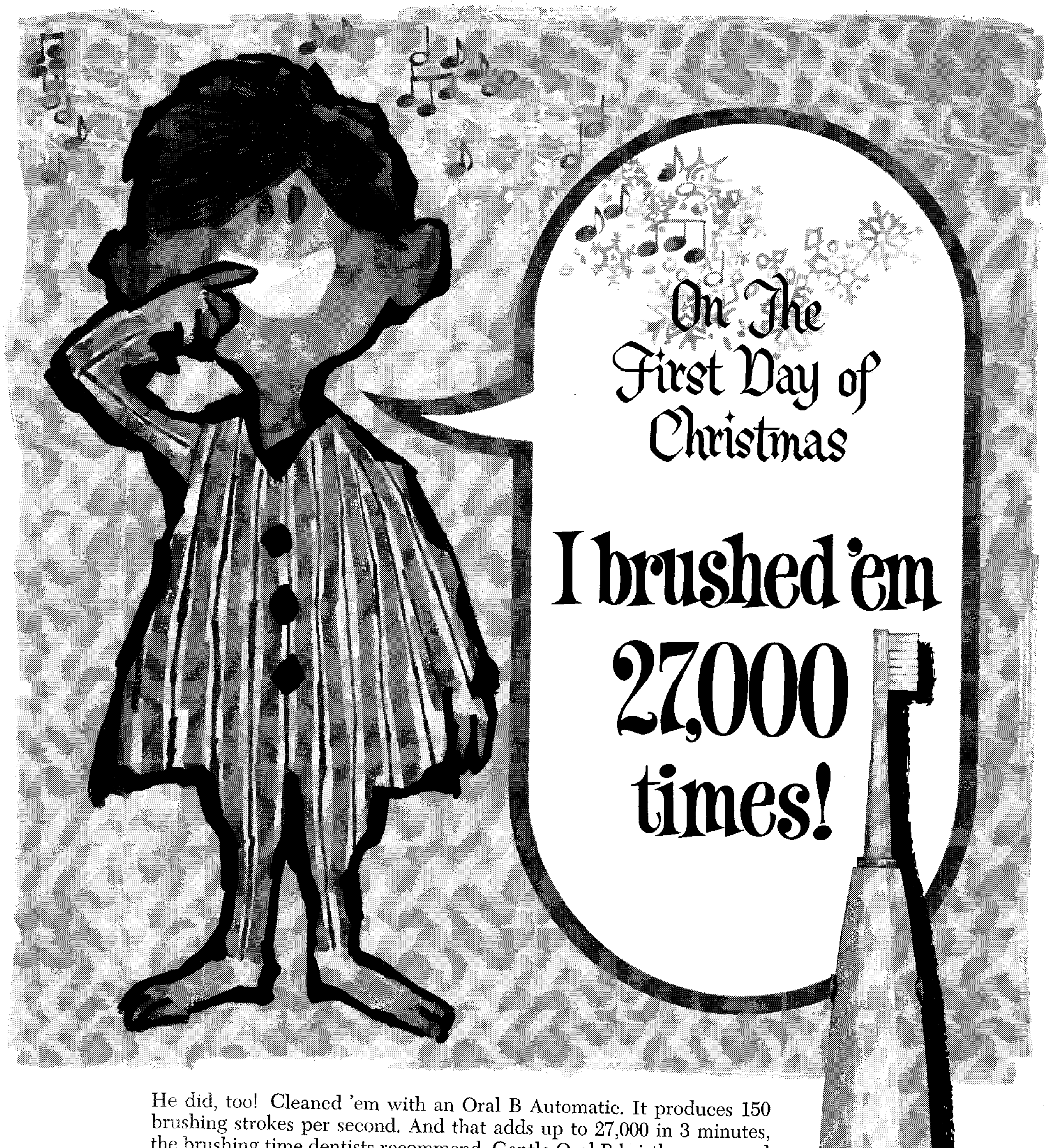
"George II"
ENGLISH SILVER
Six Piece Service



ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

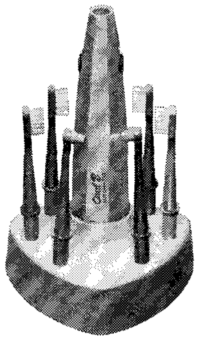
Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK


On The First Day of Christmas
I brushed 'em 27,000 times!

He did, too! Cleaned 'em with an Oral B Automatic. It produces 150 brushing strokes per second. And that adds up to 27,000 in 3 minutes, the brushing time dentists recommend. Gentle Oral B bristles massaged his gums at the same time. Easy! Cordless! Fun! And great for a family Christmas gift!

Important: in addition to 4 toothbrushes, each kit includes two extra attachments to encourage thorough dental care—a Massager-Polisher and a single-tuft Stain-Remover. Protect your teeth *and* gums with an Oral B. Ask your dentist! $21.95



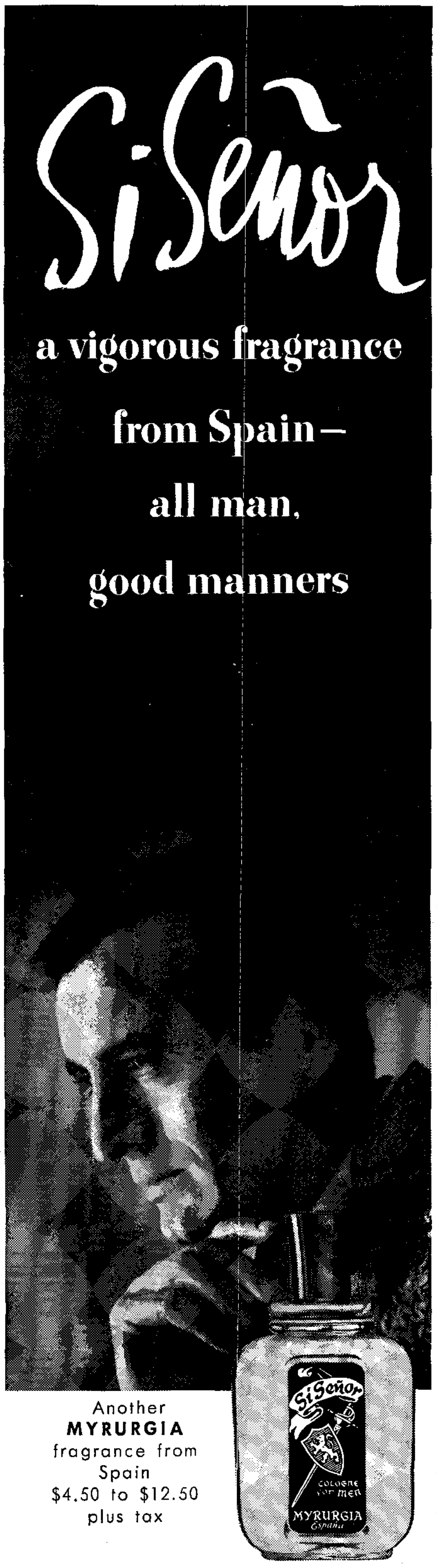
Oral B
AUTOMATIC

Oral B® AUTOMATIC

Oral Hygiene Kit

Each kit contains a Power-Handle, Recharger Base, Massager-Polisher, Stain-Remover and 4 toothbrushes.

©ORAL B COMPANY, San Jose, California / Manufacturers of the Oral B manual toothbrush, so frequently recommended by dentists.


Si Señor
a vigorous fragrance
from Spain—
all man,
good manners

Another
MYRURGIA
fragrance from
Spain
$4.50 to $12.50
plus tax

¡Olé!

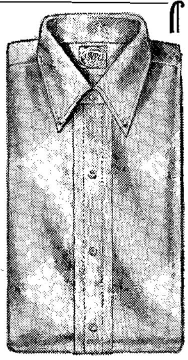
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
has it!

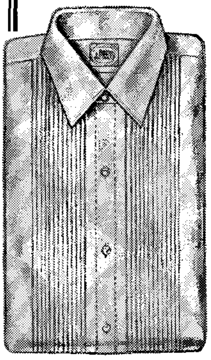
superb four-round total of 288 (70-74-72-72), only four over par—on a course, mind you, that most people would rank with Muirfield as just about the sternest test in Scotland. In all, twenty players succeeded in breaking 300. This would seem to indicate that when an experienced golfer is at the top of his game, he can score substantially as low with seven clubs as with fourteen, or thirty-five. It is no trouble at all for him to coax a few more yards from any club when the situation calls for it, or, conversely, to ease up a fraction and float the ball a few yards shorter than he would normally hit it if he were playing a full shot. However, the general complexion of the scoring also made it clear that a golfer whose timing is slightly off will require at least two shots more per course per round, and sometimes as many as seven more, than if he had a full complement of clubs to lean on. And the golfer who is way off his game? Well, he has seven fewer clubs to break over his knee and throw into the nearest water hazard.

I ARRIVED at the Saint-Germain-en-Laye Golf Club on Saturday, October 3rd, in time to watch the last two days of the Women's World Amateur Team Championship, or, as the sign hanging over the driveway to the club proclaimed, "Championnat du Monde par Équipes Dames." Built more than sixty years ago, the course at Saint-Germain was carved out of a lovely old forest of oak, white birch, and spruce. It is what is called in Europe a park course. There is not a great deal of undulation to the terrain, but the holes are well designed, the bunkering around the greens is severe, and the greens are fast and tricky. For this championship, the markers on the tees were placed near the front, so that the course played relatively short—only 5,933 yards. This was an intelligent move, for it meant that the players, instead of having to slug two woods to get home on many of the par-4 holes, could reach them with a drive and a long iron or, sometimes, a medium iron. From the point of view of atmosphere, Saint-Germain was a most felicitous choice. Although golf has been rapidly gaining in popularity in France—there are now about eighty courses—the game has always been the particular province of the upper classes, somewhat like polo in America, and the plant at Saint-Germain, for one, has much more the feeling of a European country estate than of an American country club. By our standards, the clubhouse is unimposing, but then it was patently

J. PRESS INC.
TUSSAH SILK SHIRTS

TUSSAH DUAL
Imported White Lightweight Silk with wide box center and removable front buttons, plain bosom without pocket, button down collar and cuffs. An elegant dual purpose shirt for both dinner and day wear.
$15





TUSSAH PLEAT
Imported White Lightweight Tussah Silk. With wide box center, double cuffs and 24 close set knife pleats running full length of shirt front, on sheer cotton body. The last word in Dinner Shirt perfection $16.50

Please Direct Mail Orders to 262 York Street, New Haven, Conn. State collar and sleeve size. Add 75c for mailing.

New Brochure of other models on request.

SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.
262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

What's new on the Boardwalk?
A brand-new motel wing at the DENNIS!

That's what. Connected to, and charming as the 450 room hotel itself. 100 modern air-conditioned rooms and a new pool (which makes two). And everything you could want for a banner holiday by the sea. Dennis, anyone?

On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
RESERVATIONS:
phone Atlantic City 609-344-8111
New York Tie Line WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

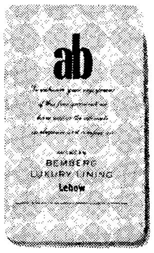
OLD AND MODERN PAINTINGS
AND DRAWINGS

Thomas Moran Vera Cruz Harbor 17¼" x 27⅝"

SCHWEITZER GALLERY
958 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

intended to be a tasteful French version of a small English clubhouse, and it is. The French have always been very English about their golf. The men like to wear knickers, and the favorite drink of both the men and the women is Scotch. The walls of the lounge and dining room at Saint-Germain are covered, typically, with Cecil Aldin hunting scenes and a heavy thicket of eighteenth-century English sporting prints. At the same time, it is pleasant to report, French golf has some native flavor, and in precisely the ways one would wish. For example, the tournament hostesses at Saint-Germain wore vermilion cashmere sweaters and trim navy-blue stretch pants, and, needless to say, wore them well. More to the point, these were the first tournament hostesses I can remember who not only knew what was going on at their tournament but saw to it—with that attractive assertiveness Frenchwomen have—that everything from the scoreboards to the transportation operated without a hitch. In short, it was a beautifully organized event, and I felt I was attending no new and untried convocation but one that had been held often enough to get all the bugs out of it. It only remains to add, I think, that behind the Championnat's glossy surface lay four years of quiet work by two extremely able and charming ladies—Mrs. Henri Prunaret, of Boston, and the Vicomtesse Lally de Saint-Sauveur, of Paris. Mrs. Prunaret, née Mildred Gardiner, was the captain of our Curtis Cup team in 1960, and it was in that year, at Harlech, in Wales, where the British Ladies' Championship was held after the Cup match in England, that she first got together with the Vicomtesse, who had been the British Ladies' Champion in 1950 and the guiding light of women's golf in France, where a cadre of talented young players was then emerging. At Harlech and in subsequent correspondence, the ladies explored the possibility of an informal match between France and the United States in 1964, when our Curtis Cup team next went to Europe to play the British. Later on, the realization that the autumn of 1964 was when the male amateur golfers of the world would be gathering in Rome for the fourth Eisenhower Trophy match led them to think in terms of creating a tournament of similar scope for the women, and in the late autumn of 1963 the Vicomtesse approached the French Golf Federation with the request that it sponsor a Women's World Amateur Team Championship in 1964. The

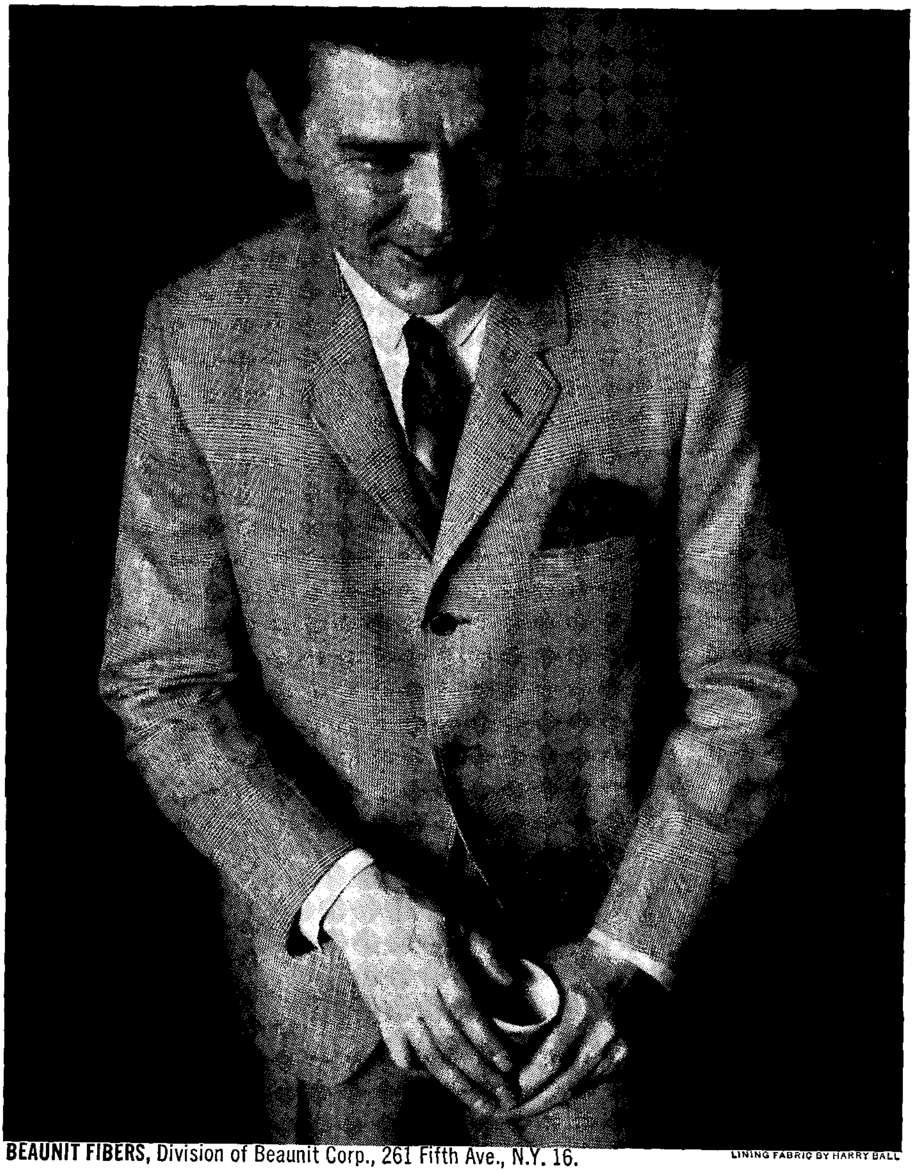
THIS CARD ASSURES YOU OF A LUXURY AMERICAN BEMBERG LINING. FOUND ONLY IN METICULOUSLY TAILORED SUITS LIKE THIS DISTINCTIVE DIPLOMAT WORSTED STYLED IN AN EDWARDIAN PLAID BY LEBOW. FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE LEBOW CLOTHES, 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK.



Lebow Clothes

What makes you feel so special in this hand-tailored Lebow suit?

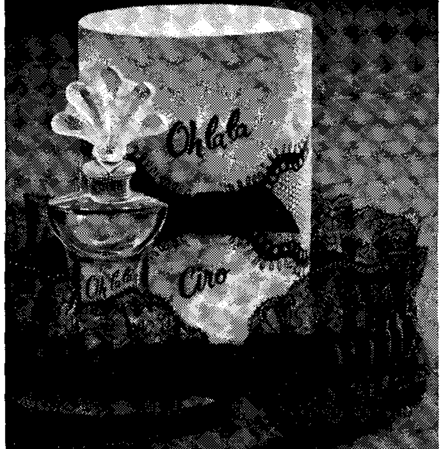
A touch of distinction and a luxurious AMERICAN BEMBERG lining!



BEAUNIT FIBERS, Division of Beaunit Corp., 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16.

LINING FABRIC BY HARRY BALL

for
those
black
lace
moods!

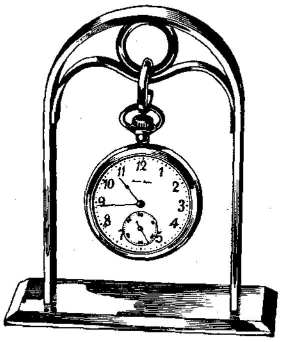


Parfums
CIRO®
PARIS · NEW YORK

Federation agreed, and, moreover, wisely placed the Vicomtesse in charge of putting all the parts together. She and Mrs. Prunaret hoped that at least ten nations would agree to participate, but this modest goal was quickly surpassed, and in the end no fewer than twenty-five sent teams of three players each. Everyone appeared to be entirely happy with the scoring system devised for the new championship: a team's score for each day would be the sum of the two low rounds turned in by its three players, and a team's score for the tournament would be the total of its four daily scores. This is a slight modification of the system used in the Eisenhower Trophy matches, in which the teams are made up of four players and their daily score is arrived at by adding up the three low rounds.

From the first day, the match at Saint-Germain resolved itself into an extraordinarily tight duel between the Americans and the French. Our team was made up of Barbara Fay White, the present Western Amateur Champion; Carol Sorenson, the recently crowned British Amateur Champion; and Barbara McIntire, who has twice been our National Amateur Champion (1959 and 1964) and was British Champion in 1960. Claudine Cros, Catherine Lacoste, and Brigitte Varangot formed the French team. Mlle. Cros, a handsome twenty-four-year-old blonde with a good, compact swing, is the daughter of a well-to-do businessman who has an exceptional talent for teaching golf and has made champions of his two sons as well as of his daughter. Mlle. Lacoste, an easygoing, chubby nineteen-year-old who hits the ball a kilometre, made her way onto the French team by her strong play in this summer's competitions. She has the perfect inheritance for a sportswoman; her mother is the former Simone Thion de la Chaume, who in 1927 became the first Frenchwoman to win the British Ladies' Championship, and her father (whom she looks quite a bit like) is René Lacoste, the great tennis champion of the nineteen-twenties, who won both at Wimbledon and at Forest Hills and led the French to their first Davis Cup triumphs. Mlle. Varangot, blond, athletic, twenty-four, and the daughter of a banker, is a member of Saint-Germain and the 1963 British Ladies' Champion. On most days, she is the best woman golfer on the Continent. During the championship, she was not in anything like her top form, for she was struggling with a swing that had grown too flat, and, besides, she was oppressed by the knowledge

another Warren exclusive



WATCH RACK

A novel and practical gift for the man who has everything. The ideal way to preserve and display that valued pocket watch. It's in the color of natural gold. Beautifully boxed.

$18 Add 75c for shipping

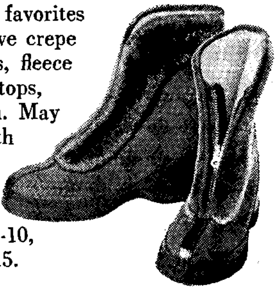
CHARLES W. WARREN & COMPANY
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS
1520 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
Detroit 26, Michigan

TERRY TWIST

Something no busy lady should be without . . . our terry turban designed especially to protect a pretty hairdo after bathing, putting on makeup or sunning at the beach. Good for covering curlers too. Made with a built-in twist and elastic in back for snugness. Yours in White, Pastel-Pink or Aqua. $1.95 ppd.

Send for color catalog of terry fashions for beach and bath.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.



Storm Boots

Snug and warm, these sturdy hard-to-find favorites in suede have crepe rubber soles, fleece lining and tops, leather trim. May be worn with heels or flats. Black or Brown. Full sizes 5-10, postpaid, $15.

Send for free catalog

The Talbots
Hingham 27, Mass.

that so much was expected of her.

In any event, at the end of the first day of play, France, with a total of 147, compounded from a round of 72 (even par) by Mlle. Lacoste and a 75 by Mlle. Varangot, led the United States by one shot. On the second day, a 71 by Mlle. Lacoste and a 75 by Mlle. Cros got the French in front by two shots. On the third day, when Mlle. Lacoste soared to a 78, her teammates came through with a 73 and a 75, but the French nevertheless dropped three shots to Miss Sorenson's 72 and Miss White's 73 and began the final day trailing by one. The winning or losing of this tense and dramatic battle ultimately hinged on how the two anchor women, Mlle. Lacoste and Miss McIntire, handled the two closing holes. The young French girl, the longest hitter in the field, finished coolly with par 4s on the 328-yard seventeenth and the tough 405-yard eighteenth. This put matters squarely up to Miss McIntire, playing a hole and a half behind Miss Lacoste and, incidentally, playing so well that an American victory seemed almost a certainty; in fact, a 4 and a 5 on the last two holes would do the trick. At the seventeenth, however, Miss McIntire pulled her approach into a bunker and took a 5. Now she needed a 4 on the eighteenth to win, a 5 to tie. She got neither, I'm afraid. Her tee shot was a good one, but then she hooked a 4-wood into the nest of bunkers guarding the green, misplayed two sand shots, and, after that, just barely failed to sink the twenty-five-foot putt on which everything depended. Final score: France 588, United States 589.

There is no crueler fate in sports than to be the one who loses a team match for one's country, and I cannot tell you how warmly everybody's heart went out to Barbara McIntire, a really superlative sort. She is a first-class shotmaker with a first-class temperament, but even the finest players fail in a crisis now and then, and this, regrettably, is all there is to it. How else can you explain Arnold Palmer's double bogey on the seventy-second hole which cost him the 1961 Masters? Or the way Ben Hogan, of all people, blew a chance to tie for first in the 1946 Masters by three-putting the last green, and then did the same thing again in our Open Championship later that year? The finest players, however, always seem to be able to digest calamity, and I am sure Barbara McIntire is one who will.

After the presentation ceremony, conducted by Jacques Léglise, the presi-

WHAT HE LOVES IN A HIGHLANDER IS THE SUPERLATIVE SUEDE.*
EVERYONE ELSE LOVES THE LOOK.
*It takes an expert to know how choice it really is. Dave Grzesh knows. He selects, sorts, and matches Highlander suedes. Last year, he rejected 17,487 skins because they just weren't good enough to assure the Highlander look you love.

The shorter-than-long suede coat in for a whirl . . . crowned with lavish mink. Taupe, Teak, Truffle, Silvermist Suede. Sizes 6-16. About $150 at B. Altman & Co., New York; Sample Shop, Buffalo; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Jacobson Stores, Jackson, Mich.; and other stores and shops; or write **Highlander Sportswear, Inc.,** 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

MISS COUTURE CUTS A PRETTY FIGURE IN "ORLON"®

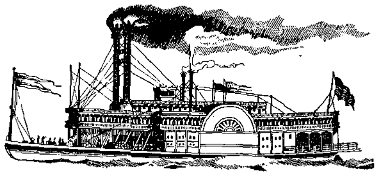
Beguiling figurework is the order of the day with the sculptured knit sheath by Miss Couture in one of the marvelous new Travel Knits of 100% "Orlon"* acrylic. Easy to look at, easy to care for. Camel, aqua, pink. Sizes from 8 to 18. About $30.00. At fine stores everywhere. Miss Couture, Inc., 2617 Grand Avenue, Kansas City 8, Missouri.

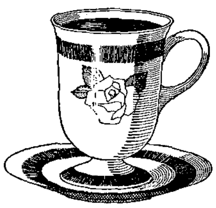
Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C. Adler's, Kansas City, Mo.; Gano-Downs, Denver. Titche's, Dallas;

*DUPONT REG. T.M.

dent of the French Golf Federation, I was fortunate enough to spot René Lacoste, the father of the tournament's heroine, standing by himself in one corner of the clubhouse dining room. His hands were thrust in the back pockets of his trousers, and as he took in the scene before him his face was lit by a broad, boyish smile. I asked him if his daughter played tennis. "No, but I think she will now," he answered. "I have just finished building a new grass court. It may be the only one on the Continent, I don't know. Anyway, I *think she will play tennis now.*"

ONE of the aspects of the Women's World Amateur Team Championship that struck me most forcibly was the high quality of the performances turned in by the representatives of the comparatively new-to-golf countries. Whoever it was I was watching—the tall Swedish girls, or the stout Filipino matrons in their blue-and-brown plaids, or the good-natured Austrians, who finished at the bottom in the standings—I saw none of the untutored swings and wayward scrambling I had anticipated, and, in truth, I saw not one topped drive. I mention this because in 1958, when the Men's World Amateur Team Championship, or Eisenhower Trophy tournament, was inaugurated, at St. Andrews, a good many of the players were swatting the ball all over the premises, and a spectator had to be constantly on the alert to dodge errant slices, hooks, smothers, pop flies, shanks, and sclaffs. In 1960, when the second Eisenhower Trophy match was held, at Merion, near Philadelphia, there did not seem to have been much improvement in the general standard of play, but since then there certainly has been. The decline in the dominance of the American golfers over this span of years provides a most effective index. At Merion, our team won in a landslide, finishing an incredible forty-two strokes ahead of the runner-up, Australia, and two hundred and seventy strokes ahead of the last-place team, Ceylon. We won again in 1962, at Kawana, in Japan, but this time our margin of victory—over Canada—was only eight strokes, and the last-place team, Pakistan, was two hundred and two strokes off the pace. In the match this October at the Olgiata Golf Club, outside Rome, we not only failed to win but ended up in fourth place, thirteen strokes behind Great Britain; moreover, our total score for the four days was a mere hundred and fifty-one strokes lower than that of the tail-end team, Uruguay. Some veteran





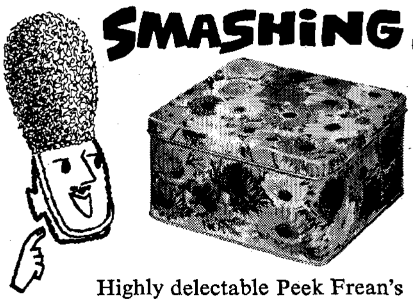
All the flavor of New Orleans

in a cup...

French Market
COFFEE & CHICORY

Now available Coast-to-Coast. Gracious coffees, selected from choice imports, are carefully blended and roasted to ultimate flavor. Then we add the vital stimulus of chicory. Serve it "half and half" (cafe au lait)—or demitasse, black as sin. For name of nearest supplier and "Conversation Coffee Recipes", write us.

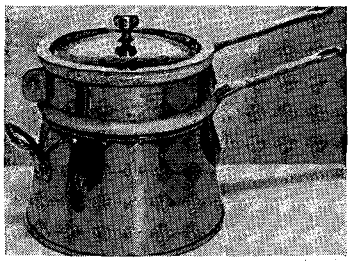
Blended, roasted and packed since 1890 by American Coffee Company, Inc, Box 52018, New Orleans, La.



SMASHING!

Highly delectable Peek Frean's English Biscuits are unique in flavor — savor one, you'll see for yourself — they're simply smashing. At finer food and department stores.

Peek Frean's Famous English Biscuits
A. GOLDMARK & SONS, NEW YORK, N.Y.



COPPER Double Boiler
with *WHITE CHINA* INSETS

Make velvety smooth, flawlessly flavored sauces every time in our handsome new double boiler! Special white china insets produce heat slowly and evenly for perfect texture; prevent metallic taste from marring delicate flavors.
Easy to clean. Gleaming copper with solid bronze handles, full tin lining.
1 qt. size $19.95 1¾ qt. size $25.95

Prepaid in U.S.A.

No C.O.D.'s, please!
Write for complete catalog.

Bazar Français
EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

golf observers have remarked that the team we sent to Olgiata—including, as it did, three old fogies in their forties—was not the strongest one we might have selected, but however that may be, I think it is much more to the point to bring out, first, that this American team was favored to win and failed to because it was clearly outplayed by Britain, Canada, and New Zealand, and, second, that the American total was only two strokes lower than Australia's and—note this well—only three shots lower than Italy's and the Republic of China's. Furthermore, the individual scoring honors at Olgiata went to Min-nan Hsieh, of the Chinese team, with a total of 294 (72–77–72–73), and no American was near him. As you can see, the day is gone forever when a fairly competent British or American amateur with a 2 or 3 handicap at his club can descend on a foreign land during its amateur championship and return home the following week with a cup, a title, and a folderful of press clippings describing him as one of the game's greatest artists since Old Tom Morris.

The meeting at Olgiata, in which teams from thirty-three countries took part, produced two sets of heroes. The first, without any question, was the Chinese team, which, in addition to Min-nan Hsieh, consisted of Chi-hsiung Kuo, Sheng-san Hsu, and Chien-chin Chen. They are all slightly built Taiwanese in their early twenties, and they all swing the same way, which is hardly to be wondered at, since they were all taught by Chien-chin Chen's father, Chin-shih Chen, who for the past thirty-five years has been the professional at the Tam-Suei Golf and Country Club, fifteen miles from Taipei. The elder Chen, I gathered in talking with K. U. Dzung, the captain of the Chinese team, is a gifted analyst, who worked out for himself the dynamics of the modern golf swing by studying hundreds of action photographs of the leading American professionals. He has been coaching his son and the other members of the Chinese team for a number of years now, and not only do they have crisp modern styles but they can play all the shots. When you watch them walk into a bunker, for example, you can tell from the way they plant their feet and poise themselves before the ball that they know exactly how an explosion shot should be executed.

The Chinese team's accomplishment in finishing only three strokes behind the American team is all the more notable when you consider the rigors

JUNGLE GARDENIA
TUVACHE
jungle gardenia —
favorite fragrance of the
world's most beautiful woman

who keeps the key to the carlton tower?

The Carlton Tower is a hotel in Knightsbridge, London. Our front doors are always open to people of quality. To people from all over the world who expect a single standard of accommodation, food and service: the highest. The key to The Carlton Tower is a *passe partout* to London's finest way of life. We keep that key. For you.

THE
CARLTON
TOWER

Cadogan Place, London, S.W. 1

New York Sales Office: PLaza 2-9100 Hotel Corporation of America

Just for the Country Clothes Shop

Donald Davies of Dublin turns out his now-famed butcher dress in bold new stripes—white with Bahama blue, butternut or black, all in soft Irish wool. S, M, L, 58.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

of Olgiata. Situated in the rolling green-brown Roman countryside, it measures a lengthy 6,879 yards from the back tees, and during the championship it played very long. High winds and rain squalls on the last three days militated against comfortable scoring, and so did the soft greens, which became pocked with spike marks and heel prints early each morning. The course, by the way, was opened for play only three years ago, and so it is still a little on the young side. Designed by C. K. Cotton, the well-known English golf architect, it possesses one novel and arresting feature: on several of the holes, he left isolated oaks standing here and there along the edges of the fairway, and they function very much like fairway bunkers in defining the correct route to the green and punishing the player who strays from it. One more thing about Olgiata. The championship course occupies one end of a twelve-hundred-acre estate that has long been the home of the famous Olgiata racing stable, owned by the Marchese Incisa della Rocchetta. The golf area, which is being developed in a frankly American manner, has already acquired a second eighteen-hole course, a score of posh new villas alongside the fairways of both courses, and a rambling clubhouse built in a style that might best be described as Italian Palm Springs.

The second set of heroes at Olgiata was, of course, the team representing Great Britain and Ireland, and you can have no idea of just how sweet this triumph was for them, or how popular it was with their rivals, unless you realize that the British amateur golfers had not won a major international competition since the 1938 Walker Cup match. They had come painfully close on several occasions—indeed, in the first Eisenhower Trophy match they finished a single shot behind Australia and the United States—but time after time they somehow always managed to squander their opportunities. I have long marvelled at, and deeply admired, the resilient spirit the British have shown after each succeeding disappointment and the determination they have mustered for each new attempt. (I am not at all sure that we would do as well if, say, we should suddenly find ourselves supplanted by Japan as the world's foremost baseball nation and be repeatedly thwarted in our efforts to regain our leadership in a game we invented.)

At Olgiata, the British team was composed of three Walker Cup veterans—Michael Lunt, Michael Bonal-

EL CONQUISTADOR

UNEQUIVOCALLY, A NEW HEIGHT IN LUXURY

You may never find an island hotel, resort or retreat to equal this. El Conquistador, standing proudly on a 280 ft. cliff, overlooking Puerto Rico's spectacular east coast. Among the most luxurious accommodations and facilities in the Caribbean. The most breathtaking views. A modern paradise touched with Old Spanish splendor. Everything you might want to do. Fresh water pool, golf, tennis. Continental, Puerto Rican and American cuisine. Dancing every night. Yet this is only the beginning. Descend Puerto Rico's only aerial tramway and swim from a private half-mile beach. Sail to deserted tropic isles. Fish, skin dive, picnic, beachcomb. Sail to St. Thomas for shopping. Drive to San Juan for nightclubs. And come back for a way of life that must be lived—to be believed.

El Conquistador
Las Croabas, Fajardo, Puerto Rico.
See your TRAVEL AGENT or our representatives: Leonard Hicks Jr. Inc., 532 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. • MU 8-0123
Offices also in Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit
Miami • Toronto • Washington, D. C.

A New Leaf

Colorful oak leaves adorn a soft black velvet slipper—to give you comfort and charm for casual wear. Three leaves of red, gold and green on front; plus extra leaf on back. Top lightly elasticized to hug the foot. Tiny heel, soft sole. Our own design and ours alone. Send us your shoe size. $5.50 including postage.

Edith Chapman
ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y.

EUROPE BY CAR

PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S) ____
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ NE-7

lack, and Ronnie Shade—and one newcomer, a young Yorkshireman named Rodney Foster, and it had as its non-playing captain Joe Carr, of Dublin, one of the soundest and most prepossessing men in all of sports. On the first day, the British jumped out in front of the field by four shots. They led by one shot at the halfway mark and by five shots at the end of the third round, and then held on stubbornly in the last round to win by two shots over Canada. At that, the British had to sweat out an absolutely Palmerian closing rush by Keith Alexander, the last Canadian player on the course. With five holes left to go, Alexander was in a position to earn Canada a tie for first if, by some miracle, he could birdie all five holes. He birdied the fourteenth, a short hole. He birdied the fifteenth, a par 5, after hitting the green with two long wood shots. He birdied the sixteenth by planting a 2-iron next to the pin. He birdied the par-5 seventeenth. On the eighteenth, a 446-yard par 4, he drove well, but then he hooked his approach into a bunker, and it was—mercifully for the British—all over. I think two members of the winning team, Foster and Carr, should be singled out for particular praise. Foster, appearing in his first international match, turned in four steady and sure rounds. He has an uncomplicated temperament to go with an uncomplicated swing, and he looks to be just the sort of player the British have been seeking for years. Carr was the perfect captain. He was all over the course, urging his men on, and off the course no detail escaped his attention; for instance, he would not permit his players to use the swimming pool at the Cavalieri-Hilton Hotel, where they were staying, for fear that the chemicals in the water might conceivably irritate their eyes. He meant business all the way. Two evenings before the start of play, the British team, like all the others, attended a gala cocktail party at the Town Hall, on the Campidoglio, and then a stupendous buffet dinner at the Castel Sant'Angelo, but after this night on the town Carr cancelled all after-dark leaves, and for the duration of the tournament the British players spent their evenings at their hotel, dining together, chatting together, planning together. They let nothing deter them from their purpose until their mission was accomplished. They really were a team, and undoubtedly this is why they won.

I MISSED the last day and a half of play at Olgiata—and also the British victory banquet, at which, I am

Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

But then why not? Chilled Chartreuse goes with lots of things...grapefruit, ice cream, desserts...and, naturally, on the rocks or as a highball. The main point is: *chill Chartreuse* before you serve it. For that's the new way to add finesse to Chartreuse's 350-year-old flavor. A most venerable and versatile liqueur. For an idea-ful booklet on drinking and cooking with Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N.Y., Department F.

CHARTREUSE
(have the genius to chill it)
GREEN, 110 PROOF—YELLOW, 86 PROOF

BACCARAT . . . the crystal of Kings . . . since 1764

BACCARAT . . . for distinctive gifts . . . imported from France

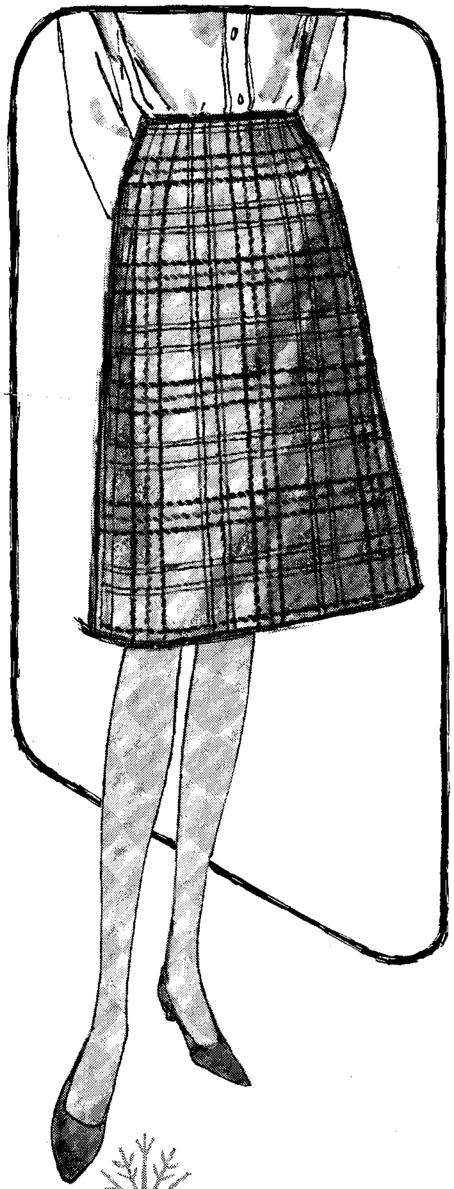
BACCARAT . . . for brides . . . for gourmets . . . for connoisseurs

In the world of crystal, the greatest names are French.

BACCARAT, with a two-century-old tradition and world-wide prestige also shows its mastery of modern design in this Madonna and Child by the noted French sculptor, Georges Chevalier: full-lead crystal, 8 inches high—$45.

Write Dept. Y7 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware or gifts, 25c each, and/or one dollar for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

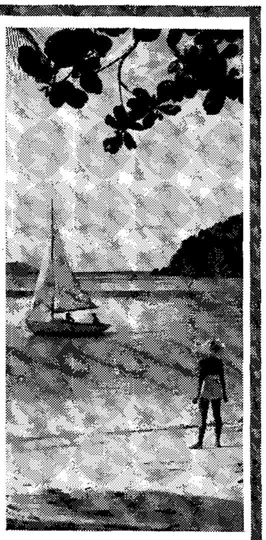


A purposeful skirt, paneled and slopingly shaped, fluid in motion. A lighthearted skirt, of overplaided wool in the soft-touch colors of a happy season. A John Meyer skirt, fully lined and constructed with consummate skill. Cool Blue, Pink, Cool Green, Apricot, Cool Gold, Sky Blue. 6 to 16. About $15 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

told, Captain Carr was called on for a speech and responded with a robust Irish ballad—for I had hurried back to Britain in order to catch the last two days of the Piccadilly World Match-Play Tournament. This is a new event on the British professional-golf calendar, which has been badly in need of a shot of imported glamour. Eight golfers were invited to participate: Neil Coles and Peter Butler, of England; Bruce Devlin, from Australia; Gary Player, from South Africa; and Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Ken Venturi, and Tony Lema, from the United States. Professionals are never eager to compete in match play—it is far less embarrassing to say "I finished twelfth" than to say "So-and-So beat me 3 and 1"—but the Piccadilly tournament offered several attractive lures. First, all matches were over thirty-six holes—a much less precarious route than eighteen holes, in which anything can happen. Second, everyone approved of the venue—the West Course of the Wentworth Golf Club, which affords a long, tight, arduous test, and which Palmer considers a blend of Pine Valley and Pinehurst No. 2. And, finally, each man was guaranteed a minimum of a thousand pounds, and first-place money was five thousand pounds, or fourteen thousand dollars—the largest purse in the history of British golf. The eventual winner, as everybody knows, was Palmer, who has taken home quite a few quid from Britain over the past few years.

In 1960, 1961, and 1962, when Palmer was working his way to his present exalted position, he brought off so many amazing eleventh-hour rallies that he was generally conceded to possess the finest competitive temperament of any golfer since Hagen. His victory at Wentworth was built on three characteristically brilliant bursts, one in each of his matches. On the first day, when the other Americans were eliminated—Venturi 4 and 2 by Player, Nicklaus 3 and 2 by Devlin, and Lema 4 and 3 by Coles—Palmer, up against Butler, pulled out a match he could easily have lost. After twenty-four holes, he stood 3 down, and he was having a very hard time concentrating, owing chiefly, as luck would have it, to his enormous popularity with British golf fans. This was his first appearance in the London area—Wentworth is twenty-five miles west of London—and he had drawn a large and excited gallery, which, ignoring what little marshalling there was, spilled under the fairway ropes and practically breathed down his neck while he played his shots. He was on the verge of going



What a wonderful time for Caneel

Relax at Caneel Bay now, when the rates are as moderate as the climate. Informal, luxurious living in airy beach-front rooms. Magnificent white sand beaches. Swimming, sailing, sportfishing, sunning, snorkeling, dining. Just relaxing. It's here at Caneel Bay and it's waiting just for you.

Low off-season rates to December 15th—$32-$40 double, including all meals.

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A.
See a travel agent or call: New York—CI 6-4699
Chicago—922-4139 • Boston—423-4888 • Dallas
—Riverside 7-0932 • Washington—347-4951.

CANTON CARRY-ALLS

Large Size - 24" x 8" x 14" · Holds everything: packages, clothes, bottles, ice, ski boots, last minute loads. **Small Size** - 12" x 6" x 9" - Use it for lunch, books, knitting.

BOTH made of #6 white canvas. Tough, washable. Stand alone, fold flat.

Unmarked: Large $5.00* Small $4.00*
Marked with initials or name up to 6 letters:
Large $6.00* Small $5.00*

If more than 6 letters add 20¢ per extra letter. Specify Red or Blue letters.

**Postage & Handling: 50¢ per bag East, 75¢ per bag West of Mississippi. (Actual postage billed on 3 or more to one address.)*

CANTON CARRY-ALLS
CANTON, CONNECTICUT 203 693-8551

the look that only YOU know

Your child photographed
in your own home . . .
at reasonable rates . . .
by appointment.

hilde hubbuck photographer
161 E. 88 ST., N.Y.C. AT. 9-3250

4 down on the twenty-fifth hole when he saved himself by holing a difficult ten-footer. Then, as so often happens when Palmer has made a critical putt, he was off and running. He took three of the next five holes (one with a birdie and another with an eagle), to square the match, and he finally won it, 1 up, when he sank another ten-footer to halve the 504-yard home hole with a birdie 4. Against Player in the semifinals, on the second day, Palmer, 4 up after a 69 in the morning on a course with an approximate par of 73, started the afternoon round eagle, par, par, birdie, birdie, birdie, and went on to win, 8 and 6. In the final, against Coles, who had beaten Devlin, 2 and 1, the day before, Palmer stood 2 down at lunchtime after a so-so 73, and his chances did not seem at all bright. For one thing, his putting was way off, and, for another, Coles, who had scored a 69 in the morning, was hitting the ball with conspicuous ease and confidence, as he almost always seems to do at Wentworth, where he has won three big tournaments. Coles, a medium-sized man with flying hair that gives him more the look of a concert pianist than of a golf professional, is the son of a well-to-do shoe merchant, and first came to prominence in 1961, when he gained a place on the British Ryder Cup team. Now thirty, he is a shy fellow of conservative bent who, not too surprisingly, plays with irons that are six years old and woods that are seven. He has a polished swing, marked by one idiosyncrasy: as he addresses the ball, the face of his club is hooded slightly, and it remains so until he opens it as he comes into the ball. His exceptional balance and hand action help him to get away with this slight departure from perfect soundness. The only real weakness in his game is his putting. He tends to push the ball with a pronounced sweep of the arms, and, as is true of many British players, his attitude on the greens could be a lot more positive.

As the afternoon round got under way, Coles and Palmer, after three halves in a row, came to what proved to be the decisive hole—the fourth, or twenty-second, a 505-yard dogleg par 5. Coles reached the back of the large, sliding green with two magnificent wood shots, and needed only to get down in two to win the hole and gain a commanding 3-up lead. He took three putts. Let off the hook, Palmer responded immediately. On the par-3 fifth, he stuck a 4-iron eight feet from the pin and holed the putt for a birdie. One down now. On the sixth, a short par 4, he pinched a wedge approach

GO AHEAD, BE A NARCISSIST.
TAKE A FIFTY DOLLAR BATH IN D'ORSAY'S PARFUMS DE BAIN

INTOXICATION OR VOULEZ-VOUS BATH OIL, PERFUME OIL, FOAMING BATH OIL, SOAP, DUSTING POWDER. AT I. MAGNIN.

In the world of Crystal...
the greatest names are French.
"SOLIFLOR DRU
7 INCHES, BOXES"
Daum
WEST COAST : AT I. MAGNIN'S
EAST COAST : IN THE BEST STORES
WRITE FOR BROCHURE : DAUM, 32 RUE DE PARADIS, PARIS

Peck & Peck

Raw Silk:
the Peck & Peck Girl's
four-season fabric

Elegance the year round in this young two-piece look. Rolled collar overblouse and camisoled skirt, both fully lined. Red, royal or emerald. 8 to 16, 45.00

*Star pin with cultured pearl, 7.50**

*plus 10% federal tax

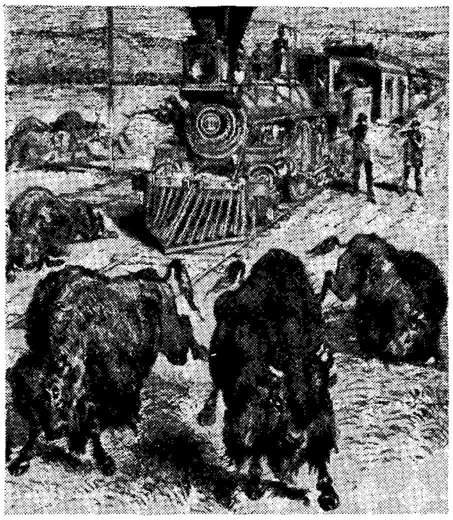
Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo • Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

seven feet from the pin and got that putt. Even. On the seventh, a difficult par 4, his 8-iron approach rolled a few feet down the back of the upper level of the terraced green, and he debated for a moment whether or not to use his putter to run the ball up to the flag, some twenty-five feet away. He decided to pitch it with his wedge, and holed it, for his third birdie in a row. One up. After that, there was very little to choose between Palmer and Coles. If anything, Coles played a shade more consistently from tee to green. The difference lay in their putting. Where Coles wasted his chances, Palmer seized his. On the thirty-first, he had to hole from ten feet away to stay 1 up, and he did. On the thirty-third, after slashing a tremendous 4-iron recovery from the rough, he holed for a birdie from eighteen feet to move 2 up. Then, on the thirty-fifth green, he closed out the match, 2 and 1, by banging a six-footer into the back of the cup to match a birdie by Coles. This year, Palmer has not been putting up to his usual standard, but against Coles that afternoon he looked like the Palmer of 1960, who never missed anything. He was seven shots under par for those seventeen holes in the afternoon—prodigious scoring on a long, treacherous layout like Wentworth, and a triumph of will power, I should say, as much as of athletic skill. Incidentally, this was the *first match-play tournament that* Palmer had competed in since the summer of 1954, when he won our Amateur Championship four months before turning professional.

One of the nice things about Palmer's press conferences at the big tournaments in our country is the easy way he produces the name of whichever reporter is asking a question. I would guess that he knows the names of at least four hundred American sportswriters. To judge by his performance in the press tent at Wentworth after his match with Coles, he has now gained a similar familiarity with the British press corps. It is a treat to watch him in action. A bulky, mustached man rises and asks Palmer, in a Scots accent, why he putted so much better in the afternoon. "Well, Willie," Palmer says, and goes on to explain that he gripped his putter a little lower down the shaft, and that seemed to help. An imposing, bald, blue-eyed chap with an Oxford accent asks if Palmer might care, perhaps, to estimate the size of the galleries, difficult as that sort of thing is, you know. "Well, Peter," Palmer says, and places the attendance at around twenty-five thousand for the

"SERVING WESTERN BEEF EXCLUSIVELY"

Gas Lights • Private Booths • Mohair Settees • Old R.R. Dining Car • The Parlours Of Madame Moustache • Six Kinds Of Steak • Sing-Along with Bill Farrell at the piano in the Saloon • Six-Gun (6 oz.) Cocktails • Free Chuck Wagon Hors d'Oeuvres • Doorman • All Credit Cards • Open Daily Inc. Sun. From Lunch To 2 AM • Reservations MO 1-1200



LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200

You haven't heard of
CARTAN Travel

They have arranged vacations for over a half million Americans since 1899—that's more than 65 years! Besides longevity and experience they have a worldwide reputation in travel circles for serving particular clientele in a very particular manner. In travel Cartan is another word for quality—in the selection of hotels, sightseeing, entertainment, meals and personal services including those of their marvelous escorts.

Did you know 8 out of 10 Cartan travelers are repeaters or have been recommended by previous travelers or their travel agents? Make no mistake, Cartan tours and package vacations are recommended by better travel agents coast to coast.

Cartan operates escorted tours for groups and package vacations for individuals in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, Caribbean, South America, Europe and the Orient. *See your Travel Agent or write*

CARTAN TRAVEL, INC.
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF TRAVEL AGENTS ASTA
SINCE 1899
108 North State
Chicago 2
377 Geary Street
San Francisco 2

ENJOY
"Constant Comment"®
The famous blend of
TEA WITH ORANGES AND SPICE
R. C. Bigelow, Norwalk, Conn. At food, gift, dep't. stores

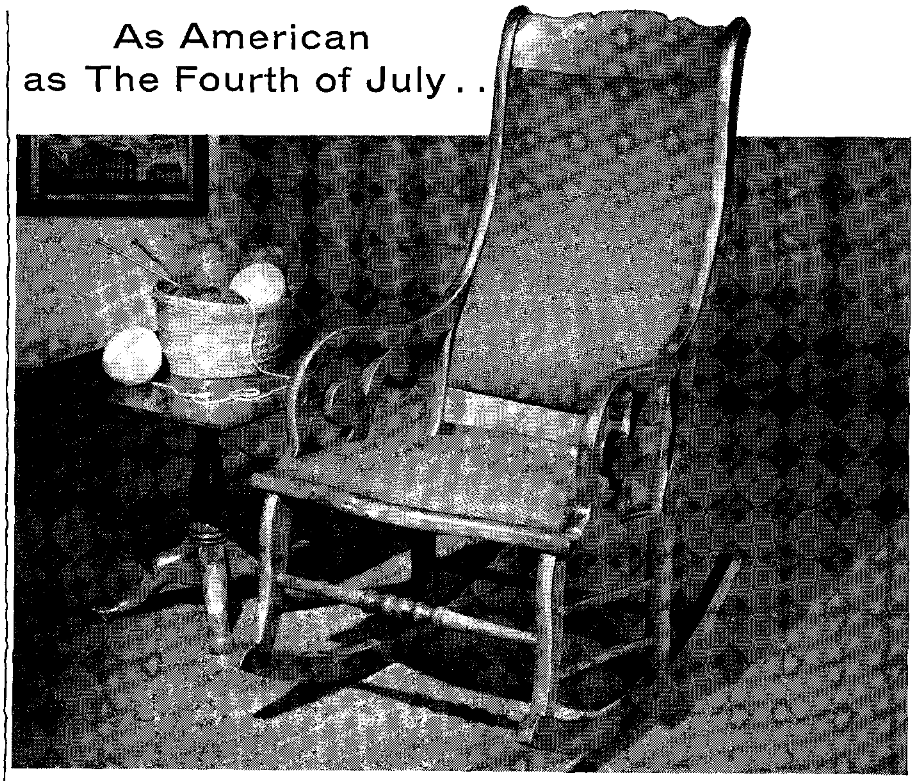
three days. And so on, question after question and name after name, infallibly the correct one. I would back him any day against Jim Farley, Jack Dempsey, or John Buchan's Mr. Memory.

WITH traffic piled up just the way it is on the Long Island Expressway on a Sunday night, the drive in to London from Wentworth was a long one. It took me two hours to creep the twenty-five miles—ample time in which to think about the golf I had seen in Scotland, France, Italy, and England. It was fortunate, in a way, I decided, that Palmer had carried the day at Wentworth, for otherwise, after the glorious victory of the French at Saint-Germain and the British at Olgiata, everyone would surely be concluding that American golfers, professional and amateur, male and female, were on the downgrade. (Some people did conclude that, of course.) The fact of the matter is, I think, that our players are as good as they ever were but that the players in other countries are vastly better than *they* ever were. And this is a most desirable state of affairs. For all the transoceanic amity generated, there would be no good reason to hold international tournaments such as the two World Amateur Team Championships if their outcome were a foregone conclusion. As things now stand, in a competition in which the teams consist of two, three, or four players, the United States is eminently beatable if a rival team manages to produce its maximum performance when the need is at *its* maximum—and that is as it should be. In particular, amateur golf, which the American sports public has all but forgotten, stands to profit from this international bracing. After the British breakthrough at Olgiata, next year's Walker Cup match will have far more interest than usual.

With these thoughts out of the way, I began to mull over some of the fine points of the four tournaments I had attended and to wonder if I had tried to pack too much into the eleven days. In a matter of minutes, I found myself speculating on whom I would back to win if Arnold Palmer and Arthur Havers were to oppose the Vicomtesse de Saint-Sauveur and Min-nan Hsieh in a twenty-seven-hole match-play four-ball tournament with six clubs, and it seemed to me that perhaps I had watched enough golf for the moment and it was time I got back into some street shoes.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

As American
as The Fourth of July . .

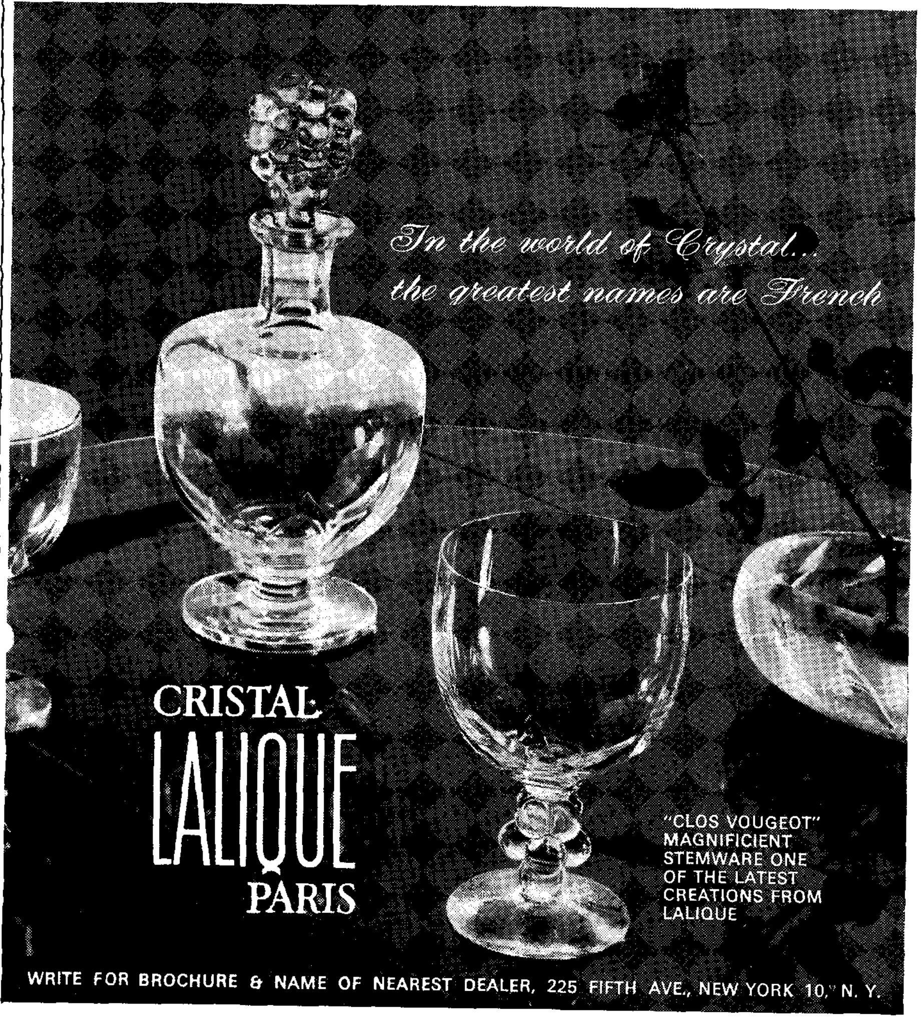


THE UPHOLSTERED ROCKER

This upholstered rocker, anyway. It's an authentic adaptation of a design created by our New England forebears from Conant Ball's celebrated Roger Conant Group. It's made of Vermont hard rock, sugar maple that's been hand-rubbed with "No. 12 Ancestor" finish for lasting beauty. What's more, this rocker can easily make itself at home in your home because you have your choice of decorator fabrics and colors.

Send for illustrated folder of our Roger Conant Group, Modernmates or Walnut Hill Group . . . 10¢ each. Conant Ball Company, Gardner 35, Mass.

CONANT BALL · FURNITURE MAKERS · 1852



In the world of Crystal...
the greatest names are French
CRISTAL
LALIQUE
PARIS
"CLOS VOUGEOT" MAGNIFICIENT STEMWARE ONE OF THE LATEST CREATIONS FROM LALIQUE

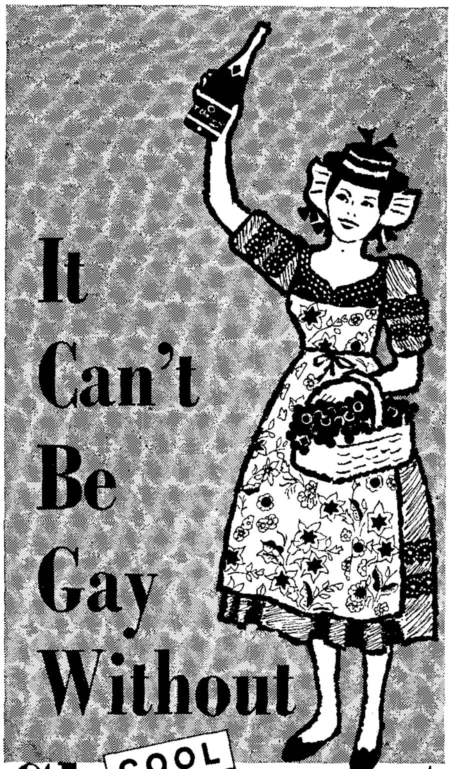
WRITE FOR BROCHURE & NAME OF NEAREST DEALER, 225 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Points of View

ANDRÉ CAYATTE's "Anatomy of a Marriage," known in France by the less clinical name of "La Vie Conjugale," is an interesting curiosity, though not, I'm sorry to say, an interesting movie. One of the things that make it a curiosity is that it isn't *a* movie at all but, rather, two movies, each of them full-length and complete in itself, each with its own title, and each playing at its own theatre. To complicate matters by simplifying them, a single ticket permits you to attend both pictures, not in any particular order and not necessarily on the same day or even in the same week. M. Cayatte, who used to be a lawyer, unashamedly introduces into his script-writing and movie-directing the traditional methods of legal advocacy (for example, his famous picture "We Are All Murderers" isn't simply about capital punishment but is also passionately opposed to it), and his fine intelligence must have dismissed long ago the conventional argument that to have a thesis as well as a theme renders a work artistically impure. Cayatte, like Shaw, is a born reformer, so to call him tendentious is to pay him the very compliment he values most.

In these radically unidentical Siamese twins of movies, Cayatte takes up a problem that is a commonplace of courtrooms and a notorious bogeyman of legal philosophy: the intrinsic unreliability of the so-called facts in a case. When, as witnesses, we swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we undertake the impossible; with the best intentions in the world, none of us can say what *really* happens in the course of a certain event, the truth in that sense being about as valid a notion—and as big a nuisance—as phlogiston. Cayatte dramatizes this platitude by recounting six or seven years in the life of an attractive young Parisian couple, each of whom has strong ideas about why their marriage has failed. One picture—"My Days with Jean-Marc"—tells the story of the marriage from the point of view of the wife, the other—"My Nights with Françoise"—from the point of view of the husband, but the idea isn't to give us a diminished, Gallic version

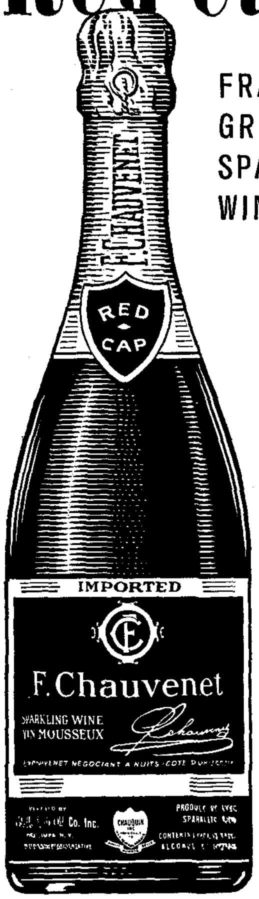


It Can't Be Gay Without
COOL
Chauvenet
Red Cap®

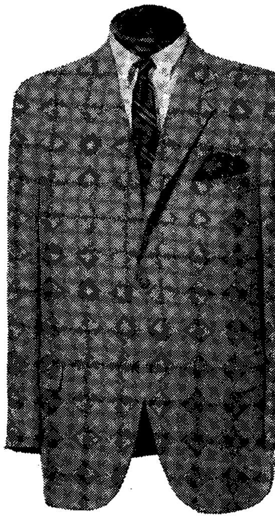
FRANCE'S GREAT RED SPARKLING WINE

N. B.
Also remember the same "Chauvenet" for Beaujolais, Pommard, Pouilly Fuisse and many others—all of superb quality.

©1963 SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.



CAMEL'S HAIR BLAZER



Our 100% pure camel's hair blazer now available in ready-to-wear, tailored expressly for the Arthur M. Rosenberg Co., in our classic single-breasted, three-button model, with regular breast pocket, patch and flap lower pockets, 3/16" edge seam and 10" hook vent. In natural tan only. $69.50

Send for Fall/Winter Catalog

Travel exhibits in major cities. Dates on request.
Los Angeles—Biltmore—Nov. 9, 10, 11
San Francisco—St. Francis—Nov. 12, 13, 14
Pittsburgh—Penn Sheraton—Nov. 16, 17
Cleveland—Statler—Nov. 18, 19

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898
THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS–FURNISHERS
NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.
NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

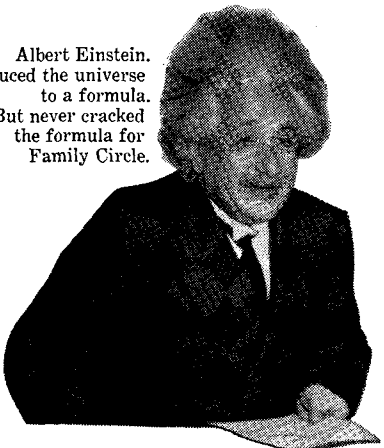
Inn-formation
. . . with *everything* for a short visit or a vacation—Cherry Hill Inn—minutes from Historic Philadelphia. 300 handsome guest rooms; excellent dining; cocktail lounges; recreational activities. 4 miles from N.J. Tpke. Exit 4. For reservations and Color Brochure . . . write or phone 609 / NO 2-7200.
Cherry Hill Inn
Route 38 at Haddonfield Road
Cherry Hill, N. J.
Represented Nationally by ROBERT F. WARNER, Inc.

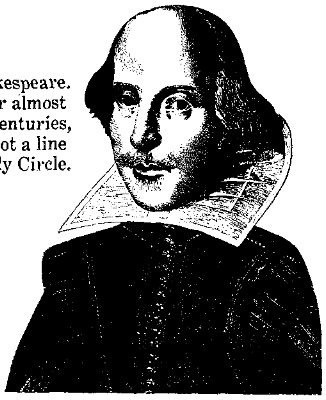
The Leopard
RESTAURANT

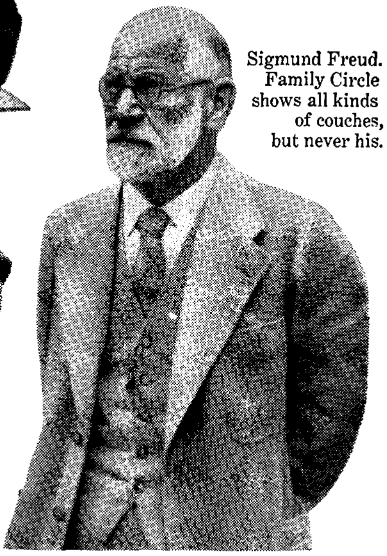
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

The Family Circle, Inc.—a subsidiary of Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

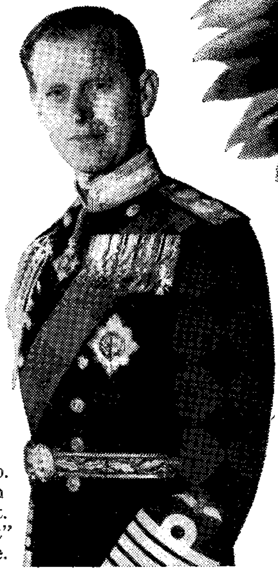
Can a woman who's wild about all of these men find happiness in Family Circle?


Albert Einstein.
Reduced the universe
to a formula.
But never cracked
the formula for
Family Circle.


William Shakespeare.
Reprinted for almost
four centuries,
and still not a line
in Family Circle.


Sigmund Freud.
Family Circle
shows all kinds
of couches,
but never his.

Ludwig van Beethoven.
A sell-out at
Philharmonic Hall.
A bust in Family Circle.


Prince Philip.
Very much "in" with
the international set.
Very much "out"
with Family Circle.

Calvin Coolidge.
A legend in
American politics,
a subject Family Circle
does not choose to run.

Certainly homemakers love literature, psychiatry, music, politics, celebrity stories. It's like eating peanuts. So why do they buy Family Circle? Lean red meat. Family Circle is strictly service. It's the homemaker's Wall Street Journal. Can 7,500,000 women find happiness in learning to be better homemakers? Tune in next month.

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love

The happy story on circulation guarantees: McCall's 8,400,000; Family Circle 7,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,150,000.

urban or
suburban...
swing along
with
Serbin

Slim, Sleeveless Sheath in a Nubby Knit. So soft...this textured combination of Arnel® triacetate and linen! Subtly touched with rows of tiny pin tucks...a bow-tied neckline ...and self-belt. In the pastel prettiness of pink, yellow, natural or turquoise. Sizes 8 to 18, $40

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

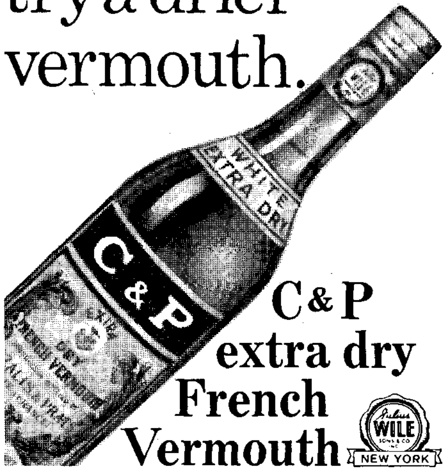
Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First Street, Miami 35, Florida

of "Rashomon," for while we observe some of the events twice over and occasionally hear the very same snatches of dialogue, the critical discovery we make as we match one movie to the other is that the young couple have shared almost nothing except their bodies. Even time has proved unsharable; an episode that looms large in the mind of the girl and is therefore dealt with at length in "My Days with Jean-Marc" may seem a trifle to the man and so occupy but a moment in "My Nights with Françoise."

That we love and marry as strangers and remain strangers till we die is a grisly thought but a perfectly sound basis for a movie; why, then, does "Anatomy of a Marriage" fail to hold our interest? One reason is that Cayatte hasn't troubled to make the young couple worth knowing for themselves, and though they are appealingly played by the beautiful Marie-José Nat and the handsome Jacques Charrier, they and we are victims of the fact that their adventures are purposely small, humdrum, and, in the end, boring. Another reason is that the poor young things remain in ignorance of the affliction of unknowableness from which they suffer and which Dr. Cayatte has diagnosed so skillfully behind their backs; it would take a third movie to acquaint them with their condition and provide them with a possible cure. That movie would also provide an opportunity for what the present twins conspicuously lack—those hair-raising collisions in Pirandello, where the characters are forced at last to confront themselves and each other and remove, or have removed, the masks without which they've hitherto assumed it was impossible to survive.

"WOMAN IN THE DUNES" is the handiwork of two youngish Japanese intellectuals—the director Hiroshi Teshigahara and the novelist Kobo Abe, who prepared the screenplay of the picture from his novel of the same name. It's a well-known defect of intellectuals that they tend to embrace Mother Nature too ardently or not at all, and I fear that the Messrs. Teshigahara and Abe are members of the former class. Evidently bewitched by the degree to which certain topographical and textural manifestations of the physical world can be made to serve as symbols of man's fate, they allow the camera to preoccupy itself with innumerable self-consciously beautiful shots of sand, sky, water, crawling insects, and more sand—sand dry, sand wet, sand blowing, sand still, sand

Are you still looking for the perfect dry martini? Instead of switching gins try a drier vermouth.

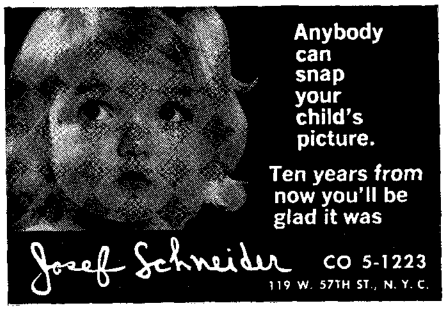


C&P
extra dry
French
Vermouth
WILE
NEW YORK

Southern California's Finest
McHENRY'S
Tail o' the Cock
RESTAURANTS

LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD
One Block North of Wilshire
CRestview 3-1200

VENTURA BOULEVARD
One Block West of Coldwater
TRiangle 7-0889
LOS ANGELES


Anybody can snap your child's picture.
Ten years from now you'll be glad it was
Josef Schneider
CO 5-1223
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

by the bucketful, and sand by the ton—and if, from time to time, for the sake of the exiguous story, the camera is obliged to turn its eye upon human beings, it sees them, too, in terms of topography and texture: hills and dales of smoothly glistening white flesh, out of which an occasional moan or idle word emerges.

Love affairs with Nature strike a sufficiently false note on the page and are falser still on film. Making matters worse in "Woman in the Dunes" is the fact that the cast consists of a patient peasant woman, ugly and of a certain age, and a sensitive man of science, whom the woman contrives to trap and keep imprisoned in the hell of a deep hollow of sand for several years. Highly urbanized novelists like Mr. Abe enjoy writing about patient peasant women, but I'm absolutely sure that the only person on earth who knows what goes on in the mind of a patient peasant woman pitting her life forever against a mountain of sand is a patient peasant woman pitting her life forever against a mountain of sand.

"The Americanization of Emily" is an odd botch of a movie that threatens again and again to flare up into a successful comedy about the futility of war in particular and the beastliness of the human race in general and is then damped down, if not extinguished, by the disparity between Paddy Chayefsky's screenplay and the direction, which is by Arthur Hiller. Though Mr. Chayefsky is often eloquent as well as funny, his best efforts are made to seem his worst by the wobbly way in which Mr. Hiller presents them. However, perhaps the fault isn't altogether the director's—there are almost as many styles of acting on display as there are actors, and the result was bound to be a sort of thrift-shop incoherence. The big brass of the picture are James Garner, Julie Andrews, Melvyn Douglas, James Coburn, and Joyce Grenfell, and it turned out with surprising neatness in the midst of such disorder that I admired them in exactly the reverse order of their official billing.

—Brendan Gill

•

It grows greener, thicker, more carpet-like. Sends out more and sturdier roots. Gets along with less moisture. Glories in the heat of summer. Less vulnerable to disease. And you don't have to cut it so often. In fact you can probably skip every other mowing.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Odd or even?

INTERLUDE

LIKE LOVE...
MUST BE
EXPERIENCED.

Frances Denney

INTERLUDE Bath & Body Perfume
also in other fragrance and beauty accessories.

19 SCHEDULED AIRLINES FLY THE ATLANTIC

18 HAVE THE SAME FARES

ONLY 1 HAS LOWER FARES...
...and that's ICELANDIC!

Lowest air fares to Europe at anytime of the year, too . . . one way or all-year round trips! So enjoy Europe in the Fall and take advantage of Icelandic's incredibly low Thrift Season fares now in effect. Pay far less than jet Economy fares . . . to nine key countries and beyond. Fly in roomy comfort on swift, new Rolls-Royce 400 Jet Props or dependable, long-range DC-6Bs. Attentive service and complimentary meals, drinks, snacks. There's no doubt about it . . . Icelandic is your best sky-buy to Europe!

From New York to: **ICELAND • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND • HOLLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN DENMARK • FINLAND • LUXEMBOURG**

Use these Icelandic Gateways—and save—to all of Europe and beyond.

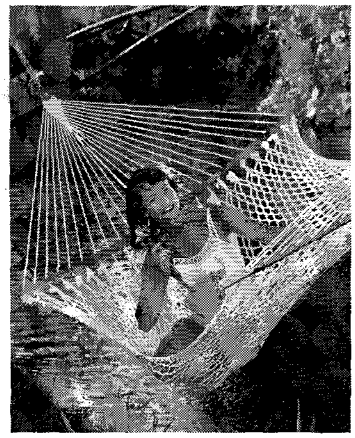
AMERICAN EXPRESS CREDIT CARDS HONORED

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

Consult Your Travel Agent or
610 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York 20 • PL 7-8585
37 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3 • FL 6-2341
210 Post St., San Francisco 8 • YU 2-7651

Write For Folder (A)

For the man who had everything—until now



He never had it so good! Because when he owns one of these original Pawleys Island rope hammocks, he's in for some of the laziest, easiest hours ever whiled away. These unusual hammocks have been handcrafted for generations by the coastal folk of Pawleys Island, S.C. Handwoven, top grade twill cordage, now treated with Ciba Arigal for **permanent protection against rot and mildew.** Supporting ropage, tie rings extra strong. Aged oak stretchers stabilize generous width. Body size 54 in. x82 in., 13 ft. over-all. Wide enough to lie in crosswise or lengthwise; big enough for a friend to join him! $30 exp. col.

For a Sharp lookout, give him this jigger. Fine, authentic miniature of the historic pewter tankard with traditional glass bottom. He can keep an eye on the game. Made for us in Sheffield, England. $4 ppd.

Let him measure! Combination paper weight and yardstick. Sturdy, 2½" tall; carries its own weight. Unique yardstick conveniently coils around leather-covered paperweight. Uncoil and it stays straight. Brown. $4.50 incl. post.

Write for our new catalog

John Jarrell INC.

Dept. NY, 84 Broad Street, N.W.
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

FINDING BY THE REFEREE

"THIS hearing," announced the Referee for the Bureau of Vehicle Control, as he sat in the judge's chair and, raising his glasses, looked over the courtroom, "is being conducted to determine if there is sufficient evidence to warrant a suspension or revocation of license because of a fatal accident."

While her name and address were being read into the record by the Hearing Reporter, Mrs. Thompson, who was standing beside his chair, just below the judge's platform, reassured herself by silently reciting the concluding statement made at the coroner's inquest. She had used it so often in times of stress, and to put herself to sleep at night, that it had become almost a litany: "Such death was due to accident, and none other, and as Coroner of this county I wish to exonerate her of any culpable negligence. And further, it is my opinion this accident was unavoidable. Let the record so show."

Adjusting his glasses, the Referee read the results of Mrs. Thompson's vision test, and particulars of the accident. It seemed to her almost as if the tragedy had happened to someone else, and then, becoming uneasy, she decided it had been a mistake to try to put it behind her so soon. Also, she wished she had notified the cheerful young man with her insurance company that the hearing would be held, even though she had gathered from her friends that it wouldn't amount to anything. Not that a claim was expected, or that her driving license was any concern of his, but as a matter of form.

After being sworn by the Hearing Reporter, Mrs. Thompson asked the Referee if she would receive a copy of the testimony. He raised his glasses, then nodded and pointed to a chair at the near end of a long table. She sat down, and looked up at him as he consulted a file of papers.

"Now, Mrs. Thompson," he began, "what was the weather then?"

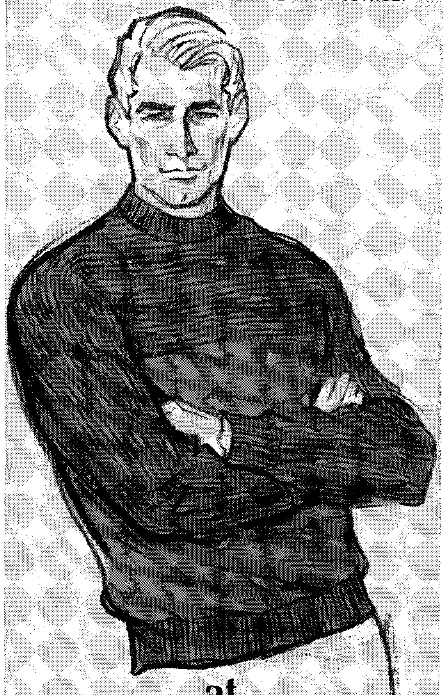
"It was lovely."

She remembered looking out her kitchen window that morning at the shining valley below and feeling lucky that the cosmetics company had given her this Berkshire territory. A widow, she knew she was welcome in the New England village even if she hadn't made any really close friends, and, between skiers and the summer

The Scupper

ONLY AT PAUL STUART . . . THIS WASHABLE LONG SLEEVE PULLOVER OF FINE MERCERIZED COTTON KNIT. WORTH NOTING: THE UNIQUE HORIZONTAL WIDE-RIBBED YOKE. SOLID COLORS OF RED, NAVY OR WHITE. S. M. L., $10.00

PLEASE ADD 70C PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE.



at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

BAMER HOTEL
mexico city

service beyond comparison

Ask your travel agent
U.S Representatives:
Robert F. Warner Inc.

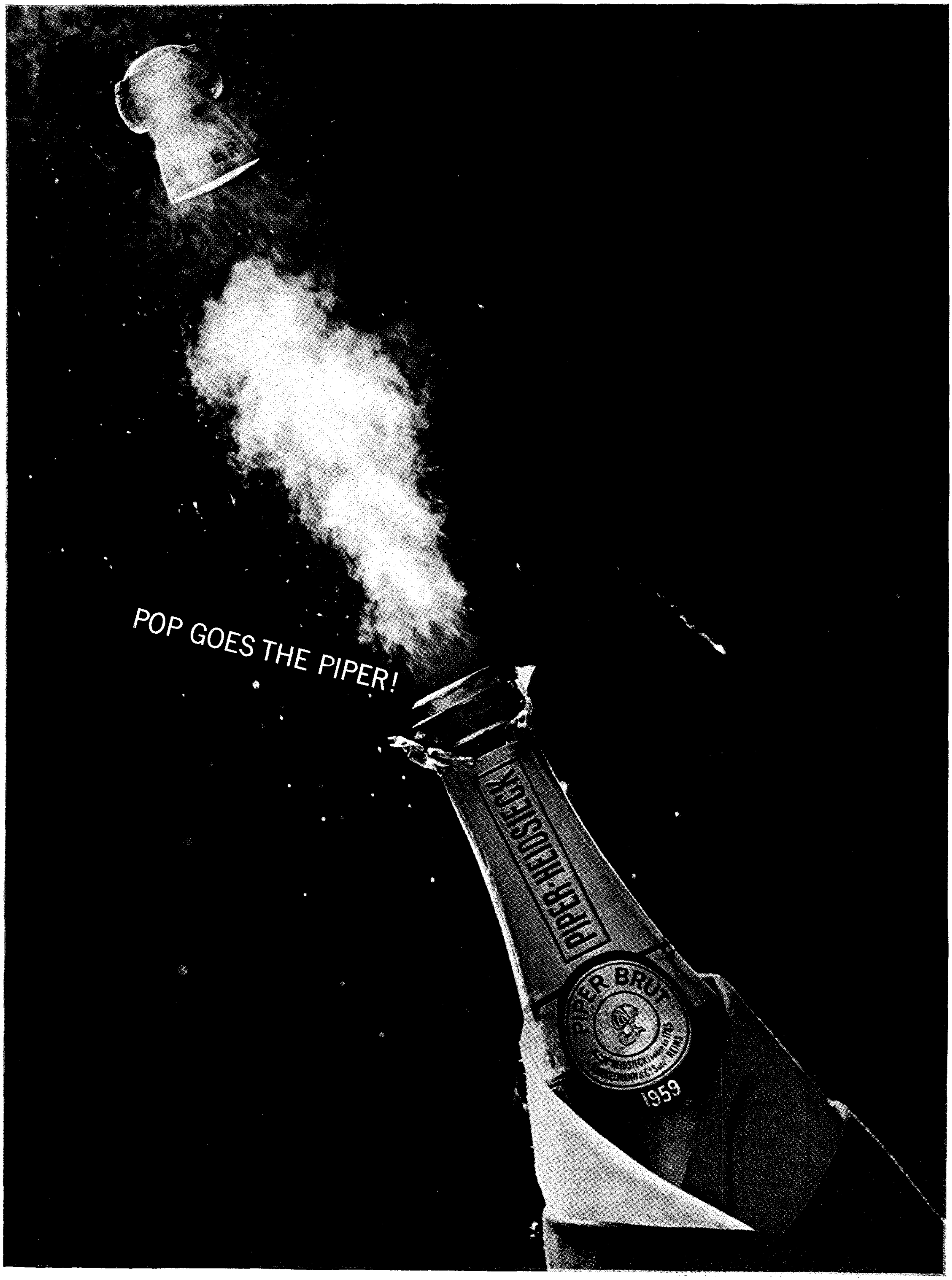
New York, N.Y.
Tel: JUdson 6-4500

Chicago, Ill.
Tel: RAndolph 6-0624

Barling

Since 1812—the first name in London made pipes

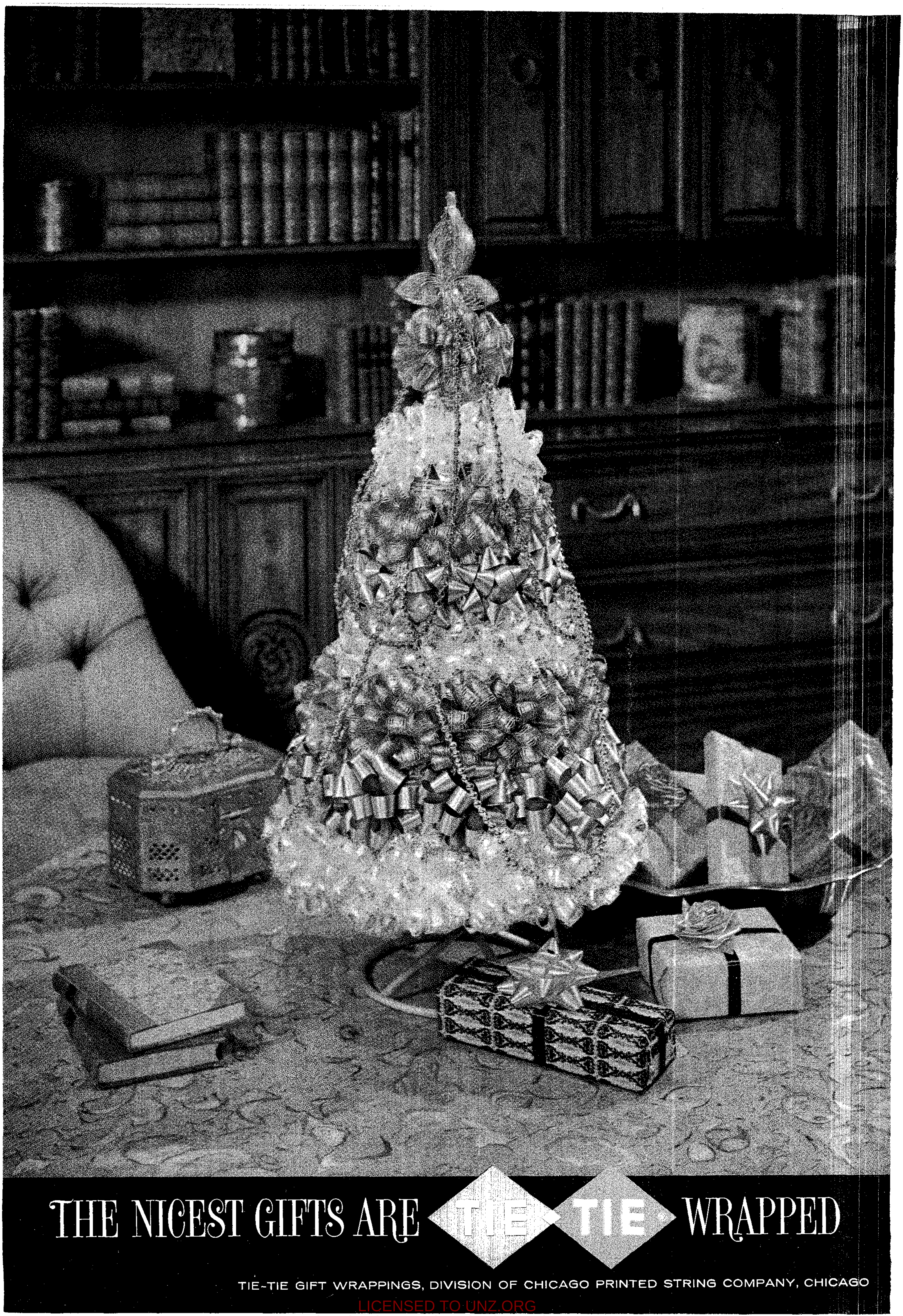
FALCON INTERNATIONAL • CHICAGO 60641


POP GOES THE PIPER!
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1959

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

...from grapes so rare, from care so experienced.
...even the cork is an exclusive preparation.
...the most civilized drink in the civilized world.

PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE / PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE / CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS / PIPER PINK / RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



THE NICEST GIFTS ARE TIE-TIE WRAPPED
TIE-TIE GIFT WRAPPINGS, DIVISION OF CHICAGO PRINTED STRING COMPANY, CHICAGO

drama festival, her list of customers was increasing.

"The weather, then, was clear?" she heard the Referee ask, and nodded in reply.

"And the road dry?"

"Oh, yes."

"How wide is the road there?"

"It's the main highway, sir. Two lanes."

"And a white line divides them in the center?"

"A double white line."

"Is the road straight?"

"Yes, though there's a curve to the right farther south."

"And it is level?"

"Yes, sir."

"Other traffic, was there?"

"No."

"Then visibility . . . There was nothing blocking your view, was there?"

"Oh, no."

Mrs. Thompson was puzzled when the Referee nodded at someone behind her. She turned as Mr. Sylvester, a city lawyer, came through the gate in the rail. She had met him once at his summer place when she was making a sales call on his wife, a timid little woman with thick glasses. The Referee indicated the far end of the long table, and as Mr. Sylvester went to it and put down a briefcase Mrs. Thompson had a twinge of near panic.

"Are we to understand," Mr. Sylvester asked, folding his arms and looking down at her, "that you had a clear view of the highway?"

"Well, no."

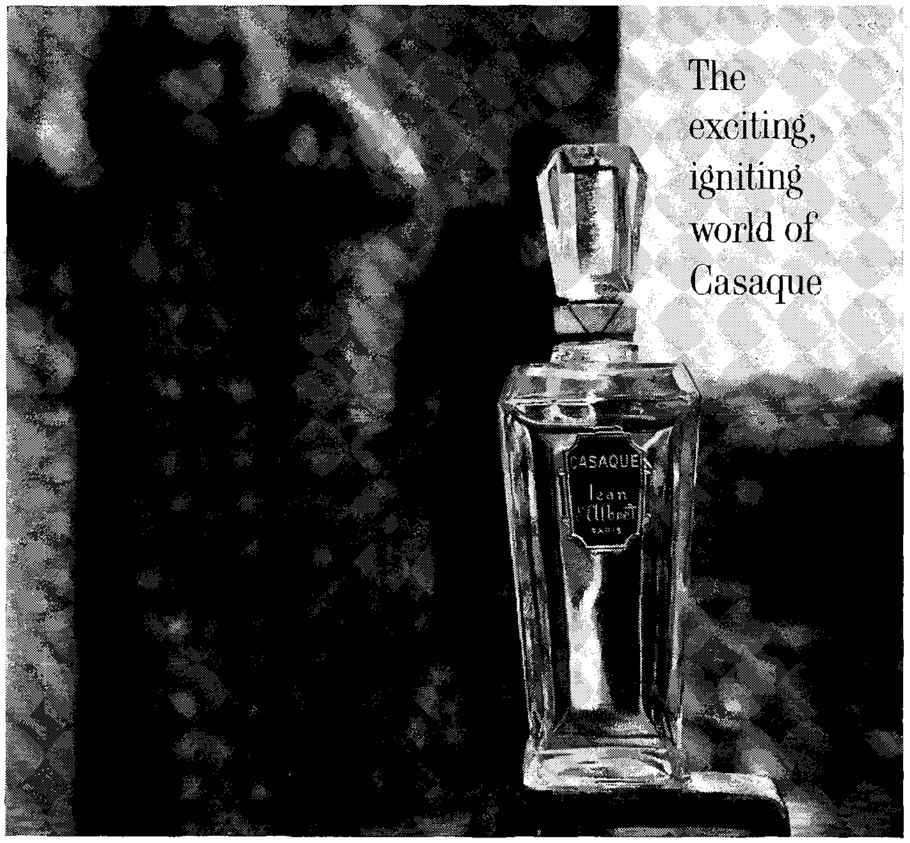
"No? Were you wearing glasses of some kind?"

"You don't understand. You see—"

The Referee interrupted to instruct her to turn toward the Reporter, so that

COUTURE SPECIALTIES

You're on the beat of holiday living in a weightless all-weather coat by Couture Specialties of Spindrift®, TRAVIS® cloqué nylon. Black, white, camel; 6-16; about $50. At Bloomingdale's; Bullock's, all stores; Halle Bros.; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr; or write Couture Specialties, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.



Jean D'ALBRET
CASAQUE

CASAQUE PARFUM IS BOTTLED, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. IMPORTER JEAN D'ALBRET© DIV., 680 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

80 PROOF
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR

The whole world loves it after dinner.

Intriguing on the rocks...

...essential in a Side Car.

Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur . . . for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner . . . the key to classic cocktails . . . always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

80 PROOF. PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

she could be heard. Mrs. Thompson was about to say that if Mr. Sylvester would stand at her end of the table it would be easier, when she wondered if he had a right to be there. Instead of asking if he did, she said to the Referee that maybe she should have a lawyer, adding that it was all in the inquest testimony anyway. The Referee informed her tartly that her notice of appearance stated specifically that she could be accompanied by counsel. She had chosen not to be, he went on, and could they now proceed? Mrs. Thompson rushed silently through her litany, then nodded.

"I wonder if we can have some clarification here," Mr. Sylvester said, rocking back on his heels. "Was your view of the highway obstructed, Mrs. Thompson?"

"Yes."

"Oh?"

"There were those cars. In front of the gas station."

The Referee shifted in his chair. "Go back, and tell us the events leading up to the accident."

"Well, as I said at the inquest—"

"The inquest does not concern us here, if you please," the Referee said.

Mrs. Thompson looked down and folded her hands in her lap. She had thought the inquest was an end to the matter, at least outside the courtroom. Yet children who had heard of the accident went on standing back from her car to look with big eyes at her and at its front end, and even the presence of Jack, the collie who had adopted her and rode with her, couldn't get them to come any closer. Customers would edge up to mentioning the accident casually, saying it could have happened to anyone. She would answer that it hadn't, and that she felt as bad as if the loss were hers. She would then turn to her samples, repeating the litany, and this helped her handle the knowledge that it *had* happened to her.

"I must instruct you," the Referee went on, "to go back. Now, will you tell us—"

"All right. I was driving south, and as I came near this gas station on the right-hand side, there were these cars parked under the trees."

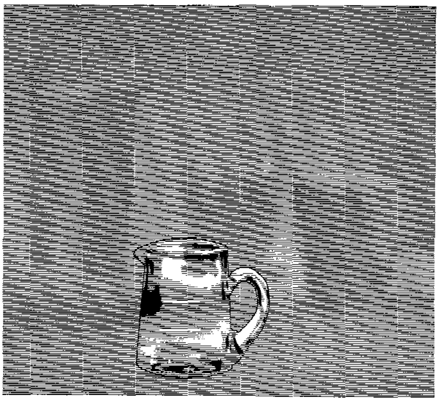
"How many?"

"Four of them, I think."

"And these cars blocked your view of the highway ahead?"

"Not ahead. Just to the side, farther south, where it curves."

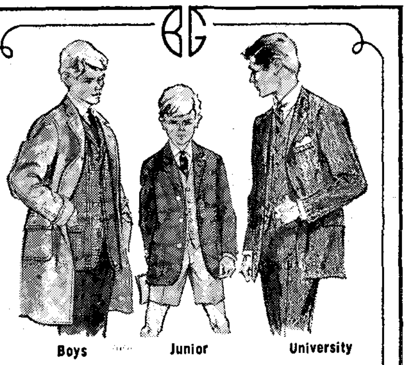
"Then your view of the highway ahead was not—"



Famous Bryce Spirits Pitcher

This unique little vessel has been individually crafted by the oldest house in America still hand-blowing and hand-cutting lead crystal in the ancient manner. It was especially designed for discriminating hosts or hostesses who consider a "shot-glass" somewhat prosaic, and who hesitate to pour a drink directly from the bottle. Because they are handmade, these delightful little "conversation pieces" vary in size, so you must not assume precise ounce measurement from the level marks on the side. All we can tell you is that the lower mark represents a respectable drink and the upper mark a lustier one. Write for the name of the dealer nearest you. Individually packaged—about $3.50 each.

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand-Cut, Lead Crystal
Since 1841



the epitome in clothing
by Glanzrock

DePinna, New York
Boyd's, St. Louis
Woolf Bros., Kansas City
Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas
Jos. Horne, Pittsburgh
Higbee's, Cleveland
Hutzler's, Baltimore

COMPONENTS BY NEW YORK PAD CO., NEW YORK

at the fine stores listed, or write:
B. Glanzrock, Inc., 126 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

STRAPARAMA®

The authority on Fine leather watchstraps. Made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All widths and lengths; all colors. Attached in one minute; for men and women. 2.50 to 10.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

"Oh, I could see ahead fine."

"Continue."

"The next thing, I was just passing the cars when it happened. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Those three children ran out from between them."

"From between which of them, do you know?"

"I think the second and third."

"And then?"

"They were so close, right in front of me, I was afraid all three would be hit. And I pressed the brake, and—"

"But only one child was struck?"

"The one who turned back. The boy. If he had kept going, instead of turning and running back, then he would have been all right. But the way it was, I—"

"One moment, please," Mr. Sylvester interrupted. "Why did he turn back?"

"Well, there was this scream. From the other side of the cars, where I couldn't see. And it was just when he was on the center line of the road, so . . ."

At the inquest, Mrs. Thompson hadn't mentioned a scream before the accident, though she had said there was a lot of confusion and screaming afterward. She hadn't meant to say it now, but something in Mr. Sylvester's voice made her. She said she heard later that it was the boy's mother who screamed. That was why he turned. Mr. Sylvester frowned, and looked over the rail and out into the courtroom. Following his glance, Mrs. Thompson saw the child's mother in the first row just beyond the rail, and it occurred to her that Mr. Sylvester must have been sitting with her before he came through the little gate. There were no other spectators.

The Referee cleared his throat and said they would continue. "Now, Mrs. Thompson, you said this boy turned, then ran back."

"It was all of a piece. I mean, they ran out, there was this scream, the boy turned and ran back, then came a little bump, the car stopped . . ."

"Go on, please."

"I went to the front of the car and at first, well, I thought maybe it was all right. I didn't see anything, and I felt faint. With relief, I mean. But as I leaned against the car, the right front part of it, I looked down. . . . Then I—then was when I saw him."

The Referee directed that details concerning the body be recorded, and, leaning over, he handed the Reporter

fresh show of stripes for traditional shirt men

Who said the button-down man's shirt wardrobe has to be dull? Gant's new Oxford Hunt in navy/gold, burgundy/blue or green/navy multi-stripings is a pleasant change of pace. And in excellent taste. Fine cotton oxford. **6.95**

wallachs

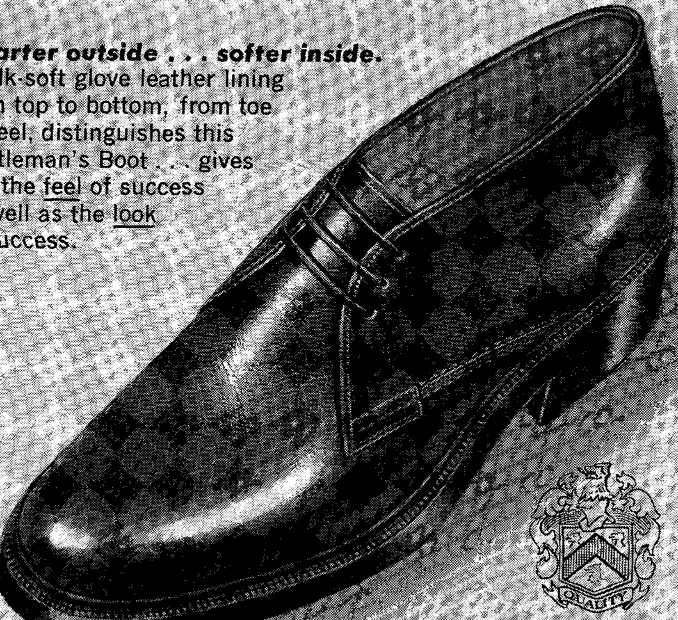
15 Fine Men's Stores in Greater New York

Mail orders to: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101. Orders beyond our regular motor delivery area please add 35¢.

FRENCH SHRINER

The Inside Story is a Softer Story

Smarter outside . . . softer inside.
A silk-soft glove leather lining from top to bottom, from toe to heel, distinguishes this Gentleman's Boot . . . gives you the feel of success as well as the look of success.



QUALITY

At Fine Stores Everywhere

FRENCH SHRINER • 443 ALBANY ST., BOSTON, MASS.

BILL ATKINSON of
GLEN of MICHIGAN
creates a theatre suit of
Crompton printed cotton velveteen.
The shirt completes the
loveliest of winter tales.
In pennant blue. Sizes 8-16.
Jacket about $25. Skirt about $23.
Shirt about $13.
At Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Doop's, New Jersey
Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland
Montaldo's, all stores
I. Magnin, all stores
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 18

Crompton Velveteen

a sheaf of papers. Mr. Sylvester then went up on the platform to confer with the Referee, and Mrs. Thompson heard enough to gather he was explaining that the mother had seen merely the approach of the car and so had not been called as a witness. Mr. Sylvester then went back to his end of the table, where again he stood with arms folded.

“Very well,” the Referee said. “We will proceed. Now, how far were you from these children when you first saw them?”

“They thought a couple of car lengths at the inquest. Maybe, even—”

“We are concerned with what you think.”

“Well, the same. Two car lengths, say.”

“Thirty or forty feet?”

“About.”

“And how fast were you going?”

“The police said— I mean, around forty.”

“And how far were you when the boy turned back?”

“Awful close. Maybe, ten. Or fifteen.”

“Feet?”

“Feet.”

“And your speed then?”

“I don’t know. I was still stopping, you see. It all happened so fast, it was like everything at once. It wasn’t bit by bit.”

“Would you know what part of the vehicle struck him?”

“No. He was just—under the wheel.”

“Was there anything wrong with the brakes?”

“Why, no.”

“Were there skid marks?”

“The police— I mean, yes.”

“This car was two years old, I see. Were the brakes ever checked?”

“The police did. Everything.”

The Referee looked at Mr. Sylvester. “Do you know what they found, sir?”

Mr. Sylvester unfolded his arms. “Why, pretty good. That is, according to the report I saw.”

“But brakes had nothing to do with it,” Mrs. Thompson said, surprised to find herself about to rise. “And the coroner—”

As the Referee held up his hand, Mrs. Thompson made herself settle back in the chair. “Now we’ll get to this school bus,” he said. “When did you first see it?”

“That didn’t come until after the accident.”

“Well, there was a sign opposite the

MORGAN-JONES’
“Raleigh Tavern”
and “Queen Anne”
bedcoverings,
at the authorized
Williamsburg® Craft House
in these stores:

WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION C W ®

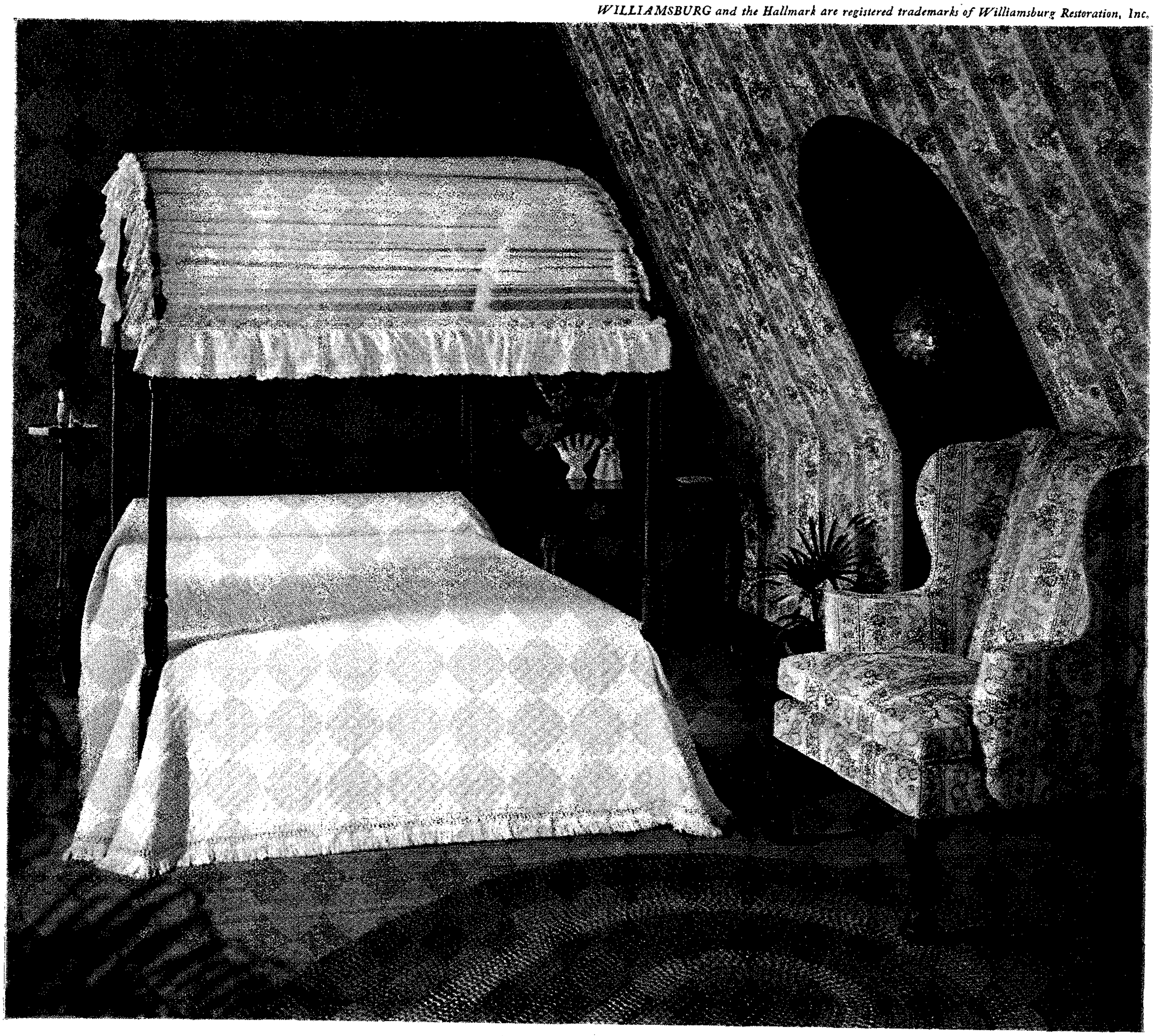
Williamsburg, Va.	The Craft House
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Company
New York, N. Y.	B. Altman & Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Company
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller

Also at these stores . . .

Albany, N. Y.	W. M. Whitney & Co.
Alexandria, La.	Wellan’s
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich’s
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler’s
Baton Rouge, La.	Goudchaux’s
Beaumont, Texas	White House
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman’s
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	J. B. Ivey & Co.
Charleston, W. Va.	Woodrum’s Home Outfitting Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas	W. A. Green
Denver, Colo.	May D. & F. Co.
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson Co. & Branches
El Paso, Texas	Popular Dry Goods
Fort Worth, Texas	Monnig’s
Galveston, Texas	Eiband’s
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Steketee & Sons
Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Jacobson’s
Houston, Texas	Joske’s
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz Bros.
Jackson, Miss.	R. E. Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Furchgott’s
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller’s Inc.
Laredo, Texas	Hachar’s
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifers
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Lubbock, Texas	Dunlap’s
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith’s
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Middletown, N. Y.	Carson & Towner
Nashville, Tenn.	Cain-Sloan Co.
New Haven, Conn.	The Edw. Malley Co.
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Neb.	Kilpatrick’s
Orlando, Fla.	Ivey’s
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner’s
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Providence, R. I.	Gladding’s & Branches
Raleigh (Cameron Vil.), N. C.	The Linen Closet
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimers
Roanoke, Va.	S. H. Heironimus Co.
San Antonio, Texas	Joske’s
Shreveport, La.	Rubenstein’s
Syracuse, N. Y.	Dey Bros.
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle & Koch & Branches
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin
Utica, N. Y.	Boston Store
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
West Palm Beach, Fla.	Pioneer Co.
Worcester, Mass.	Denholm & McKay Co.

Morgan-Jones
404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.
A Division of Springs Mills, Inc.

WILLIAMSBURG and the Hallmark are registered trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc.



MORGAN-JONES is proud to announce their appointment as official weavers of *Williamsburg*® Bedspread Reproductions

Authentic, long-awaited and exclusively ours. Morgan-Jones recreates these 18th Century bedcoverings with a sure sense of history and a heart-warming fidelity to design and detail. Here, one from this great new period collection: "Raleigh Tavern," rows of ribbed squares and rosettes in a classic overshot weave. Thus, the elegance that is Williamsburg with the ease of care that is Morgan-Jones. Documentary colors of Antique Ivory, Boxwood Green, Crown Gold, Dominion Blue, Colonial Copper, Teal Blue, Hearth Red. Twin, about $22.50. Double, about $25. Also see "Queen Anne." Twin, about $45. Double, about $50.

Morgan-Jones

Master weavers for bedroom, kitchen, bath · 404 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 18. A Div. of Springs Mills, Inc.

EXTRA LIGHT
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
"BLACK & WHITE"
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION NEW YORK, N.Y.

Now there are two "Black & White" Scotch Whiskies ...and one is Extra Light!

equal in quality... identical in price

In "Black & White's" Great Original Scotch, you'll find the body and bouquet of a traditional Scotch. It has the *character* that only "Black & White" knows how to give—the special character of Scotland in every drop.

"Black & White" ***Extra Light*** **Scotch** has a smooth, glowing clarity. It is not merely a *light* Scotch, but a light Scotch with the famous "Black & White" *character.* Whichever you choose—you're always right with "Black & White."

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. · SOLE DISTRIBUTORS gas station, across the road, indicating a school-bus stop. Wasn't there?"

"There is now."

"I am interested in what was there at that time."

"Nothing. At that time, there wasn't any sign."

The Referee looked at Mr. Sylvester, who in turn looked at Mrs. Thompson. "You were very familiar with that road," Mr. Sylvester said. "Weren't you?"

"I used it some. Yes."

"Then where is the bus stop?"

"I don't know."

"You mean you *didn't know* school buses stop there?"

"I told you—no."

"But you saw the bus coming."

"After the accident, when it came, I saw it."

"Yes. So you indicated to His Honor, the Referee. Now, what else did you do when those children came on the road?"

"Well, I put the brakes on. Hard. Then it was over."

"The brakes?"

"Yes."

"That's all you did?"

"All? There wasn't time for anything else."

The Referee cleared his throat; then he asked Mrs. Thompson if she had sounded her horn. She said she hadn't.

"You saw those children," the Referee went on, "and you gave them no warning of any kind?"

"There wasn't time, like I told you. Anyway, I wouldn't have dared."

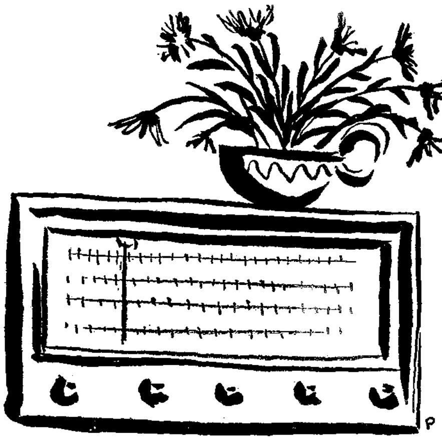
"You what?"

"I wouldn't have dared, I said."

"Surely, you—"

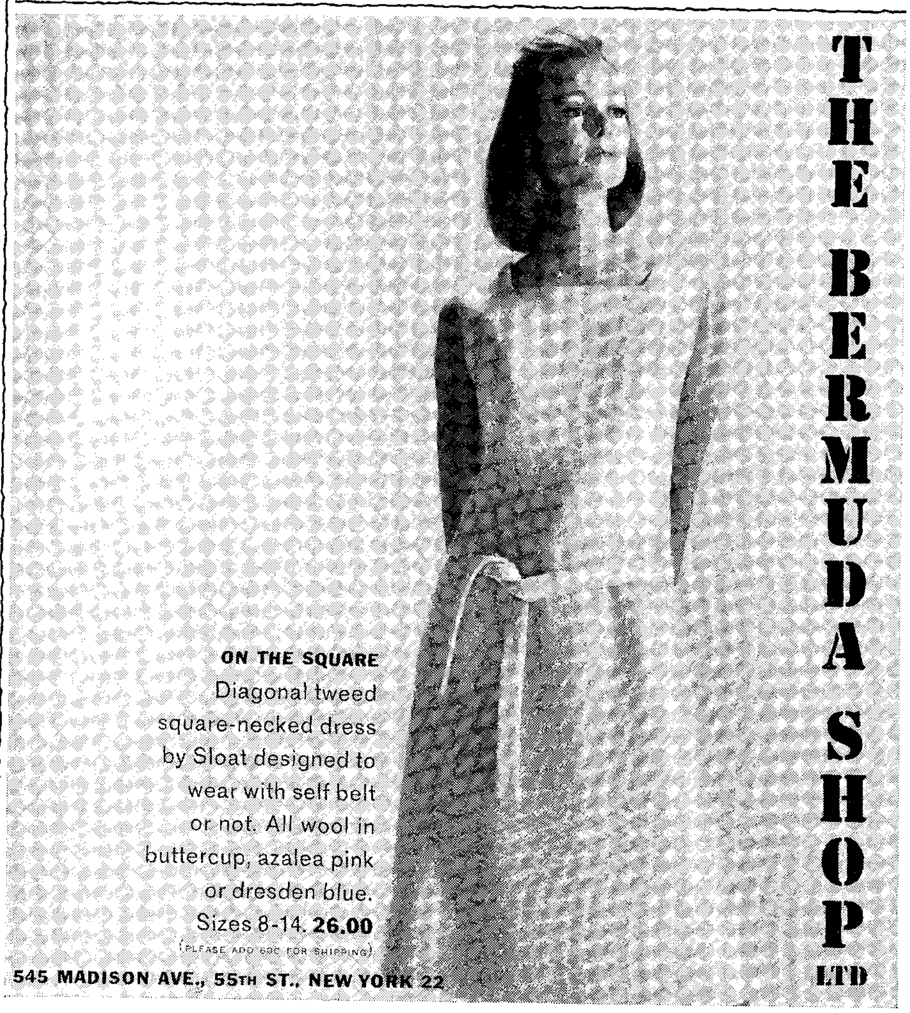
"Don't you understand? They might all have run back and been killed. All three were right in the middle when that scream came."

The Referee, after a long look at Mrs. Thompson, consulted some



DELMONICO'S

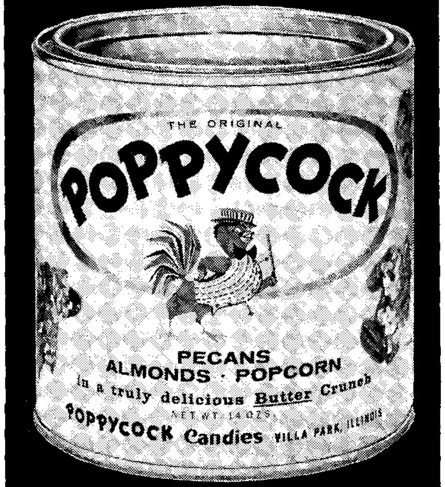
Elegant, quiet, agreeable surroundings
Friendly people, no push buttons
Grand cuisine
Great swinging bar
Beautiful view of Park Avenue
Instant room service
Rolls Royce with bar and phone to fetch you
Telephone: ELdorado 5-2500
59th Street and Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.


THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

ON THE SQUARE
Diagonal tweed
square-necked dress
by Sloat designed to
wear with self belt
or not. All wool in
buttercup, azalea pink
or dresden blue.
Sizes 8-14. **26.00**
(PLEASE ADD 60c FOR SHIPPING)

545 MADISON AVE., 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

The most expensive thing that ever happened to popcorn



THE ORIGINAL
POPPYCOCK
PECANS
ALMONDS · POPCORN
In a truly delicious Butter Crunch
NET WT. 14 OZS.
POPPYCOCK Candies VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS

Some people refer to Poppycock as the "millionaire's popcorn." And it is, rather. It's gold with butter. And studded solid with toasted almonds and southern pecans—each the size of the Hope diamond. Then this whole delicious melange is gathered together in a caramelized crunch so you can eat it in elegant chunks instead of (Heaven forbid!) by the ordinary handful. Come to think of it, it's really quite remarkable that we can sell this gorgeous confection for only $2 a can. You will find Poppycock mostly in fancier food and department stores.

POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

papers, and Mr. Sylvester put his hands on the table and leaned toward her. "Now, about that large dog—"

"What was that?" the Referee asked.

"Was there a large dog with you, Mrs. Thompson?" Mr. Sylvester said.

"Yes."

"And he—this large dog—was on the front seat with you?"

"Yes."

"What kind of dog?"

"Collie."

"Were you taking him someplace? Or was he company?"

"Company. He always goes."

"Mrs. Thompson," the Referee said. "This large dog was on the seat next to you?"

"That's right."

"Standing or sitting?"

"Lying down."

"Obstructing your view to the right?"

"What?"

"Did this large dog interfere with your seeing?"

"No, sir."

"I wonder, Mrs. Thompson . . ." said Mr. Sylvester, thoughtfully tapping on the table with a pencil.

"Yes?" she said, turning toward him.

"When you finally put your brakes on," he continued, "what happened to this dog?"

"He fell on the floor."

"Did you grab him as he fell?"

"No."

"That is all."

"About this highway," the Referee said, digging in his papers. "You say it's a two-lane highway?"

"That's right."

"And a solid line in the middle?"

"That's right."

"And you cross this line," Mr. Sylvester cut in, "when you pass a car?"

"You mean a car from the other direction?"

"In overtaking a car."

"Well, I'm not sure I . . ."

"You have testified about this, I believe," the Referee said. "Was your memory fresher when—"

"I see. Well, I haven't passed a car there—overtaken one, I mean. And I haven't crossed that double line. You're not supposed to."

"All right."

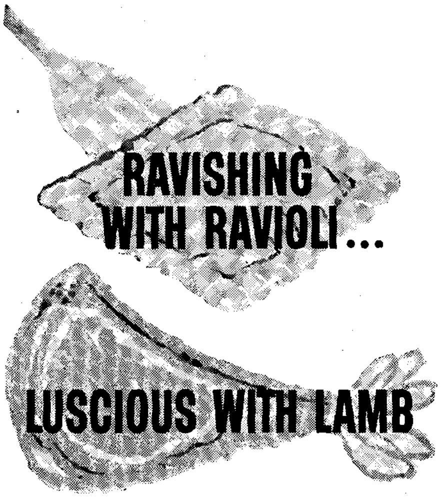
"And this youngster," the Referee went on, "was how old?"

"Six, I heard."

"And the others?"

"About the same. Girls."

"And he made it how far back?"



BERTOLLI CHIANTI
CLASSICO

CHIANTI
BERTOLLI

IMPORTED FROM ITALY

Costs a little more but well worth it —because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!

Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

East Africa is adventure on $30 a day.

Fascinating game reserves and scenic wonders. Amboseli, Serengeti, Ngorongoro Crater, Queen Elizabeth Park. Mt. Kilimanjaro, Murchison Falls, Mountains of the Moon. Treetops, the hotel in a tree! The glamorous cities of Nairobi, Kampala, Dar es Salaam. And Zanzibar, the "Isle of Cloves." Your Travel Agent has folders, brochures, tour itineraries. Or write Dept. N.Y.

EAST AFRICA TOURIST TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
KENYA—TANGANYIKA—UGANDA—ZANZIBAR
750 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017
Or, P. O. Box 2013, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

"All I saw was one stride. Still running."

Mrs. Thompson heard Mr. Sylvester's pencil tapping, and she looked at him. "You at no time sounded your horn?" he asked.

"That's right."

"You mean you didn't sound it?"

"Yes. I did not sound it."

"Now then," the Referee said. "On the many occasions you have driven by that place, did you ever see cars parked there?"

"I might have. But if I did, I didn't pay them any mind."

"And when you saw those children, you didn't know—"

"All I know, they were just there in front of me."

"You didn't know the school bus was coming?"

"I did not."

"Or that they—it was going to stop there?"

"I did not."

Mr. Sylvester now asked her if she had ever stopped her car in that same distance, when going at that same speed. Mrs. Thompson answered that she had no idea, and the Referee asked what she had said.

"I said I had no idea. That I didn't know."

"You had this car two years," the Referee said. "That is, this was your car, and you don't know—"

"I have made short stops. Yes. But I can't say how short, or how fast, or when. I have stopped quick, I do know that."

"How long have you been licensed to drive?"

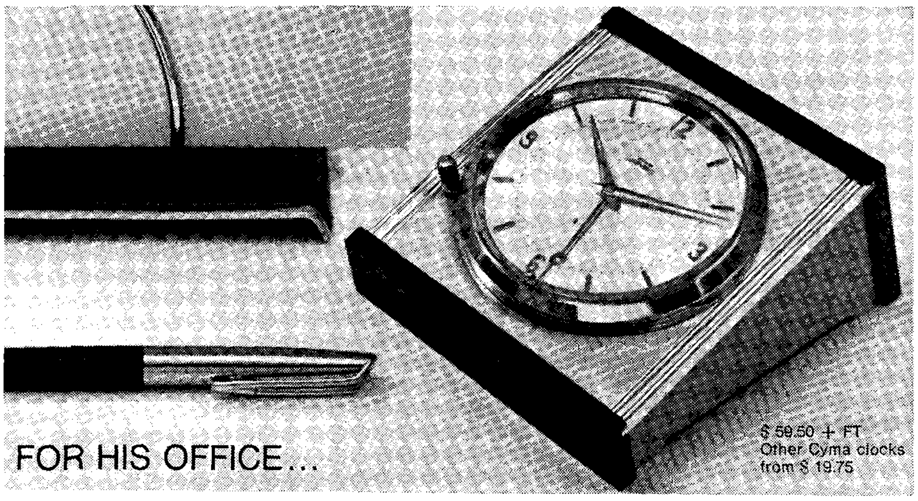
"Fifteen years."

"That is all." The Referee put his papers together in a file folder, then cleared his throat. "There is insufficient evidence here to warrant action," he announced. "Case closed."

Mrs. Thompson shut her eyes in exhaustion, but on hearing the gavel strike she looked up at the Referee. He was staring at her; then he pointed with the gavel.

"The case being closed," he said, rising, "I will say this. That you did not blow your horn to warn these youngsters is not comprehensible. That you could let them run to their— This boy was struck down without any warning! There is no regulation of the Bureau applying to such a lack of judgment, and I regret that. Certainly, responsibility is clear."

There was the sound of a zipper, and Mrs. Thompson saw Mr. Sylvester pick up his briefcase. She shut her eyes again,



or for your office the Cyma Executimer is the ideal gift. It has a 15-jewel, precision movement and needs winding only once a week. The alarm can be set to ring for ½ to 8 seconds; the Cyma Executimer is a product of Cyma, manufacturers of fine Swiss watches renowned throughout the world for their quality and styling.

CYMA

CYMA EXECUTIMER
THE FAITHFUL COMPANION
OF EVERY EXECUTIVE

At fine Jewelers everywhere

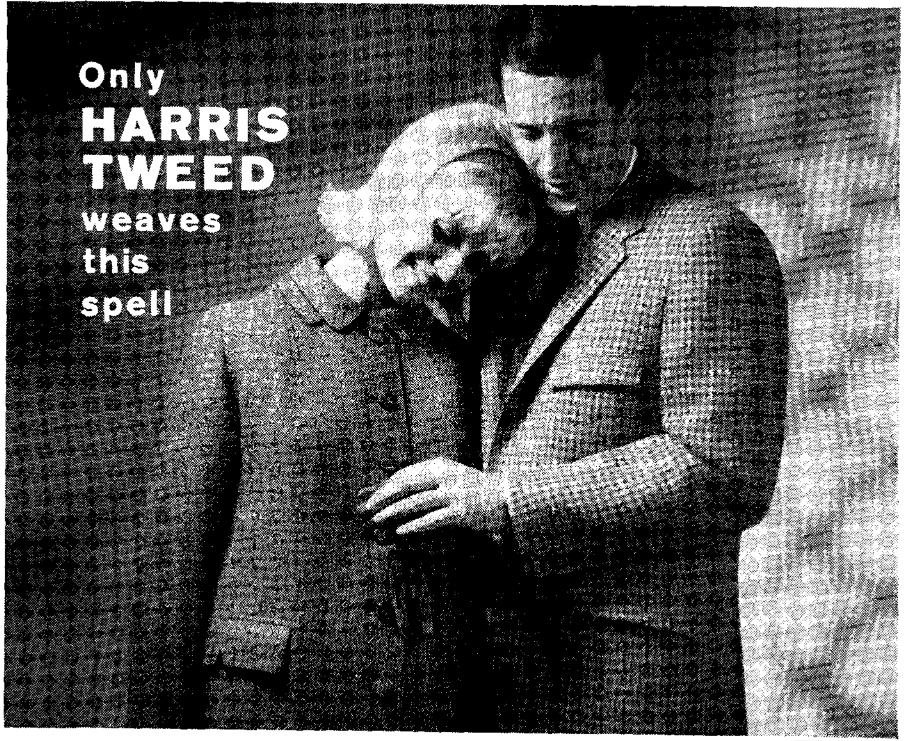
Cartier Inc.; New York and Palm Beach
Shreve, Crump and Low Co.; Boston
J.E. Caldwell & Co.; Philadelphia
Galt & Bro. Inc.; Washington, D.C.
C.D. Peacock; Chicago
Hardy and Hayes; Pittsburgh
Charles W. Warren & Co.; Detroit
Argo and Lehne; Columbus. O.
Arthur A. Everts Co.; Dallas
Coleman E. Adler & Sons; New Orleans
Claude S. Bennett Inc.; Atlanta
Corrigan's; Houston
Greenleaf and Crosby Inc.; Miami Beach
B.D. Howes and Son; Pasadena
Granat Bros.; San Francisco
Zell Bros.; Portland, Ore

For jeweler nearest you – Contact

M. & W. ULLMANN & Co. Inc.
48 West 48th. St., New York, N.Y.

CYMA WATCH (Canada) Ltd.
1500 Stanley St., Montreal 2 P.Q.

Cyma Watch Co., La Chaux-de-Fonds (Switzerland)



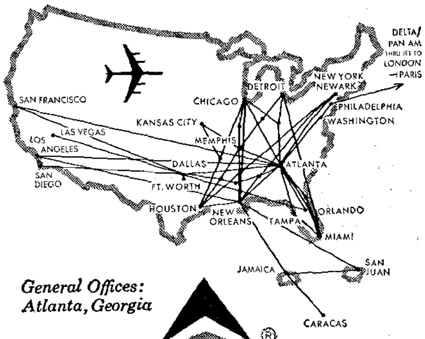
Enter a world of soft mists, heathery hazes and rugged vitality. Once you wear Harris Tweed nothing else woven seems to have the same soft touch, rich feeling and lasting appeal. And nothing does, because Harris Tweed is unique in craftsmanship, pattern and colour. The Orb mark on the cloth and on the label certifies that every yard has been dyed, spun, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland and nowhere else.

Look for the Harris Tweed label with its Orb certification mark to be sure you are buying genuine Harris Tweed. The Harris Tweed certification mark is owned and administered solely by The Harris Tweed Association, Ltd., Academy Street, Inverness, Scotland.

ADDRESS U.S. INQUIRIES TO: SUITE 807, 295 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Her spirit will sparkle on DELTA

How long since you've taken your wife along on a trip . . . or out to a champagne dinner? You can do both at once on a Delta Jet. Thrifty Family Plan fares make it a bargain!



General Offices:
Atlanta, Georgia

DELTA

the air line with the BIG JETS

trying to control a sudden trembling, while the room emptied.

PRESENTLY, she went out to the lobby, and found a phone booth. As she asked for the young man with the insurance company, she told herself she had won two victories. She had stopped trembling, although she'd had trouble dialling, and she hadn't wept.

Once he was over the shock of not having been told of the hearing, the young man said that with Sylvester in the picture they could expect an action. "So, you may as well brace yourself for more testimony," he went on. "Lots of it."

"But isn't there anything I can do about that awful horn accusation? Does he have any right—"

"Just an off-the-record opinion," the young man interrupted. "It doesn't mean a thing." —JEFFREY POTTER

•

The course was given by Ted Moynahan, who reportedly has taught yoga at Radcliffe College and several churches in Massachusetts. He initiated the course, which is now part of the organization's publicity program, at the Alexander store in Milford, Conn.

Last night's lesson included assuming yoga positions referred to as the fish, locust and the twist.

Of the three, the most interesting is the twist.

It is a matter of sitting on the floor, bending your right leg over your right thigh.

Next, you stretch your right arm over your left leg until you are able to grasp your right calf.

Finally, you catch hold of your right thigh with your left hand which, of course you've wrapped around your back.

Asked to explain yoga, Moynahan said he couldn't. He assured his students, however, that they would understand it. "Something will happen to your bodies," he predicted.—*Newark News.*

Especially when the phone rings.

•

INSPECTION

When the inspector moves to your front . . . do not become nervous . . . don't get flustered. There is no reason for doing so. The inspector, after all, is a man like yourself. He asks you questions to determine what you know and to what extent you have been trained.

When the inspector asks you a question, attempt to answer it *directly.* Do not give an excuse nor make any answer he has not asked for. If you do not know the answer, *say so. Under no circumstances* will you say "I DON'T KNOW SIR." This is extremely easy for the inspector to spot and it will hurt you and the company. RELAX—TAKE YOUR TIME.—*Inspection rules issued by the commanding officer of a National Guard unit.*

We *were* relaxed till we got this.

TIMO
SARPANEVA

Brilliant young Finnish designer
defies the imagination with his
new group of vases, bowls
and other objets d'art
created in glass . . .
and now on exhibit. Prices from
fifteen to six hundred dollars.

BONNIERS
605 Madison Avenue, New York 22
New catalogue upon request.

Mingei-Ya Apron, new "must" in San Francisco's sleek social set, just $6.50 ppd. Ideal gift for lady chef, gardener or artist. Smart, comfortable. Red or blue ticking, red or blue bandana cloth, denims in lush colors — turquoise, pink, orange, faded royal, caramel. One size fits all. No CODs. Mingei Ya, (Dept. L.) 2033 Union Street, San Francisco, California.

HUNTING FOR A LEATHER CLEANING SERVICE?
Look No Further!
We Clean Leathers & Suedes Like New!
Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Svc. for:
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Send For Miracle Suede Cleaner — $1.75 ppd.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A SWIM IN THE NILE

THE first time Vernon Berry (as I'll call him) took sick on his trip around the world was in a Salvation Army hostel in the Kowloon section of Hong Kong. Berry woke up that morning—it was a Monday morning toward the end of February, 1958—with a rocking headache, a sore throat, and the shivers. He wasn't much alarmed. He was young (just twenty-five), his health had always been excellent, and only a week or ten days earlier a doctor back home in Jersey City had immunized him against tetanus, smallpox, typhoid fever, yellow fever, and cholera. What he mostly felt was annoyance. He was travelling on an extremely tight budget (a few hundred dollars in savings, and a recent small inheritance), and he couldn't afford a serious illness. Accordingly, he decided to take no chances. He dragged himself out of bed and down to the Salvation Army clinic, which adjoins the Kowloon hostel. The doctor on duty there heard his unexceptional complaint and made the usual diagnostic soundings. They indicated, Berry was told, a touch of acute bronchitis. The doctor gave him a shot of penicillin and instructions to come back the next day for another. Meanwhile, he was to stay in bed and rest. Berry stayed in bed, except for visits to the clinic, until Thursday. On Friday morning, feeling fully recovered, he left by plane for Singapore.

Berry spent the weekend in Singapore. He slept at a Y.M.C.A. hotel on Orchard Road, had his meals at an inexpensive restaurant in the neighborhood, and saw the sights of the port. The next stop on his itinerary was Bangkok, and he chose to go by train—a journey of some fourteen hundred miles through the mountain jungles of Malaya and southern Thailand. He left on Monday morning. That night, somewhere between Singapore and the Thailand border, he took sick for the second time. His feet began to itch and swell. Then he began to itch all over. Then his joints began to hurt. He couldn't imagine what had happened, and he didn't know what to do. There was no one he could even talk to. That alone was unsettling. He began to feel a bit frightened. By morning, he was in a kind of panic, and when the train pulled into Songkhla, in southern Thailand, he grabbed his bag and got off. He found an English-speaking doctor and asked for an explanation. The doctor was noncommittal. It was possible, he said, that Berry had developed a calcium deficiency, and he gave him a restorative injection. It didn't seem to help. The next morning, after another wretched night, Berry resumed his journey, as miserable as ever. He itched and ached, and his feet were so swollen that it was all he could do to walk. Also, he had diarrhea.

Berry arrived in Bangkok around noon on Saturday, March 1st. His first concern was his health. A clerk at a Y.M.C.A. hostel where he arranged for a bed and left his bag directed him to a hospital operated by the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, on Pitsanuloke Road. He made his way there, and into the outpatient clinic. The examining physician looked him over, noted his recent history, and offered an opinion. It was his belief that Berry was suffering from two unrelated ailments. One appeared to be a mild attack of bacillary dysentery. That was a common complaint among Western travellers in the East, and it usually responded satisfactorily to sulfadiazine. The other was almost certainly an allergic reaction. There were, of course, any number of possible allergens. The list included foods, drugs, dusts, and pollens. In this instance, however, the circumstances seemed clearly to implicate a drug—the penicillin injections that Berry had been given in Hong Kong. Allergic symptoms, too, could be satisfactorily controlled, with cortisone and antihistamines. But Berry must also do his part. He was to rest in bed, drink plenty of water, and report to the clinic daily for treatment and observation until further notice.

Berry did as he was told. He reported to the Adventist clinic every day for nine days. At the end of that time, he was discharged to convalesce on his own. The following day, he took a train to Rangoon. Except for a little swelling around the eyes, his allergic symptoms had largely subsided, but he still was somewhat diarrheic. He spent the next week travelling by plane and train and bus through Burma and East Pakistan to Calcutta. He reached there feeling tired and apprehensive. He had lost twenty-five pounds in the past two weeks and had had to force himself to eat. He rested for a day in a Salvation Army hostel and then sought out a doctor. The doctor found him nervous and

"I married a monster from Planet Earth!"

Perfume Dispensers give you more fragrance from your perfume

New patented perfume and cologne dispenser from France sprays such fine mist that perfumes stay fresher, last longer. **Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed.** Beautiful styles for purse and vanity table. As shown, $4.50.

Step 5 E. 57 St., N.Y.
others from $3.50-$35.
At fine stores everywhere

CARDIGAN ROBE

Slim perfection of a robe! Ribboned as a sweater: grosgrain bands hi-lo pockets, neck and cardigan front. Matching sweater buttons. Bright Yellow terry with deep orange trim . . . or Pastel-Pink terry with vivid pink trim. S-M-L. $9.95

TAHITI WRAPARONG®

Our fitted terry towel wraps comfortably about you . . . stays put with two strategic buttons. Floral print in one combination of orange, pink, turquoise and yellow bound in white. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). $4.95

Send for color catalog.
Add 35¢ each for shipping.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

undernourished, and recommended vitamins. Berry took his advice. A few days later, having exhausted the sights of Calcutta, he moved on, by train, to New Delhi. From there, he flew to Karachi. It had been his intention to spend several days in Karachi, but he stayed only overnight. He awoke in a knot of restlessness, threw on his clothes, and caught a plane for Damascus. On the way, he became aware of a leaden ache low in his back and flanks. It smoldered there throughout the rest of the flight. Then, as the plane came bumping down at Damascus, it shifted around to his abdomen and sharpened into a twitching pain. Berry rode uncomfortably into the city with the glum conviction that he was going to be sick again. A French doctor confirmed his fears. Berry had a temperature of just over a hundred, and there was a trace of blood in his urine. Those findings, together with the location of the pain, suggested a kidney infection. Either that or renal colic.

Whatever the nature of Berry's illness, it kept him in a nursing home in Damascus for a little over a week. He emerged, wobbly but well, on April 14th, and had a final consultation with the doctor. He was advised to take it easy. The next day, he caught a plane to Egypt. After a couple of post-convalescent days in Cairo, he travelled up the Nile as far as Luxor. He spent three days in Luxor, wandering among its many antiquities and swimming in the Nile, and then returned to Cairo. From Cairo, he flew to Amman, from Amman to Beirut, from Beirut to Ankara, and from Ankara to Athens. He halted there, at a students' hostel, for two nights and a day. On April 28th, he left by plane for Zurich and a tour of Western Europe. In the course of the next six or eight weeks, he visited Geneva, Marseille, Barcelona, Madrid, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Frankfort, Munich, and Vienna. An allergic puffiness around the eyes plagued him off and on, but otherwise he felt encouragingly well. On his second morning in Vienna, he was awakened by a twinge of abdominal pain. It came again while he was dressing, and again on the way to breakfast. Then it went away. Nevertheless, it made him uneasy, and that afternoon he had himself directed to the office of a urologist. The urologist questioned him closely about his Damascus experience, and did a urinalysis. The results, he reported, were entirely normal. Thus reassured, Berry resumed his travels. Between the end

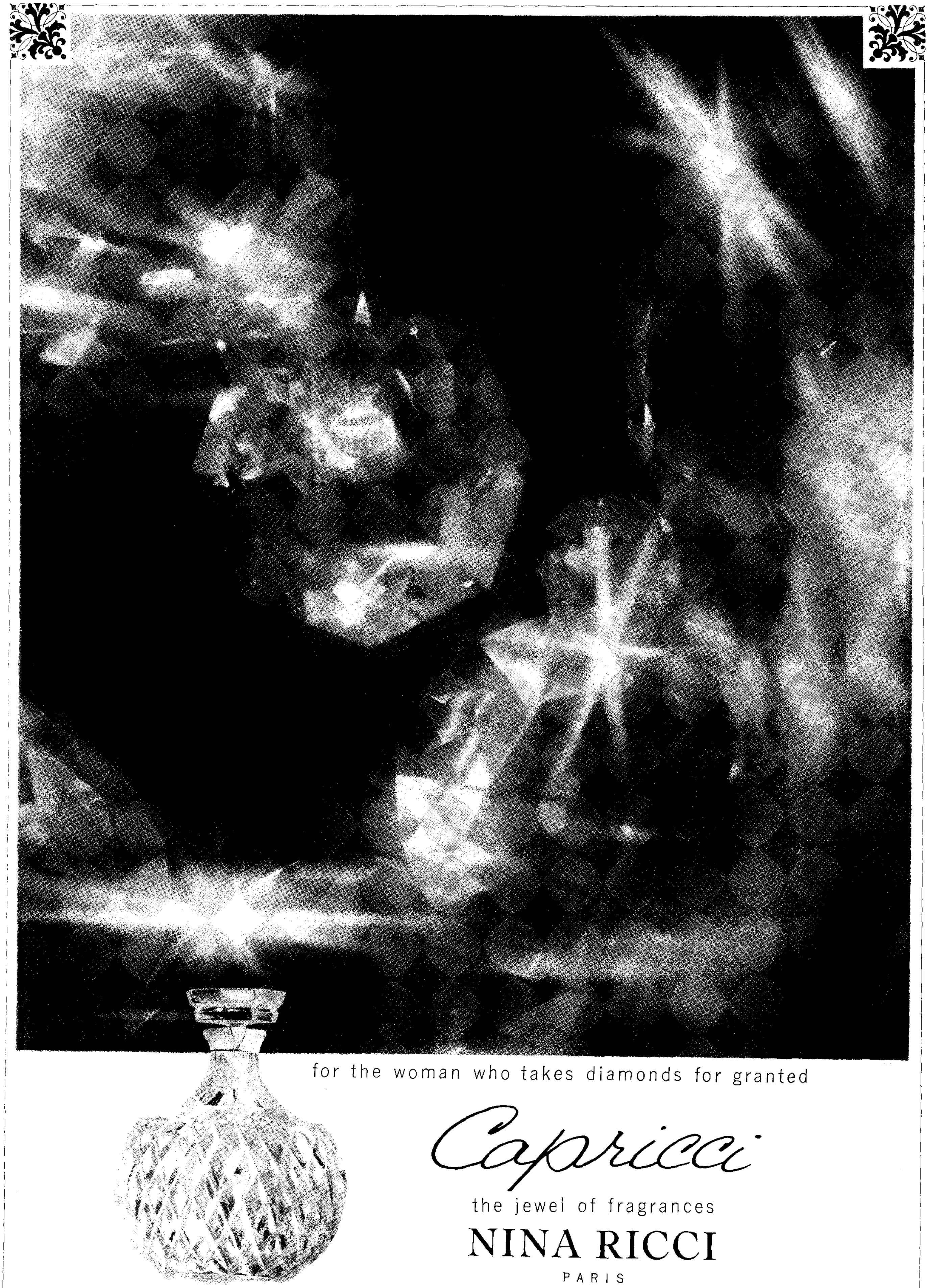
DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests
IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE
FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

Greenhut 781 madison avenue new york
Natural Canadian Otter . . . very versatile and durable.
Fur origin Canada.

VILLAS ABROAD
Monthly Rentals
AT HOME ABROAD INC.
550 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N.Y. CO. 5-0869



for the woman who takes diamonds for granted

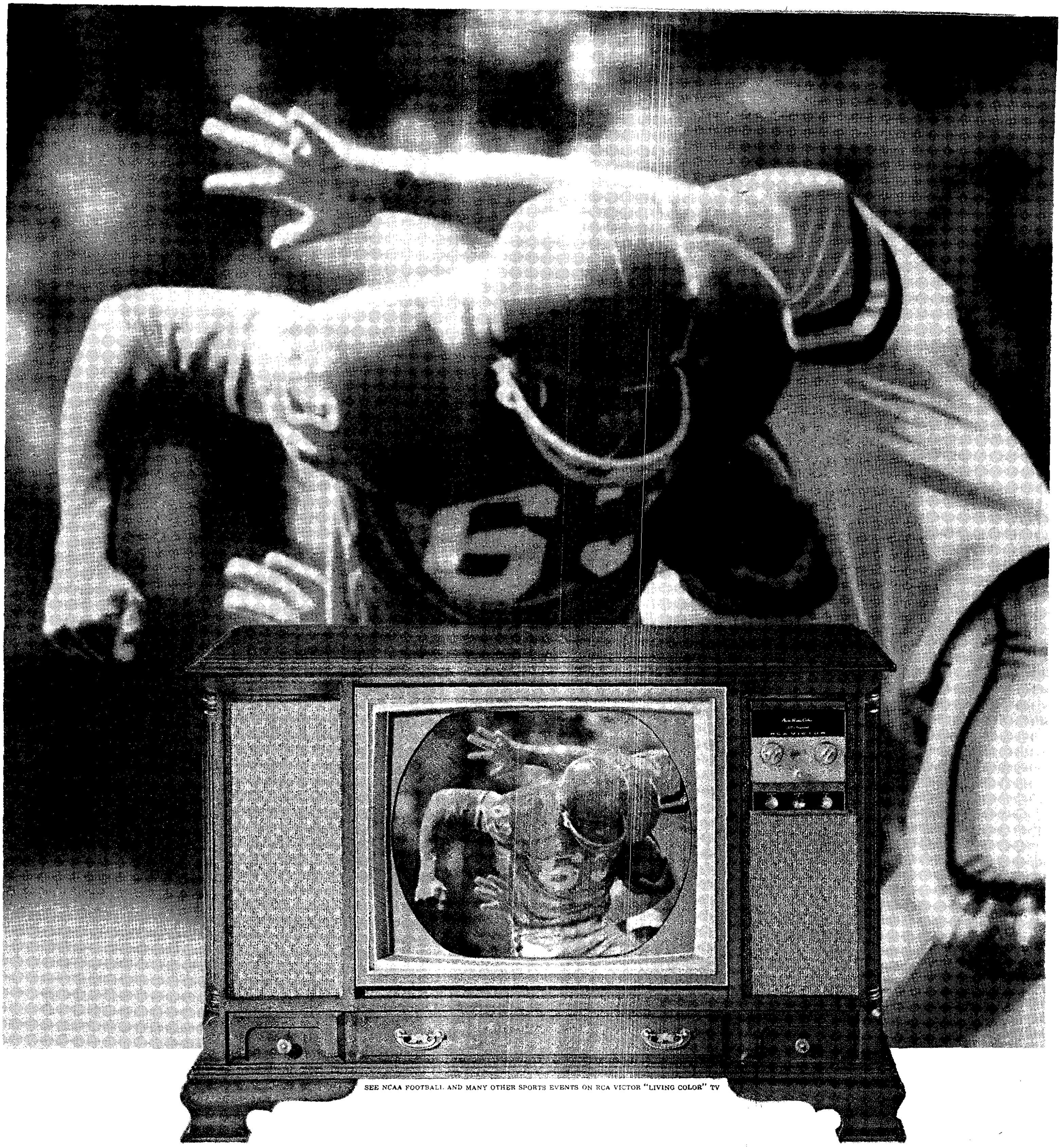
Capricci

the jewel of fragrances

NINA RICCI

PARIS

Capricci perfume made and sealed in France. 60.00, 37.50, 12.50. Shown: original Lalique bottle. Eau de Toilette, Sprays, Dusting Powder, 16.00 to 6.50. Plus tax.



SEE NCAA FOOTBALL AND MANY OTHER SPORTS EVENTS ON RCA VICTOR "LIVING COLOR" TV

Now, enjoy all the excitement of color in the brightest, most true-to-life RCA Victor Color TV ever...from $399^95*

optional with dealer

Lifelike natural color. New Vista® Color TV for 1965 gives you the most true-to-life RCA Victor Color ever . . . with better color purity, greater contrast than ever before. Color is so bright, so lifelike, you have to see it to believe it! Crisp, clear black and white pictures, too. Automatic Scene Control for balanced brightness and contrast. Easy, accurate color tuning.

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

Most widely proved—dependable. RCA pioneered and developed Color TV—made it a reality—proved it in homes like yours across the country. It's the most widely proved Color TV you can buy. Today, it's America's first choice—more people own RCA Victor than any other TV—black and white or color.

***New low price.** Now only $399.95 for the *Darcy*, not shown. Manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer. *All* prices, specifications subject to change.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Television

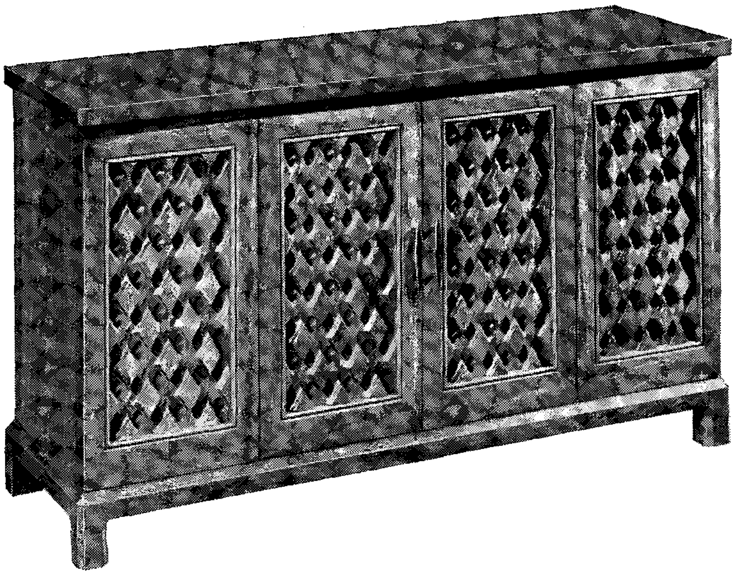
Tmk(s)®

of June and the end of July, he visited Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, and London. Early in August, he sailed from Southampton on the Queen Elizabeth for New York.

Berry settled down in Jersey City again, and after a week or two of looking around he found a job as a draftsman with an architectural firm. He lived with his parents and saw his old friends and did as he had always done. It was not, however, as if he had never been away. The allergic puffiness around his eyes persisted, and the itches and swellings elsewhere on his body continued to come and go. In addition, early in September he began to feel a vague and vagrant nausea. The feeling was particularly pronounced just before meals. He told himself that it would soon go away, and when it didn't, he tried to ignore it. At the end of a week, he gave up and called the family doctor for an appointment. The doctor examined him with care, and admitted that he was stumped. In every respect but one, he said, Berry seemed to be in his usual excellent health. The exception was revealed by a blood count. It showed a morbidly significant increase in white blood cells of a kind known as eosinophiles. That tended to suggest the presence of infection. The possibilities were too numerous to mention, but a consultation with a specialist might help to sort them out. He would make an appointment for Berry with an internist of his acquaintance. A few days later, Berry emerged from another thorough examination with another equivocal report. Except for a notably elevated eosinophile count, all tests and soundings performed by the internist had had negative results. The internist, however, was not completely deterred. He had formed, he said, a certain impression—a hunch. Eosinophilia, he reminded the family doctor, is characteristic of trichinosis. So are allergic-like swellings around the eyes, and urticarial itches. He wondered if a mild trichinal infection might not be the cause of the patient's complaint. The family doctor passed this tenuous diagnosis on to Berry, adding that he was generally inclined to concur.

There is no specific treatment for trichinosis, but in the great majority of cases time will effect a cure. The curative powers of time did next to nothing for Berry. Although the swelling around his eyes subsided, and the occasional hives and itches gradually ceased to recur, the dragging mealtime nausea and the ambiguous eosinophilia

Place for Space. At home anywhere—in a foyer, dining area, living room. Holds almost anything—in three drawers...on three shelves. Style? No question. And beautiful with any period. In walnut veneered construction with handsome slate grey top. From the Perennian collection by **HERITAGE.**®



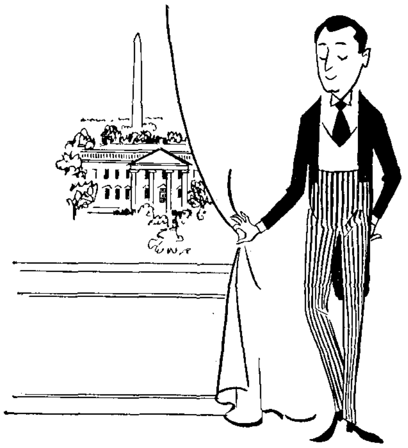
For Perennian catalogue, send fifty cents to Heritage, Dept. NY 114, High Point, N.C.

Celebrated among connoisseurs for generations

GASTON de LAGRANGE

84 PROOF

IMPORTED BY **PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.** NEW YORK

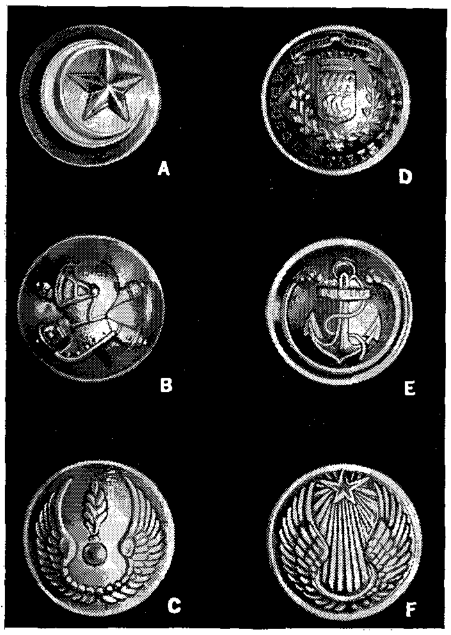


We overlook nothing but the White House

At the Manger Hay-Adams Hotel, we think of everything! Oversized towels and individual terry robes, for example. We even shine the shoes you leave outside your door. 200 luxurious rooms in the heart of the capital. Come stay with us—we think you'll like the neighborhood. And the service.

Manger Hotels

HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
(opposite the White House)
16th at H Street N.W. • Washington, D.C.



"CONVERSATION PIECES"

—these vintage blazer buttons made in France. In all the world only Dunhill Tailors have them.

A: Gold color, $20. B: Silver color, $10. C: Silver color, $10. D: Gold color, $10. E: Gold color, $10. F: Gold color, $10. They come in a velvet-lined case, 8 buttons to the set. 4 large buttons for the jacket front; 4 smaller ones, 2 for each sleeve. You can order by mail.

DUNHILL TAILORS
65 East 57th Street • New York, N.Y. 10022

continued unabated—for weeks, for months, for a year. Part of the trouble was controlled in the fall of 1959. Berry's family doctor discovered that his nausea was caused by an intestinal parasite called *Ascaris lumbricoides*. The parasite was also, the doctor went manfully on to say, the probable cause of what had seemed to point to trichinosis. Nor was that all. Ascariasis, unlike trichinosis, was readily responsive to treatment. The drug of choice was piperazine citrate, and a single dose was usually sufficient. It was in Berry's case. Within a week, his stomach had steadied and settled, and he felt almost like himself again. The only trouble was his eosinophile count. It had dropped, but it still stood abnormally high.

Around the middle of November, Berry was seized with a new affliction. It hurt him to urinate. He endured this puzzling complaint for several uneasy days, and then went down to see the doctor. The doctor heard his symptoms with relief, and an examination, which disclosed an inflammation of the prostate gland, confirmed his first impression. Berry had prostatitis. The doctor then turned his attention to treatment. It consisted of a prostatic massage, a prescription for sulfisoxazole, and a warmly encouraging prognosis. He was hopeful that by the end of the week Berry would be greatly improved. It didn't turn out that way. The pain continued as before. A cystoscopic, or direct, examination of the urinary tract was made, and these findings, too, were inconclusive. The doctor saw no reason to alter his diagnosis. Or his treatment. He was convinced that periodic prostatic massage would eventually have a salutary effect.

And so, before long, it apparently did. Berry's occasional abdominal cramps became increasingly occasional, and presently—early in 1960—they vanished altogether. This was followed by an encouraging change in his original urinary complaint. For a while, it seemed to Berry that his troubles might be almost over. But only for a while. The remissions, it soon became clear, were nothing more than remissions. In time, the pain always returned. Toward the end of 1960, Berry gave up any real hope of a cure and resigned himself to a life of chronic prostatitis.

Berry's life as a chronic invalid lasted almost a year. It ended, with a jolt, one December evening in 1961, when he noticed a stain of blood in his urine. The next morning, it had noticeably

Bean's Free Catalog

Choose "out of the ordinary" Christmas Gifts

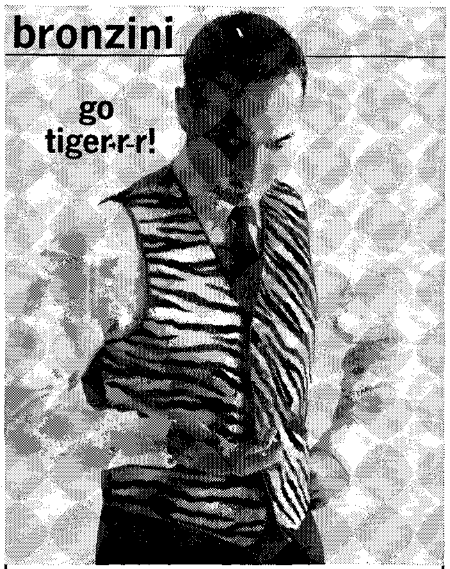
L. L. Bean, Inc.
Fall 1964

Hunters, Campers and Fishermen will find many practical items in our fully illustrated Fall Catalog. Shows hunting footwear, clothing and other specialties of interest to both men and women. Many items are of our own manufacture.

Bean's Sheep Lined Slippers

For Men and Women. A full grain leather, no-sole moccasin slipper lined with sheepskin. Ideal for warmth and comfort. Color, Dark Brown. Ladies' sizes 4 to 10, whole sizes only. Price $8.55 postpaid. Men's sizes 6 to 12, whole sizes only. Price $8.80 postpaid.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 333 Main St., Freeport, Maine
Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties



What the Vest-Dressed Tiger Will Wear ...in stencilled calfskin with leather buttons. Sizes 38 to 46. *Mail orders promptly filled. (add $1.00 for handling)* **$65.**

Send for the Bronzini Christmas Catalogue
BRONZINI SHOPS, 5 E. 52 ST., N.Y.C.

HO-HO **CHINESE RESTAURANT**
Specializing in
Mandarin & Cantonese Cooking
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • AFTER THEATRE
Diners' & Am. Express CI 6-3278
789 7th Ave. Nr. 52nd St. N.Y.C.

deepened and darkened. Sick with dismay, he telephoned the family doctor. The doctor told him to come to the office at once. From there, on the doctor's referral, he went to see a urologist. The urologist asked some careful questions, and then led him into his surgery for another cystoscopic examination. At nine o'clock the following morning, Sunday, December 17th, Berry was admitted to Memorial Hospital, in Manhattan, with a diagnosis of suspected cancer of the bladder.

Berry spent six days in Memorial Hospital. On December 22nd, he was discharged in the care of Dr. Harry Most, chairman of the Department of Preventive Medicine at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center, and an authority on tropical diseases. The report of his stay read:

> Physical examination on admission revealed a WDWN [well-developed, well-nourished] white male with . . . prostate minimally enlarged and non-tender.
>
> Urine microscopically showed a few RBC [red blood cells] and few WBC [white blood cells]. Hgb. [hemoglobin] was 15 gms. Hct. [hematocrit] 42%. WBC [white blood count] 5.9 with 4% eosinophiles on one differential and 20% eosinophiles on a second. Eosinophile count showed 98 eosinophiles per cc./mm. Blood sugar [was] within normal limits. Urinary cytologies were negative for malignant cells. . . .
>
> Cystoscopy and biopsy were carried out. Bladder was of normal capacity and contour. Scattered throughout the bladder were numerous small, virtually punctate elevations of the bladder mucosa without any visible change in the normal lemon-yellow color of the bladder lining. These lesions appeared submucosal in location. High on the posterior wall of the bladder were irregular, partially confluent, reddened, raised areas with a surface midway in appearance between that of papillary neoplasm and bullous edema, but not characteristic of either. The latter areas totalled several sq. cm. but were resected completely transurethrally.
>
> Pathologic examination revealed unequivocal evidence of schistosomiasis.

THE cause of schistosomiasis is a small but readily visible endoparasitic worm of the genus *Schistosoma* that has an essential environmental predilection for human blood. Its name derives from the Greek "*schistos*," meaning "cleft," and "*soma*," meaning "body," and refers to a deep longitudinal crevice in the body of the male worm in which the female more or less permanently resides. The schistosomes, though humbly placed in the evolutionary scale, lead highly complicated lives. They reach maturity only after three total metamorphoses in three distinctly different settings. The organism first manifests itself as a newly hatched

Celebrating tonight? Make it champagne—make it

Great Western

(says Bacchus)

GREAT WESTERN
Great Western
EXTRA DRY
New York State
CHAMPAGNE
Great Western
PINK
New York State
CHAMPAGNE

Don't wait for a special occasion to enjoy Great Western New York State Extra Dry—or Brut (very dry)—Champagne. Or lively Pink Champagne. Or robust Sparkling Burgundy.

These champagnes won six European medals, hold a high place on the wine lists of famous hotels, clubs and restaurants. A sip will tell you why. The special taste comes from selected wine grapes grown only in New York's Finger Lakes region—the superb quality, from 104 years of wine making. No wonder they are such great favorites!

Try these famous champagnes next time you dine out or celebrate at home.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

Panama

...SO ROMANTIC THAT EVEN THE OCEANS GET TOGETHER!

Panama is all pleasure for stopover or complete vacation. Breathtaking sunsets, fighting fish at the plush Club de Pesca, the odds-you-win excitement of beautiful Casinos—nightlife that keeps you wide awake until dawn. Luxury import shops where you save more than you spend. Old Panama is dramatic — New Panama is as wonderful as its smart air conditioned hotels!

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

PANAMA GOV'T. TOURIST BUREAU
630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020
Tel. CI 6-5841

Tell me more.

name ....

address ....

....

my travel agent is ....
NY-117

ELEGANCE

. . . from the pale blue ribbon in her hair to the tip of her dainty toe, she is all grace and beauty. Every detail of this exquisite Royal Doulton figurine is carefully hand-painted. What a wonderful addition to any collection. "Elegance," 7½" high.......$38.50

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 23N, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

TRIC-TRAC

$284 *For your leisure hours*

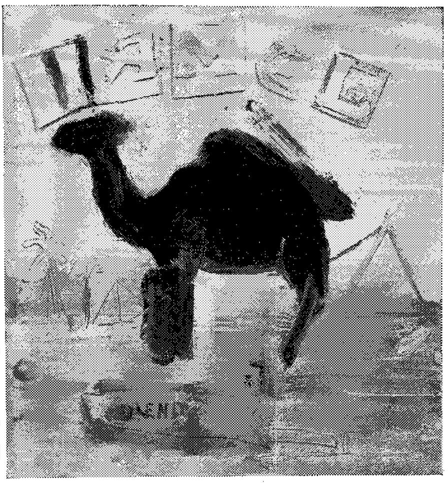
a unique French Tric-Trac games table—chess—backgammon —reversible felt top for cards or as a writing table. Made from mellow old pearwood. Luscious patina. 34½" x 23" x 28" high. Limited Edition. Mail orders F.O.B. N.Y. C.—Add $15 for crating beyond local delivery area.

Visit LLOYDS and discover exciting antique and reproduction furniture and decorations, distinguished pieces from old estates, and just plain good used furniture. You'll find it a rare and very worthwhile adventure.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y. • PL 9-7313

larva in a pond or lake or river. If all goes well, the larva soon finds and enters the body of a suitable species of fresh-water snail. It is there transformed into an aggregation of reproductive spores, and these, after several weeks of ceaseless proliferation, emerge from the snail as a multitude of tadpole-like wrigglers. The wrigglers must promptly find a suitable animal host, and one host to which they have irrevocably adapted themselves is man. Wrigglers fortunate enough to come upon the necessary host attach themselves to the skin, discard their tails, and (with the help of a tissue-dissolving enzyme) burrow through the epidermal barrier. Penetration usually takes about twenty-four hours and is unperceived by the host. Once through the skin, the wrigglers launch themselves in the current of the peripheral blood vessels and are carried along to the veins and through the heart and into the systemic circulation. The survivors of this intricate voyage (which may take several days) then gather in the richly nutritious blood that flows from the gastro-intestinal tract to the liver and beyond. There they grow to maturity (about an inch in length for the females, and less than half that for the males), and mate. They then retire to the comfort of a tiny backwater vein, where the female, still enclosed in the male's embrace, deposits—for incubation and eventual excretion with the body's wastes—the first of an almost infinite number of eggs. It is not unheard of for a female schistosome to live and breed for thirty years.

The site that a schistosome chooses for its eggs is not a haphazard choice. It is predetermined by the species of worm. There are three species to which man is warmly hospitable—*Schistosoma haematobium*, *Schistosoma mansoni*, and *Schistosoma japonicum*. Gravid *S. haematobium* worms are drawn to the urinary bladder. Those of the other species prefer the bowels, *S. japonicum* lodging in the small intestine, and *S. mansoni* in the large intestine. The species differ in other respects as well. They have different intermediate hosts, different geographical ranges, and different rates of growth. Each schistosome species has so evolved that it can pass from the larval to the wriggler stage in the body of only certain species of snail, and the snails acceptable to one are unacceptable to either of the others. It is thus the snail that determines the distribution of the worm. The distribution of *S. japonicum* is largely confined to coastal China and



Larry Rivers *Amel-Camel*

Larry Rivers

represented exclusively by

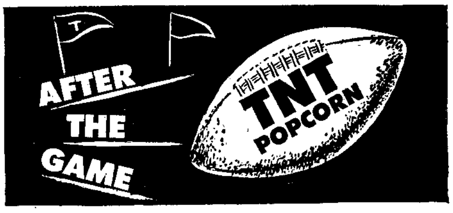
Marlborough

Marlborough-Gerson Gallery Inc.
41 East 57th Street, N.Y. PL 2-5353

Better than making friends with the butcher...

is ordering from Pfaelzer. Because Prime Pfaelzer filet mignons aren't sold in any market. They're the steaks served in America's finest clubs and restaurants. Each one is aged for flavor and fork-tender. Now, you can have them at home or send them as a gift...shipped quick frozen, packed in dry ice, gift-boxed, and with a personalized card. Perfect arrival guaranteed.
box of 16. 6 oz. each, 1¼" thick $33
Railway Express Prepaid
Write for free catalog listing over 100 gift items.

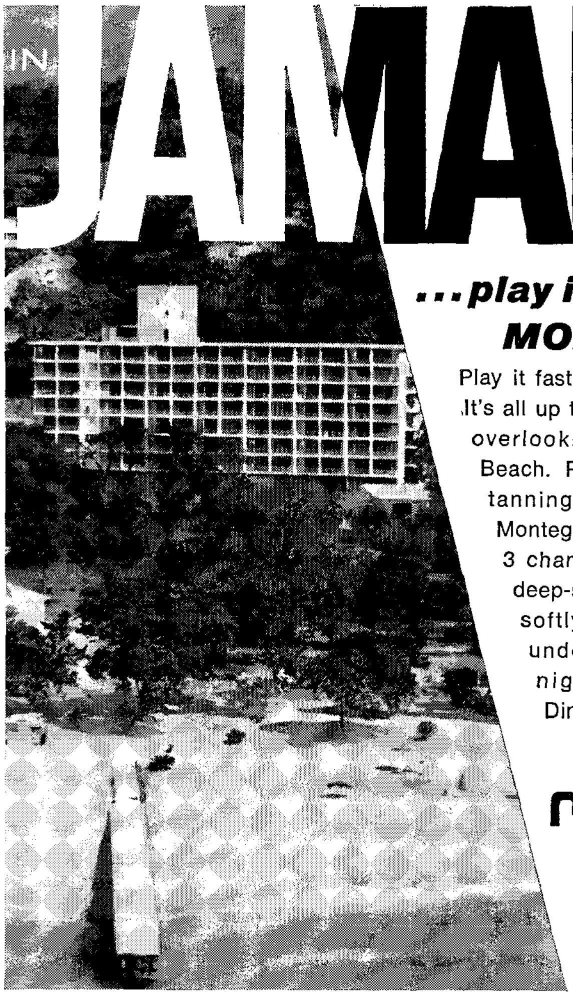
pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced Felzer)
Dept. YN51 • Chicago 32, Ill. • YArds 7-7100 ©P. B. 1964



the Yangtze Valley, parts of Japan, and the Philippines. *S. haematobium*, though probably indigenous to the Nile Valley (its calcified eggs have been found in Egyptian mummies of the twelfth pre-Christian century), occurs throughout most of humid Africa, in much of the Middle East, and at the southern tip of Portugal. The range of *S. mansoni* extends from the Middle East (Arabia and Yemen), through much of Africa (the Nile Delta, the southeast coast, and the rain forests of the Congo), to Brazil, Venezuela, and the Caribbean islands. Its extension to the Western Hemisphere is generally attributed to the slave trade, but there is more to the matter than that, for the African slaves were infested with *S. haematobium* as well. The decisive factor was the presence here of a species of snail (*Australorbis glabratus*) to which *S. mansoni* could adapt. Just why the different species have different rates of growth is yet to be satisfactorily explained. The only certainty is that *S. japonicum* matures in four or five weeks, *S. mansoni* in six or seven, and *S. haematobium* in ten or twelve.

For all their several differences, the schistosomes are essentially much alike. So are the varieties of schistosomiasis they produce. A schistosome is not a toxic organism in the usual sense. Except for certain allergic reactions (of the sort that any foreign protein may excite), its impact is largely mechanical. The eggs of a schistosome are equipped with clawlike spines to hold them in their venous incubator against the constant pull of the circulating blood, and it is from this constant tugging and tearing that the chief discomfort of schistosomiasis stems. For reasons not entirely clear, schistosomiasis japonica (as an infestation of *S. japonicum* is called) tends to be the most destructive of the three forms, but all are serious diseases—always unpleasant, often debilitating, and not infrequently fatal—and the symptoms of their presence are fundamentally the same. They typically include, as in the case of Vernon Berry, an outbreak of hives, an elevated eosinophile count, and internal (gastro-intestinal or genito-urinary) bleeding.

BERRY's referral to still another physician was unusual but in no sense exceptionable. It was arranged, with the enthusiastic approval of the Jersey City urologist, by the head of the urological service at Memorial Hospital, and was made for the best of reasons. Dr. Most is not just another physi-



IN JAMAICA

...play it cool under the MONTEGO SUN!

Play it fast...play it slow...play it easy. It's all up to you at this luxurious resort overlooking famous Doctor's Cave Beach. Play it slow and easy while tanning on the beach or at Casa Montego's unique pool. Enjoy golf at 3 championship courses...tennis, deep-sea fishing. Play it slow and softly while dining and dancing under the stars. Floor shows nightly and Beachcomber's Dinner twice weekly.

CASA MONTEGO

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, W. I.
James M. Tapson, General Manager

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
630 5th Ave., JUdson 6-4500
also in Boston
Washington/Chicago/Miami/Toronto

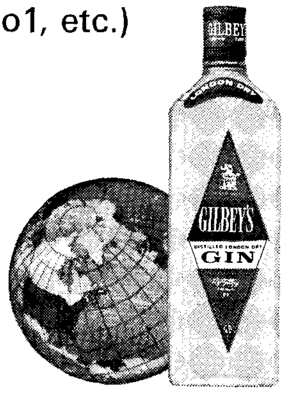
Two-martini men prefer Gilbey's 4 to 1

(and 5to1, 6to1, 7to1, 8to1, etc.)

In any proportion, Gilbey's is the gin that puts you in the two-martini mood. Because its crisp character makes martinis snappier. That's crisp, London Dry Gilbey's. Born in London in 1857. Now internationally popular. Taste why "The world agrees on 'Gilbey's, please'!"

Crisp, London Dry **GILBEY'S GIN**

PRODUCT OF U. S. A., DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., DISTR. BY NAT'L DIS. PROD. CO., N. Y. C.



sips Softly
IN THIS BOTTLE IT GIVES MICHTER'S
MICHTER'S WHISKEY

MICHTER'S
POT STILL
WHISKEY

Not much of it "around" because we can mash only 13 barrels at a time. The only pot still whiskey made in America. Sips softly.

86 proof • Michter's Jug House, Sheridan, R.D. 1, Pa.

© 1964 MJH

Look for the terry lining . . . in a kimono style dry-off by Mr. Teri in blue, green or brown-toned plaid dacron-polyester and cotton, one size fits 32 to 42 sizes 20.00

I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • PHOENIX

MAIL ORDERS TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR PHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO. STORE

cian. He is one of the few physicians in the New York metropolitan area with a particular knowledge of schistosomiasis, and one of even fewer experienced in its sometimes tricky treatment.

"I was very glad to have Berry commended to my care," Dr. Most says. "Nothing could have interested me more. I thought I could help him, and I was eager to try. That, of course, was the first consideration, but it wasn't the only one. I was eager to talk to him—to learn everything I could about the case. Because I knew enough already to know that it signified something important. It seemed to confirm the development of a new and potentially rather ominous trend. I'll tell you what I mean. Schistosomiasis has always been among the rarest of rare diseases in this country. It doesn't exist here, and in the absence of a suitable species of snail to serve as intermediate host it can't. The only cases that are ever seen in the United States are importations. A lot of American soldiers came home from the Philippines after the Second World War with schistosomiasis japonica, and a certain number of Puerto Rican immigrants with schistosomiasis mansoni turn up in the Eastern-seaboard cities every year, and that's been about the story. Until recently. It seems to be taking a new twist now. A new kind of victim has appeared. It isn't a soldier stationed in an endemic area and it isn't a native exposed from earliest childhood. It's a tourist—someone just passing through.

"Berry was the fourth of these to come to my attention in less than two years. The others were a physician and his wife and a spinster friend of theirs who took a three-week Caribbean cruise in the winter of 1960. Their exposure occurred—it could only have occurred—in a fresh-water pool on St. Lucia, one of the Windward Islands. The physician was the first to become sick. He thought for several days that he had the flu. Then he was hospitalized, and a colleague took over. A high eosinophile count indicated a parasitic infection, and the attending physician sent an account of the clinical findings to the health officers of the various islands visited and asked for diagnostic suggestions. The replies he got came out most strongly for typhoid fever, hookworm, ascariasis, amoebic dysentery, and strongyloidiasis. The possibility of schistosomiasis was never even considered until I came into the picture. I was consulted because of my interest in tropical medicine. Schistosomiasis was suggested to me by a careful review

WE KNEW HIS ENGLISH ACCENT WAS PHONEY WHEN HE ASKED "WHAT ARE VIYELLA® SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Anklet length...$1.75 per pair. Garter length and over-the-calf length...$2.00 per pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel

TRY NEW KAYWOODIE PIPE TOBACCO YOU'LL LIKE IT
Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N.Y. 22

of the itinerary, and a series of tests confirmed my hunch. A rectal biopsy identified the variety as schistosomiasis mansoni. That was exactly two weeks after onset. In the circumstances—classic clinical manifestations, a known recent visit to an endemic area, and first-rate hospital facilities—I think one might say that it could have been diagnosed a bit sooner. The two other cases were fairly mild at onset, and the symptoms were not particularly pronounced. If there hadn't been that obvious link with the sick physician, they might have gone undetected indefinitely. As Berry practically did. And yet the essential clues—a visit to an endemic area and eosinophilia—were there in his case, too. All that was needed was an awareness of the possibility.

"The trouble is that the possibility of schistosomiasis just doesn't enter an American physician's mind. That's understandable enough—or, rather, it used to be. In my opinion, it isn't anymore. Berry and the physician and his wife and their friend may be merely isolated cases, but I don't think so. I think more likely there are others that I haven't heard about. That nobody has. And I think there are many more to come. I'll tell you why. The American tourist has changed in the past few years. There's a whole new breed. Our tourists are no longer mainly the rich or the well-to-do from a few big cities. They're everybody, and they come from everywhere. The reason, of course, is cheaper and faster air travel. There are more tourists now, and they do more travelling, and they visit more distant places. Including, increasingly, the tropics. And every year the chances are greater that some of them will be exposed to a serious tropical disease. Schistosomiasis is only one such disease, and it is far from being the worst. I'm not thinking of plague and cholera and that sort of thing. I mean bizarre diseases, like kala-azar and African trypanosomiasis, or sleeping sickness, and malignant tertian malaria. Malignant tertian malaria is an extremely serious disease with a high mortality rate, and the others can also be fatal, but they have their redeeming features. They are all amenable to treatment. They can be successfully treated and cured. They can, that is, if they are diagnosed correctly and in time. But first they have to be suspected. They have to be brought to mind. Brian Maegraith, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, has proposed an up-to-date addition to the routine interrogation of a patient. He suggests that at

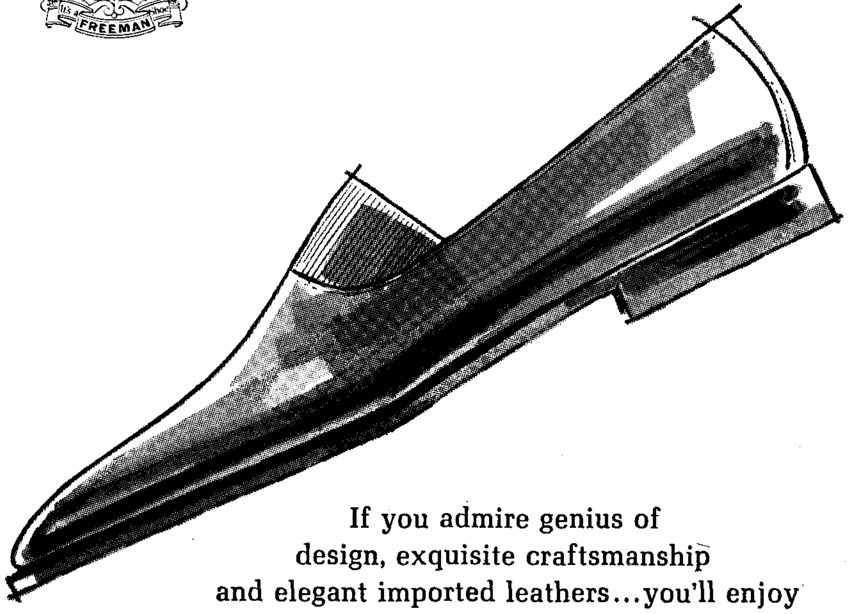
All of Sulka is in this coat.
It's the only one they make.
You probably would have chosen it anyway.
It's that perfect.
Black or tan imported wool gabardine, $125.
Should you not be able to drop by,
we'd be delighted
to send you our catalogue.

A. Sulka & Company

NEW YORK: 405 PARK AVENUE, PLAZA 8-3030
CHICAGO: 6 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, FRANKLIN 2-1425
SAN FRANCISCO: 278 POST STREET, DOUGLAS 2-3450
PALM BEACH: 305 WORTH AVENUE, TEMPLE 2-2162
LONDON
PARIS

DRESS SLIP-ON OF BLACK IMPORTED CALFSKIN, WITH LEATHER-PLEATED FRONT. THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS THE PAIR.

It's a FREEMAN shoe



If you admire genius of
design, exquisite craftsmanship
and elegant imported leathers...you'll enjoy

FREEMAN
Bootmaker Guild
800's

some point the doctor ask, 'Where have you been?' I second the motion.

"Maegraith assumes that the doctor will hear and heed the answer. That, of course, is quite as important as the question. It could have made all the difference in Berry's case. I realize there were complicating factors there. The early allergic manifestations of schistosomiasis were confused with the even earlier penicillin reaction, and certainly that intestinal parasite was a most unfortunate coincidence. However, since the doctors concerned were fully aware from the very beginning that Berry had just returned from a rugged trip through some of the world's least hygienic countries, one can hardly say that his case was handled with much sophistication. Or so it seems to me after talking and working with Berry.

"I saw Berry for the first time about a month after his discharge from Memorial Hospital. Sooner would have been better, but that couldn't be helped. I wanted to be sure just what I was treating before I started treatment. The treatment of schistosomiasis depends to some extent on the type. Or types. I knew that Berry had made a trip around the world, so it was possible that he had more than one type. He might even have all three. First, I wanted to see the slides from which the hospital diagnosis had been made, and there was some delay in getting them down to my office. Then I wanted to examine some stool and urine samples for the microscopic eggs that would identify the type, or types, and that meant another delay. We finally got started on January 29th. I had the results of the sample tests by then, and they held no ugly surprises. They simply confirmed the original bladder-biopsy findings. Berry had schistosomiasis haematobium, and only haematobium. Where he got it is a little hard to say. He visited half a dozen different places in the endemic areas in Egypt and the Middle East, and most of the washing and bathing he did there was in tubs or basins filled by hand with water from some possibly contaminated source. It's my guess, though, that he picked it up in Egypt—at Luxor, when he went swimming in the Nile.

"The treatment of schistosomiasis involves some form of antimony. Potassium antimony tartrate, the most potent tolerable form, is generally used for schistosomiasis japonica. Its administration is intravenous, and is an exceedingly delicate process. A slip can cause real trouble. Moreover, there

PRE-THEATER DINNER
$6.50 complete

LA BOITE
at the
HOTEL ST. REGIS

Now you can enjoy an unhurried, relaxed dinner between 6 and 8 each evening, and make your theater curtain with ease.

Reservations:
PLaza 3-4500
Hotel St. Regis
Fifty-fifth and Fifth

NOW thru NOV. 10
NATIONAL HORSE SHOW
Evenings 7:45
Mats. Daily & Sun. 2 PM (Sat. 1:45)
INTERNATIONAL JUMPING CONTESTS
Argentina • Brazil • Canada • Mexico • U.S.
Nightly and Thursday & Friday Mats.
Spectacular Events at All Performances
Evgs. (exc. Fri. & Sat.): $2.50, $4, $5, $6, $8.
Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $2.50, $3.50, $5, $6, $7, $8.
Sat. & Sun. Mats.: $3, $4, $5.
Other Mats.: $2, $2.50, $3.50. Prices incl. tax.
MADISON SQ. GARDEN
50th St. & 8th Ave. — Phone PL 7-8870

45 YEARS ON 45th STREET!
The city's famous sea food restaurant featuring the finest sea food, steaks and chops. Dinners from $3.25. Open daily, including Sunday. In the heart of the theatre district since 1919.
The Lobster
145 W. 45th St. • JU 2-0400

"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!"
—HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES
Beatrice Lillie
Tammy Grimes
Edward Woodward
"High Spirits"
"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!"
—Gaver, United Press
Directed by Noël Coward
Mail Orders Filled. Eves.: $9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: $5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: $6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Cl 5-5226

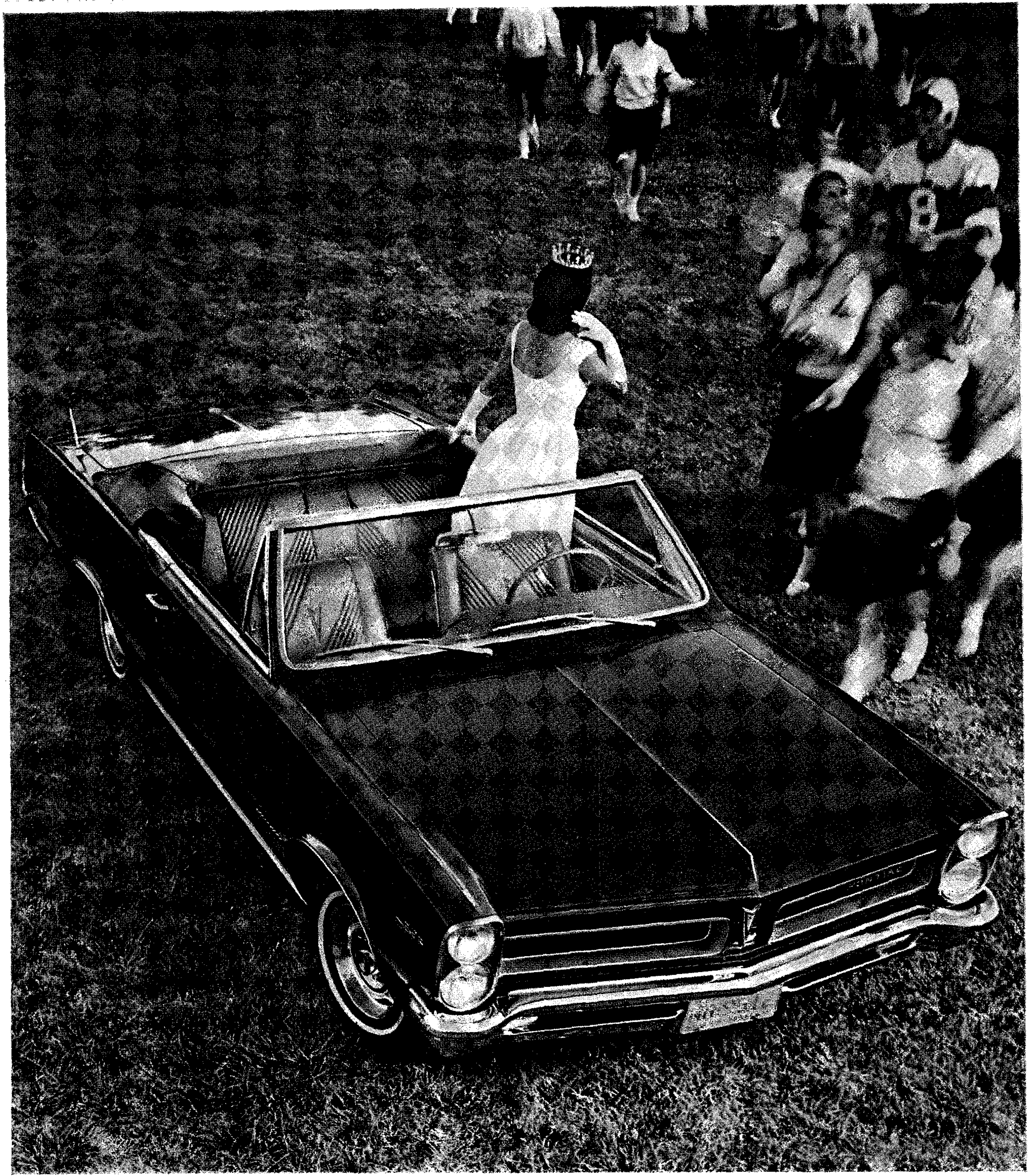
"DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!"
—Time. Magazine
SANDY DENNIS DON PORTER in
The New Smash Comedy Hit!
ANY WEDNESDAY
with ROSEMARY MURPHY
PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00.
MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636
NATIONAL COMPANY ON TOUR
Now thru Dec. 19—Studebaker—Chicago

"A LAUGHING, SLASHING SHOW WITH A WONDERFULLY DISARMING AIR OF GENIALITY." Taubman, N.Y. Times
Oh WHAT A LOVELY WAR
PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: $8.60, 7.50; $6.90, 5.75, 4.80. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $5.50; 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
BROADHURST THEATRE W. 44th Street, NYC

UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED MUSICAL HIT!
HELLO, DOLLY!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
EVGS.: $9.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. WED. & SAT. MATS.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.
ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

"BRILLIANT"
—Time Magazine
THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES
WINTHROP AMES THEA. 240 W. 44 St., N.Y.C.

1965: The year [illegible] Wide-Track.



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Some have it.
Some don't.

Pontiac Tempest does.

There's no fooling your eyes. Competition can talk up their cars and say they've got the best-looking dreamboats of the century. But let's see them park one of their offerings next to this Le Mans convertible. Then watch what happens when they find out it's all Pontiac with Wide-Track ride, a 140-hp six or a choice of two V-8s, and low-priced, too!

86 PROOF

After coffee...enjoy Bénédictine

La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Nothing so flatters your guests as serving them Benedictine. For there is only one Benedictine—the noble after-dinner liqueur made for over 400 years at Fecamp, France—the world's most distinguished liqueur.

Let this seal be your guide to quality. Julius WILE SONS & CO. NEW YORK have been some serious, and even fatal, toxic reactions to the drug. A less powerful form containing sodium antimony and called stibophen is effective in both schistosomiasis haematobium and schistosomiasis mansoni, and it can be given intramuscularly. It isn't as bad as the other, but it can cause its share of trouble. January 29th was a Monday. I gave Berry a stibophen injection of five cc.s that afternoon, and the same amount each afternoon for the next four days. We skipped the weekend to give him a breather, and then did the same the following week. He stood it pretty well. We got through seventeen injections—or a total of eighty-five cc.s of the drug—before he had any important toxic reaction. On February 22nd, the day of the seventeenth injection, he had a wave of nausea and vomited. Eighty-five cc.s was enough to do the job, so I stopped. He wasn't cured, but he was well on the way. Tests during the course of treatment showed his urine increasingly clear, and by the end of the course it contained no schistosome eggs and only a few microscopic traces of blood. His eosinophilia also showed a healthy change. At the beginning of treatment, he had an eosinophile reading of fifteen per cent. When I withdrew the drug, it was down to ten. A month later, when he came in for a checkup, it was down to four, and in the next few months it continued that encouraging decline. Another cystoscopy was performed on August 22nd. It showed no evidence of acute inflammation, and in general the look of the bladder was compatible with the other signs of improvement. Seven months later, on March 13, 1963, a final cystoscopy was done, and this time there was no doubt about it. We could safely say he was cured." —Berton Roueché

•

Those who oppose government "do not comprehend the ability of the people to govern themselves, to make decisions in the common good. They preach democracy with one tongue, but they fear and deny it with the other," Kearns said.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

Mind opening your mouth a minute?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a Chevrolet brochure*]

And if you'd like to hear how quietly it rides with its softer springs and extra body insulation, just put your fingers in your ears and listen.

Steinway is the pianist's piano

How many pianists performing with America's orchestras choose the Steinway? An incredible majority! This season—4 of 4 pianists with Philadelphia Orchestra; 7 of 7 with Los Angeles Philharmonic; 2 of 2 with Boston; 9 of 14 with New York Philharmonic; 9 of 10 with Cleveland Orchestra; 6 of 6 with Chicago. Could you have a better reason for owning the Instrument of the Immortals?

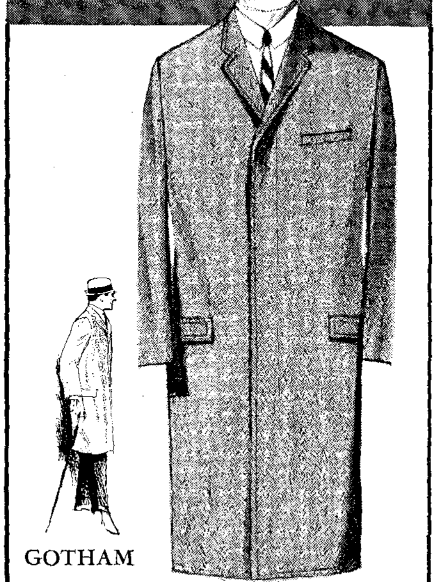
Please send for our booklet, 'I see what you mean'

STEINWAY & SONS 111 W. 57TH ST. NEW YORK

Henri Fayette

CARDS THAT SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS SIMPLY...ELEGANTLY...DISTINCTIVELY

Cards shown by personal appointment in your home or office. Inquiries are invited. Henri Fayette Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue • Chicago, Illinois 60647



Duncan-Reed, Ltd.
Natural Shoulder Coats
Exclusively

GOTHAM

Hand-tailored of fine imported fabrics.
Also available with velvet collar. from $85
featured at
Louis Inc., *Boston, Mass.*
McNeil & Moore, *Milwaukee, Wisc.*
Georgetown University Shop, *Wash., D.C.*
MacHugh Inc., *Westfield, N. J.*
House of Walsh, *Amherst, Mass.*
1290 Ave. of Americas, N.Y.C.
15 Federal Court, Boston, Mass.

OUR TRIMINGHAM TIES

HANDSOME, HAND-LOOMED ENGLISH REPP SILK WITH OUR EXCLUSIVE WOVEN DESIGNS. "SEA DOG" HAS SEA VENTURE FIGUREHEAD IN GOLD ON NAVY; SILVER ON MAROON. "TRAVELLER OF BERMUDA" IN MAROON OR NAVY WITH TWO-COLOUR SHIP. EACH $5.50 POSTPAID.

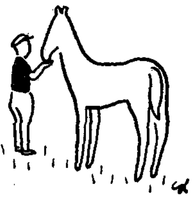
SINCE 1844

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-49. Add 35c each for airmail. Send for our free illustrated "Treasures" catalogue.

THE RACE TRACK

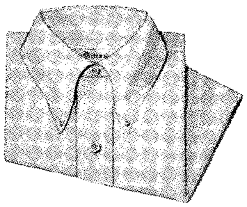
Autumn Glory



KELSO, whose masterly running has made him the darling of New York racegoers, enraptured his large and clamorous following by winning the Jockey Club Gold Cup for the fifth time in as many years at Aqueduct last Saturday. Indeed, Mrs. Richard C. du Pont's seven-year-old gelding has never run faster. Taking the lead about five furlongs from home, he passed the post five lengths or so ahead of Roman Brother, and Quadrangle came in third, half a dozen lengths farther behind. The two miles were done in 3:19⅕—a fifth of a second faster than the American record for the distance, which Kelso himself set as a three-year-old in 1960. And, not at all incidentally, he became the world's leading money-winner, for the $70,590 he picked up in the Gold Cup brought his earnings to $1,803,362, a tidy $53,493 more than Round Table accumulated during his racing career. Whether Kelso will be voted the Horse of the Year for the fifth season in the *Morning Telegraph-Daily Racing Form* poll I can only guess, but he certainly is—as somebody suggested the other afternoon—the Horse of the Autumn. His next start will be in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, Maryland, on Veterans' Day. After that, he may make a farewell appearance in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct on November 28th, but this hasn't yet been decided. I have a notion that he won't come back to the races next year. He'll be eight, and that's a bit old to be racing in top company. Besides, his stable has made its point—it has the greatest money-winner.

The Jockey Club Gold Cup thrilled the crowd, which, by the way, was the first big one since Kelso's last previous appearance, in the Woodward Stakes, when he ran as gallantly as any horse I've ever seen but lost to Gun Bow by an eyelash. The Gold Cup was a tame affair by comparison. A field of six went to the post, and Cedar Key, a performer on turf courses, led for more than a mile, followed by Quadrangle and Roman Brother. Kelso, for his part, began slowly in a good position well out from the rail, from which

Milton's Inimitable M 2



The ultimate in shirtmanship—smart button-down with customized self roll, our own higher collar for added comfort and smartness under jacket, flattering tapered silhouette, double pleats at smooth barrel cuffs, impeccable single needle tailoring. Sizes 14/32 to 17½/36.

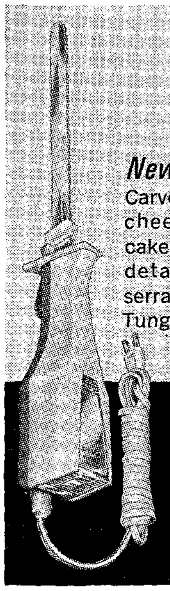
1. Greenwood's finest white combed oxford $5.95
2. Combed yarn dyed oxfords in true blue, yellow, ivory parchment, olive beige $6.50
3. Dacron/cotton wash'n'wear oxford in white or true blue $8.95
4. Herringbone oxford in white or blue $7.95
5. Combed oxford narrow candy stripes, with blue, tan, gray, olive or maroon $6.95
6. Combed broadcloth narrow candy stripes, white with blue, gray olive, red $6.95
7. Our own candy corn ground oxford with ¼" stripes of blue or red........ $6.95
8. New ¼" tattersal oxford—white with blue/black, olive/black, or red/black $7.95

Mail orders filled in 3 days—add $.60 for mailing and insurance

Free on request: New 1965 Old School 32 page fashion booklet for men & women just off the press.

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard

163 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514
Charlottetown Mall, Charlotte, N. C. 28204
798 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30308
Lenox Square, Atlanta Ga. 30326
1707 Main St., Dallas, Texas 75201



FABULOUS GIFT IDEA!

New RIVAL Electric Knife
Carves or slices meats, fowl, cheese, bread, vegetables, cakes. Fast, easy, neat! Twin detachable Stainless Steel serrated blades. "Stay-sharp" Tungsten Carbide edges.

Write for folder of gift ideas

It's fun to own a gift by
Rival®
RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
In Canada: Montreal

the GOLDEN OX
The Mecca for Beef Eaters
1615 L ST. N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Representing 40 select Yachts in the Virgin, leeward windward islands

Barbara Weinman's Caribbean Yacht Charters
551 2nd AVE., N.Y.C. MU6-2145

he moved up smoothly, and when he joined the leaders as they passed the stand the first time, there was a great roar of applause mixed with shouts of encouragement. This was followed by a louder roar when he took the lead, and the cheering reached a high point in decibels when Roman Brother challenged on the stretch turn. For a moment or two, Kelso was under pressure, but he responded quickly and drew away into a long lead. Nevertheless, Valenzuela, who rode him, took no chances but hustled him along right down to the winning post. By the bye, I must say that Roman Brother looked particularly fit. You'd never think the Gold Cup was his twentieth start this season.

WHEN Bon Nouvel won the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap recently, beating Amber Diver by twenty lengths, I submitted that he was no Jolly Roger. (There, you Johnny-come-latelys, was a jumper worth remembering.) Well, in the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, the big event of the United Hunts-at-Aqueduct meeting last week, Amber Diver beat Bon Nouvel by twenty lengths over the same course and distance. A mere five pounds in Amber Diver's favor shouldn't have made such a difference. But that's the sort of jumpers we have nowadays.

PERHAPS Miss Cavandish isn't as good as she was in the spring, or at Saratoga, for that matter, or perhaps she doesn't like to run on the grass. At any rate, she couldn't raise a good gallop in the New York Handicap at Aqueduct the other day, and finished eighth. (Blue Thor, the winner last year, came in eleventh.) Batteur, one of the dozen other fillies, *did* like the footing, and won by open daylight from Intervene to pay $28.40 in the mutuels. Miss Cavandish is expected to try to rub off the tarnish of her recent defeats this weekend in the Ladies Handicap at the Big A. Among the runners she may meet is Tosmah, who romped away with the Jersey Belle Stakes at Garden State Park last Saturday. The race will be at a mile and a half on the main track.

AT last report, Anilin, the U.S.S.R. entry in the Washington, D.C., International, was recovering from the ankle trouble it was thought might keep him out of the race. I'm told that "*anilin*" is Russian for "angel." What price a miracle? —AUDAX MINOR

If you can see why Hartmann International costs $7^{50} more, you've got x-ray vision.

Bargains in luggage are only skin-deep. The reason a Hartmann is worth more is because more goes into it. Consider, for instance, our wooden frame.

Sounds old-fashioned, doesn't it? But wood was the basis of Hartmann cabin trunks years and years ago, and that recipe worked so well that we decided to make Hartmann International the same sturdy way. Only lighter.

Consider the locks—if you can find them. Those flaps across the top of a Hartmann hide the locks—and virtually guarantee they won't be damaged. In fact, the locks *are* guaranteed for the lifetime of the bag.

If, instead of x-ray vision, you could see into the future, you wouldn't need any more convincing. You'd see how long your Hartmann International will last.

Hartmann Luggage Co. Lebanon, Tennessee

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Evan-Piconery!

Is to be pastel in. Understated in. Quite quietly sensational in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. The whispering all-wools here in ssh-blue, green, pink or beige. All these pale-mates about $12 to $25 per part. At great stores everywhere. **Evan-Picone** 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

BOOKS

Steps Going Down

THE publication of "Jubb" (Putnam), by Keith Waterhouse, must surely mark an apogee of sorts in the rise of the contemporary anti-hero. For Cyril Jubb, the subject and narrator of this novel, exhibits a truly staggering variety of low and repulsive behavior. He is a Peeping Tom and a firebug, a scribbler in public lavatories and a collector of pornography, a writer of lewd letters and a drooler of obscene telephone messages. Jubb's physical qualities, moreover, are perfectly on a par with his moral nature. His breath is offensive, he sweats heavily, never bathes, and harbors wax in his filthy ears. Nor are these shortcomings redeemed by much in the way of intellect. His mind is a jumble of commonplaces and he is a devoted member of a movement called Follow Your Thoughts, which deals in the abysmal fatuities of self-improvement, while his only understanding of himself is derived from trashy popularizations of psychoanalysis. Taking him all around, he appears to be the ultimate article in the anti-heroic line, a sort of Renaissance creep.

"Man found dead in plastic wardrobe. That's the way you'll finish up if you're not careful, I tell myself.... Male (36) unusual interests, seeks pen-pals. I am getting worried. I have started following girls home, and that's a bad sign: off the train and along the high-fenced station approaches that lead away into those lost suburban streets." The reader is fairly thrust by these, the novel's first words, into Jubb's polluted dreams of bliss, and his dread of their consequences in the waking world. At the beginning, however, Jubb is careful that his actions do not expose his private demons to the public view; indeed, he has an almost professional contempt for maniacs of smaller skill and discretion:

> I see where a man was arrested the other day, going up and down the escalators at Bond Street station, looking at women's legs. Well, you don't carry on like that. Abnormal, completely; he was there thirty-five minutes. Somebody must have complained. Fined two pounds. Married. Silly b., I wonder what he told his wife. There are things wives can be told—rape and murder, yes, they're easy subjects to discuss; but other things are more difficult to explain. "Did anything happen at the office, dear?"—"Yes, a policeman came and charged me with looking up women's legs in the tube station." Silly man. Get in the train, get in the train, that's the plan.

A rent collector by trade, Jubb passes, more or less, for a respectable citizen of Chapel Langtry, one of England's postwar New Towns. He is, in fact, the chairman of the Youth Section of the Good Neighbours Club and a member of the club's Executive Council. Whenever he feels the mantle of responsible citizenship upon his shoulders, his nouns break out in capital letters and his syntax achieves a turbidity that might provoke envy in a career bureaucrat who was drawing a fine salary for it:

> Under the New Towns Act 1946 it has been the policy of the Government to provide that each New Town be built through the medium of a Government Development Corporation consisting of Members appointed on a part-time basis, and it has been the policy of the Chapel Langtry Development Corporation so constituted that our New Town should be divided into nine residential neighbourhoods, each separated from the other by a Green Belt yet at the same time connected by a Peripheral Road, the neighbourhoods stemming out from the town centre in the manner of spokes from a wheel.

Between his language and his lunacy, Jubb does not carry much weight in the councils of the Good Neighbours Club. His proposal for the establishment of a Camera Club (conceived with a Jubbsian eye to eventual nude studies) is rejected by the committee in an episode that allows Mr. Waterhouse to demonstrate very prettily his eye for comedy and his ear for vernacular speech. When Jubb stubbornly persists in his scheme by appealing directly to the youths in his charge, he is even more emphatically rebuffed, for these sturdy and cheerful louts regard him with a disdain that is breathtakingly frank.

Jubb nevertheless perseveres, and his attempts to establish the Camera Club in the teeth of all the world's disinclination become increasingly outlandish and ill-conceived. His sense of the common truth of things, never strong, grows steadily more feeble. Deserted by his wife, who no longer can abide his abominable quirks, he spends the bulk of his evening hours prowling

HOUSTON ST
NO PARKING
THINGS GO BETTER WITH COKE

around the streets of Chapel Langtry and peeking into windows. During his free daylight hours, he commonly makes excursions to London or Cambridge to ogle women and shop for pornography. One of his urban pleasures is to telephone prostitutes and ply them with sniggering questions. It is evident that on these excursions Jubb is seeking not the normal occasions of sex—indeed, they terrify him—but an obscure gratification in the merely tentative and proximate. A Chapel Langtry matron, mistaking the nature of Jubb's interest in her, responds in a lively way to what she imagines to be his advances, and he withdraws with alacrity. Later, he sends her a filthy letter and tries to burn her home down around her ears.

The expanding range of Jubb's oddities does not escape attention. The constabulary turns a coldly suspicious eye upon his suburban rambles. A tenant's complaint costs him his job. A London indiscretion brings about a harrowing interview with the Vice Squad. Cornered, Jubb decides that the time has come to enjoy a vacation in Germany, specifically in Hamburg and, more particularly still, on the Reeperbahn, the street along which, Jubb has read, every baroque taste in sensuality may be gratified. Before departing, however, he has one last, mad try at inaugurating his Camera Club. Like a grotesque parody of John Bull refusing to acknowledge the possibility of defeat, he invades the Good Neighbours Club, even though he has been removed from all his offices there, and attempts to instruct his onetime charges in the use of the camera. His character having become notorious, his "lads" feel free to ignore his instruction and to inflict upon his person a gruesome humiliation. After the last of his tormentors has left and the Good Neighbours Club is empty, Jubb descends to the basement, scratches together a pile of rubbish, and sets a fire that burns the place down. When last we catch sight of him, he is aboard a train bound for the Channel and Germany. His final words, and the novel's, are these:

> I pushed all my confectionery into my Lufthansa bag and dragged out the plastic wardrobe in its brown paper covering, unwrapped it and tested the zip. When the train began to move I folded the plastic wardrobe under my arm and walked down the corridor towards the toilet compartment, humming a little song. Hamburg here we come. I tell you, I was very happy.

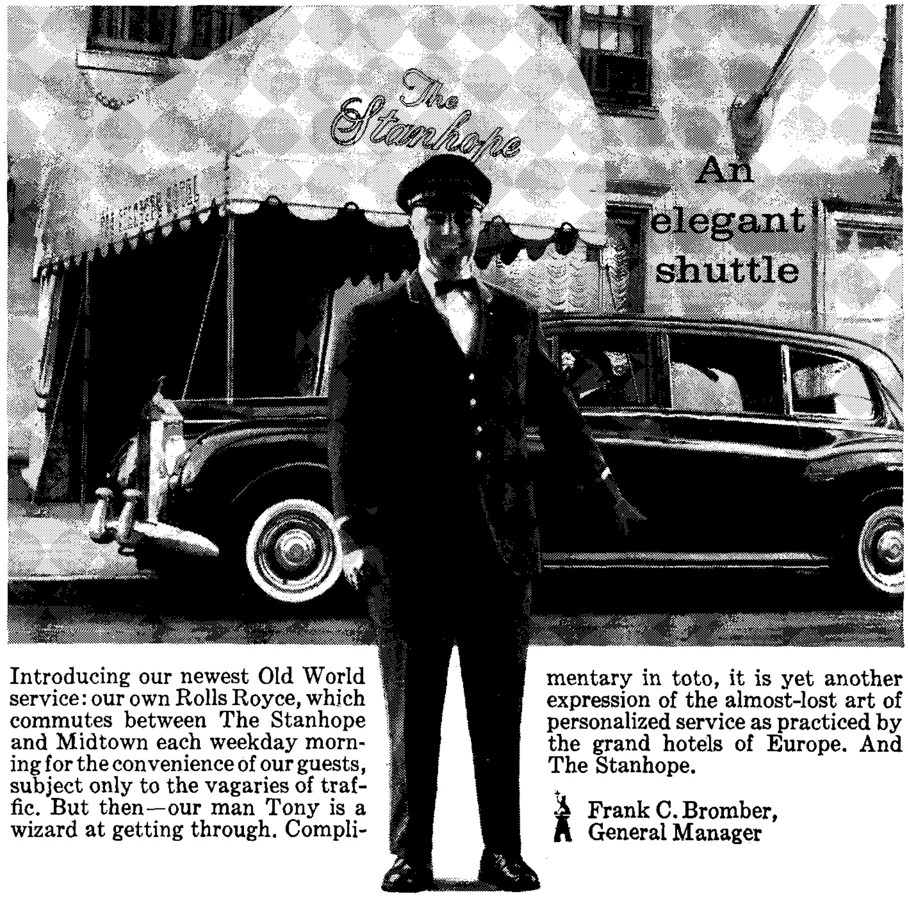
The sinister theme of the polythene garment bag, which is introduced

Does monotony bore us? Not for a minute. We're so excited by the idea, we've guaranteed the monotony of Mead Business Papers. In writing. Uniformity, we say, is the essence of successful paper manufacture. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
papers

Mead papers are uniform, sheet after sheet

Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio

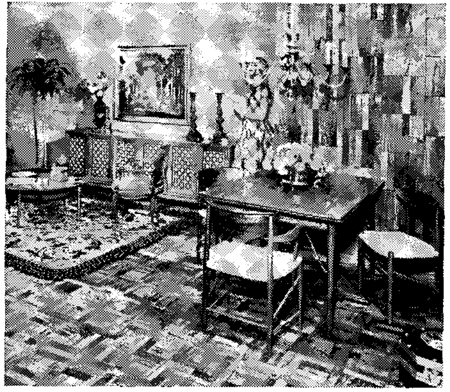


Introducing our newest Old World service: our own Rolls Royce, which commutes between The Stanhope and Midtown each weekday morning for the convenience of our guests, subject only to the vagaries of traffic. But then—our man Tony is a wizard at getting through. Complimentary in toto, it is yet another expression of the almost-lost art of personalized service as practiced by the grand hotels of Europe. And The Stanhope.

Frank C. Bromber,
General Manager

THE STANHOPE HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

Choice of the discriminating . . .
. . . now moderately priced!



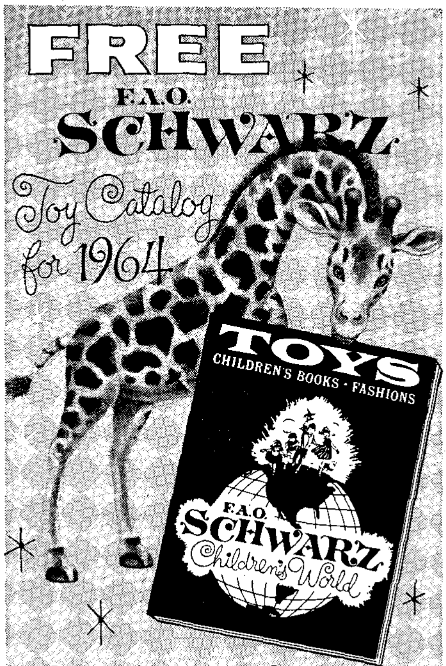
As seen at Phila. Interior Decorator Exhibit—"Swirl" pattern floor; "Straitline" wall

TRULY ELEGANT! GENUINE IMPORTED
Thai-Teak
PARQUETRY FLOORING

NOW! You can install genuine Thai-Teak ("Tectona Grandis") from Thailand at a price that actually competes with domestic flooring! Enjoy the lustrous, lasting sheen . . . the durable, rot-resistant toughness of this truly distinctive flooring . . . and benefit from the amazingly low price! Your decorator can show you a wide assortment of beautifully, decor-correct patterns and designs! *Warehouse stock available for immediate installation.*

Write now for illustrated folder

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
Sole Agents for Thai-Teak Flooring in Strip & Parquetry
1545 W. Passyunk Ave.
Phila. 45, Pa.
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED



FREE F.A.O. SCHWARZ Toy Catalog for 1964

It's our biggest yet. Over 150 pages. 1,000 toys. Many exclusive imports, or created in our workrooms. This year, there are delightful things for children to wear.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ NY-2
745 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022
Please send me your free catalog.

Name________
Address________
City________ State________

with the novel's first words and not dismissed until its last sentence, periodically recurs in the narrative, and always with a suggestion of doom. "Oh, I can see it coming," Jubb notes of himself at one point. "Youth club leader's strange death, it's always happening. Coroner's Polythene Bag Warning. 'He was very fond of experiments. He had seen something like it on television, and this may have led him to try it for himself.' " And again: "I repaired to a Wimpy Bar and ate a Banana Pretty and read the newspaper . . . case of a naked man found dead in the toilet compartment of a train going to Bristol. He was inside a portable plastic wardrobe. Apparently the zipper had jammed and he had asphyxiated. He had always been fond of experiments."

It is evident from these hints that Jubb is still alive at the end of the novel chiefly by virtue of the conventions of *first-person narrative*, which require him to speak, and consequently to exist. But what is this perversion in which he so dangerously dabbles? I am obliged to confess that I have never heard of it. Such ignorance does not become any child of this ingenious century, and in a reviewer of current fiction it absolutely smacks of a brazen and presumptuous innocence. It was with considerable embarrassment, therefore, that I took the problem to a friendly neighborhood psychiatrist. This was his response: "Plastic garment bags? I tell you exactly. Plastic garment bags. Hmm. Yes. Plastic garment bags . . . Now, what would be the fun of *those*?" Well, perhaps a more exhaustive analysis is unnecessary to present purposes. It is enough for the novel that Mr. Waterhouse has succeeded in showing Jubb's fixation to be Gothic, and suggestive.

He has also succeeded, very remarkably, in keeping Jubb's grubby story within the tricksy purlieus of comedy. The narrator's wanderings allow Mr. Waterhouse to execute a number of fine touches of gritty satire upon contemporary England and to draw a variety of sharply pointed caricatures. More remarkably still, the author contrives to display his grotesque narrator in the light of a high and humane sympathy. Even at his most repulsive, Jubb does not forfeit his claim to share in the estate of our common humanity. It must be observed, however, that both these achievements are purchased at the expense of some clarity of outline in Jubb's character. It is not that

ROSEMARY CLOONEY
AT THE
ROYAL BOX
nightly at 9:30 and 12:15
(except Sundays)
DINNER & SUPPER DANCING
LEE EVANS
& HIS ORCHESTRA
RESERVATIONS: PETER/LT 1-1000
americana
OF NEW YORK
FROM NOVEMBER 4 TO 24

SOUTH AMERICA
invites you to an
EXCITING NEW VACATION WORLD
. . . but, before you leave, learn all about ARGENTINA, BOLIVIA, BRAZIL, CHILE, COLOMBIA, ECUADOR, PANAMA, PARAGUAY, PERU, SURINAM, URUGUAY and VENEZUELA . . . by sending for the comprehensive South American "Discovery Kit".

- **1965 edition of SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVEL DIGEST, lavishly illustrated in full color!**
- **Where to go, what to see and do, facts and figures!**
- **Transportation routes and facilities! Accommodations!**
- **Folders! City maps! Pictures!**

Send today. Only $3.95
SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION
620 DuPont Plaza Center, Miami, Florida 33131

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

HOUSTON'S TRADITIONAL HOST
THE RICE HOTEL
For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080 in New York or see your travel agent.

the narrator ever seems downright implausible but, rather, that Mr. Waterhouse, while continuing to speak in the Jubbsian voice, will remove his perspective to a point more external and objective.

This removal is a small and subtle one; perhaps a few instances will make it sufficiently plain. When Jubb attempts to set fire to the caravan of the lady who had mistaken his sexual interest, he is frustrated by a neighbor at the camping site:

> Suddenly the door of the railway carriage next to Mrs. Ritchie's opened and a man appeared, holding a tin bowl of water. He was standing in his vest and pyjama trousers, a smear of shaving soap across his face. Why people wish to shave at night I cannot imagine. He was about to sling the bowl of water out into the night when he saw the billowing white smoke under the Ritchies' caravan. He descended the steps hurriedly and flung the contents of his bowl of water under the caravan. A low hissing and the fire was out.
>
> The man stooped, examining what little damage had been done, and then, satisfied, he picked his way with bare feet back to his own door. He became aware for the first time of the sharp stones and the scattering of cinders.
>
> "*Bloody* sodding hell fire Jesus Christ All-hopping Mighty!" He limped up the steps and shut the door of the railway carriage behind him. Soon the light went out.
>
> I stepped out on to the cinder path and walked briskly and noisily away.

There is something slightly anomalous in the passage, something a little askew. We see Jubb, compelled by the inner demons that already have cost him his wife, his livelihood, and the remnants of his self-respect, setting a dangerous fire to gratify the same mad interior itch. Yet this overwhelming compulsion does not noticeably prompt his thoughts or color his observations when that fire is put out. He placidly relinquishes his consciousness to the literary intelligence of his creator, who concludes the episode in fine, broad, comic style. This is the general pattern of the novel. Mad in act, Jubb observes the spacious sanities of traditional comedy in his account of those actions.

Jubb's appeal to one's larger sympathies produces a similar disquiet. While shopping for pornography, he discovers that a flourishing purveyor of dirty pictures is the fellow who heads Follow Your Thoughts. Moved to remonstrance, he is thrown out of the shop. These are his consequent bitter reflections:

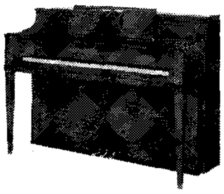
> You see, there is no such thing as truth. I mean for those of us who are not the

CAN A PIANO KEEP
SINGING IN THE RAIN?

YES! IF IT'S A MASON & HAMLIN WITH THE EXCLUSIVE TENSION RESONATOR. Mason & Hamlin pianos laugh at changes in temperature and humidity that would distort the tone of an ordinary piano. The sounding board in every Mason & Hamlin holds a perfect crown through the most extreme climatic fluctuations. An exclusive patented device called the *tension resonator* makes the difference. Steel rods fastened to the frame are pre-set at the factory to the exact tension required for perfect, permanent crowning of the sounding board.

It shouldn't surprise you that Mason & Hamlin is the only piano in the world with a tension resonator.

What comes out of a piano is determined by what goes into it. And Mason & Hamlin puts more into a piano than anyone else. More time. More experience. More love.



Mason & Hamlin
East Rochester, N.Y., The Signature of Quality Pianos

FOR CATALOG OF
STYLES AVAILABLE
WRITE DEPT. C

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The wines you loved in Paris are here!

Look for B&G Wines at your wine merchants—and on the Wine List when dining out. They are wines you can enjoy with pride.

B&G
The finest wines of France Barton & Guestier

NEW DOUBLEDAY BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS

"And richer far than pirate gold..."

Illustration by Anne Rockwell

MASTERS OF PAINTING Their Works/Their Lives/ Their Times
By Bernardine Kielty. The ideal introduction to great art — a beautifully illustrated presentation of the lives and principal works of more than fifty outstanding painters. 231 illustrations, including 55 reproductions in full color. 8⅞" x 12¾". All ages. $5.95*

BIRTHDAYS ARE FOR EVERYONE
Written and illustrated by Charlotte Steiner. Full color paintings capture the candles-and-presents excitement of a child's happiest special occasion. All ages. $2.75*

BLACK HEARTS IN BATTERSEA
By Joan Aiken; with pictures by Robin Jacques. An entrancing sequel to THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE, 1963's "one genuine small masterpiece." *(Time Magazine).* Orphan Simon goes to Seek His Fortune in London; finds out the True Facts of his birth; and Foils a Dastardly Plot at a Mince-Pie Tasting Ceremony. *Virginia Kirkus* says: "You must be 'dicked in the nob' not to enjoy it." All ages. $3.50*

THE LIFE AND WORDS OF JOHN F. KENNEDY
By James Playsted Wood and the editors of COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL *Magazine. Preface by President Lyndon B. Johnson and Introduction by Stewart L. Udall.* "A collection of some of the best Kennedy photographs, a generous sampling of his speeches and writings, and a narrative of his life that is straightforward and moving . . . It brings to life his character and his ideas . . . Excellent." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Many photographs in full color. 9" x 12". Ages up to 12.
**Library edition available* $3.95*

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City, New York

lions. We must depend on what is given to us: scraps of paper, leaflets, pamphlets, circulars, scratchy reels of film, street-corner speeches, headlines, quips in joke books, gossip paragraphs, television serials, old comics, gift coupons, advertisements, free offers. We see a bible in every book that's printed and we are not equipped to sort out the apocrypha. What are we? Herberts. Vessels. Jugs. What am I? A jug. A walking jug. They can pour in anything they please: oil, water, vinegar, cream, coughcure, catsup, kerosene; tip me up and the whole mess will come frothing and spewing out into the gutter, curdled and undigested.

One is appalled and touched by this, and yet uncomfortably doubtful that anyone capable of these insights could ever have accepted the gross absurdities of Follow Your Thoughts. Jubb here sounds less like one of society's unfortunates than like one of Max Lerner's very compassionate meditations on them.

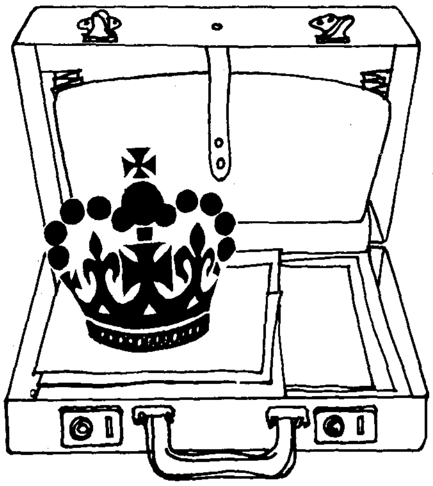
In sum, then, the author does not quite succeed in disappearing into his chosen spokesman, and the novel is rather like an ambitious stage illusion that just fails to come off. We are shown the elephant, and the empty, giant cabinet. The elephant enters and the doors are closed. A cape is twirled. A pistol is fired, and smoke billows into the flies. When it clears, the doors are flung open to reveal an empty enclosure. We burst into cheers and applause, in the midst of which we are disconcerted to see, just beneath the platform, the large, shy feet of the otherwise invisible elephant.

—DONALD MALCOLM

VERSE

"THE slothful man saith . . . a lion is in the streets," and the slothful reviewer, when faced in a single publishing season with two volumes of verse that have lionish aspects (though rather mild ones), is tempted to pass both by as quickly as possible. This, obviously, would be a mistake.

The first of these volumes is the mildly titled latest collection of poems by Karl Shapiro—"The Bourgeois Poet" (Random House). It is not unusual for a poet who has begun his career by writing in form to abandon formal practices, permanently or temporarily. For him to abandon them with vindictive cries and pronouncements is rare. Shapiro, once considered by many to be the poet-spokesman for his war generation, and who was the bearer of early fame and the author of a book on prosody, has for some time been carrying on a brisk and bitter campaign against metre, rhyme, and all stanzaic



BUSINESSMAN'S CASTLE IN MONTREAL
Right in the heart of Montreal, convenient to all city activity, there's a wonderful hotel that makes the traveling businessman a king. Administering to his every need, serving him delectable cuisine. Surrounding him with Gallic charm. This wonderful hotel? The Queen Elizabeth, the most prestigious "castle" in the Paris of North America.
HOTEL Queen Elizabeth
MONTREAL
Family Plan • Free garage for room guests • Single from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or Call N.Y. Res. Off. • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel.
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL
Other Hilton operated Hotels in Canada: Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C. and Montreal Aeroport Hilton.

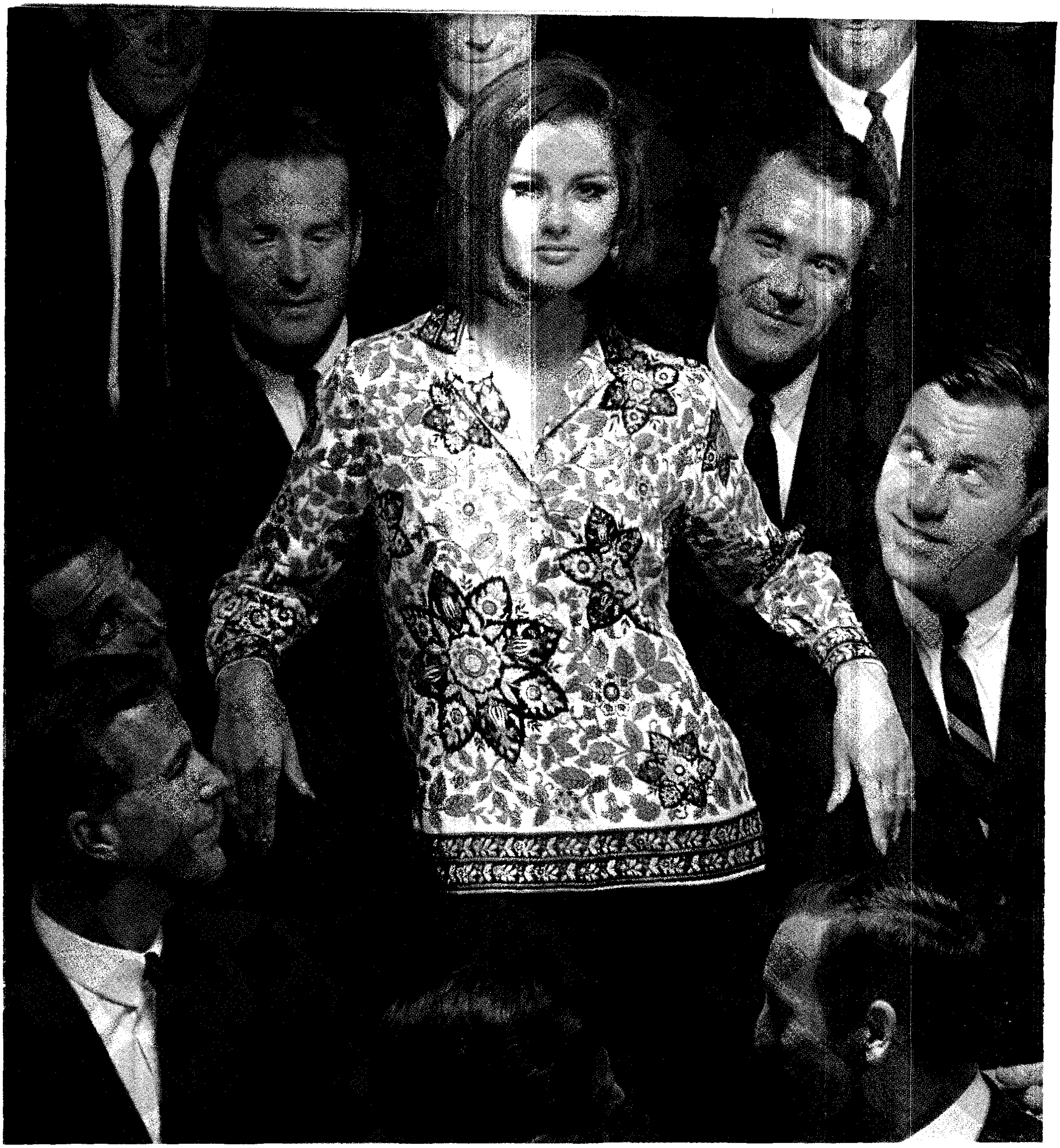
from 10:30 PM on
Bobby Short
at
Le Caprice
FABULOUS FOOD
LUNCHEON DINNER
SUPPER
10 East 52nd St
PL 1-0845

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

If you open Ballantine's famous bottle...
see this remarkably light Scotch...
taste its pleasing smoothness ...and still don't like it,
maybe you just don't like remarkably smooth and light Scotch.
Ballantine's
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.



There's a Lady in the house!

Wonderfully decorative to have around, especially during the holidays! Plans delicious repasts, elegant entertainments! Charms guests of both genders in her oriental snowflake print in-or-outer shirt of 100% silk broadcloth! In this and other glowing color schemes. It deserves a special place under any Christmas tree! Sizes 10-18. About $18.00. Priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan,® 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

At these and other fine stores: STERN'S, New York; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; HOCHSCHILD-KOHN, Baltimore; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.; MABLEY & CAREW, Cincinnati; BLOCK'S, Indianapolis; BATTELSTEIN'S, Houston; ROOS/ATKINS, California. Also available in Canada.

Lady Manhattan®

patterns. In "The Bourgeois Poet" (a title figure with whom he partly identifies himself but toward whom he shows a definite ambivalence), he has widened his attack to include all European art before the Renaissance (especially Gothic cathedrals, which he finds particularly sinister), all myth, metaphysics, and religion, much general "culture," and Charles Baudelaire, whom he considers a pretentious dandy.

The writing of the "confessional" poem (a popular genre at the moment) is bound to pull the poet out of strict form. The classic confessors, from St. Augustine to Rousseau, were not poets; in reading them, it is possible for one to see that the kind of confession that is good for the soul requires not the condensation of poetry but the discursiveness of prose. The Romantics were able to link up personal revelations with the sublime, and it could be argued that a negative attitude toward the sublime brings on a negative attitude toward form. It was Whitman who began singing intimate songs of the self that were independent of metre and rhyme, but in our own day we find both Yeats and Rilke writing autobiographies in prose while continuing to write lyric poetry of striking formal beauty. It is perhaps his younger contemporary Robert Lowell that Shapiro is emulating in these poems, written in what appear to be blocks of prose. Shapiro, of course, even as he inveighs against the pretensions and falseness of form and celebrates poetry as pure play, is skillfully manipulating a set of binding and intensifying devices that keep on adding unity to his composition—simile and metaphor, image and symbol, repetition and parallelism, exhortation and peroration.

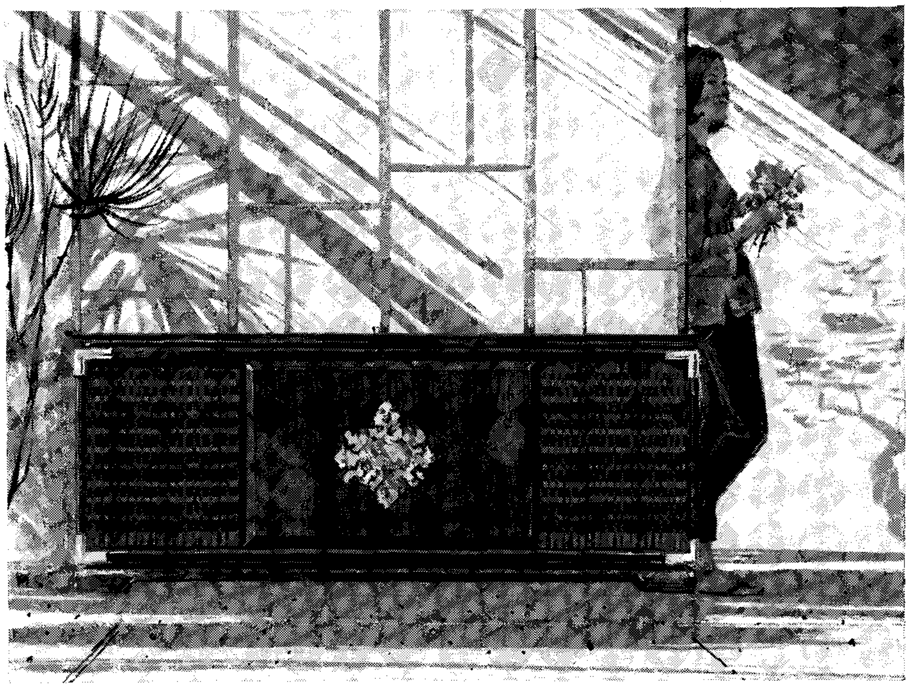
It is difficult for a man to continue to make concessions to the status quo when very nearly all his impulses are for freedom and a clean sweep of the board. Such a man may well feel baffled and confined; to balance matters, he can only outline unconventional programs of action that it is unlikely he will be able to put through. Shapiro's ultimate ambition, he has recently stated elsewhere, is to write poetry that is "illimitable, irrational, and irresponsible." He has written no such poetry here. Frequently, when things get too difficult, he falls back on a most effective masking trick—on the use of a surrealist random vocabulary and surrealist non sequiturs. He is thus able to avoid—or to distort, blot, blur, and disguise—much plain statement. And the semi-rebel-

Sylvania wraps music in elegance

WITH THE MAESTRO STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY SYSTEM

The finest furniture *outside*. The finest professional components *inside*. It's the Maestro by Sylvania. Cabinetry is all wood. Components are highest quality, professionally balanced. 200-watt EIA Solid-State amplifier. Solid-State AM-FM, FM stereo tuner. Dual 1009 changer. Air-suspension speakers. Shown: Contemporary Oriental, SC817. There are many more. For all specifications and "An Introduction to Sylvania Stereo," send 25¢ to: Sylvania, Dept. A, P.O. Box 7, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y.

SYLVANIA
SUBSIDIARY OF GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E



Life Insurance—and the best way to buy it

Astute financial authorities will say that a fundamental part of buying life insurance is to compare contracts sold by the leading companies.

Which will provide the more suitable benefits to the policyholder and his beneficiaries? Among other things, they inquire about early cash values, flexibility of settlement options, and first-year dividends.

Few companies, you may notice, invite such a comparison. Mutual Benefit welcomes it.

Our famous "Seven Significant Benefits" reflect a philosophy of policyholder service and protection that has made Mutual Benefit Life one of the largest, most highly regarded insurance companies in the world.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

Outstanding from McGraw-Hill

JAMES B. CONANT
SHAPING EDUCATIONAL POLICY
A penetrating look at today's educational revolution—and a bold plan for a nation-wide program to help raise standards and ease finances.
$3.95 cloth; $1.95 paper

LIFE WITH PICASSO
FRANÇOISE GILOT and CARLTON LAKE
"Françoise Gilot, Picasso's mistress for ten years, chances to be a biographer of true Boswellian blood. Astonishing!"—CLIFTON FADIMAN.
Illustrated. $6.95

WALTER SULLIVAN
WE ARE NOT ALONE
The N.Y. Times Science Editor explores the fascinating probability of the existence of intelligent life on other planets. "An enthralling story, told with clarity and authority."—GERARD PIEL, Editor, Scientific American.
Illustrated. $6.95

WALLACE STEGNER
THE GATHERING OF ZION
The great Mormon trek to Salt Lake City—one of the epic adventures of the American West, by an outstanding writer. $6.95

JUSTICE ON TRIAL
A. L. TODD
The explosive story of Wilson's controversial appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the Supreme Court. "From start to finish the episode crackles with drama, and the author recounts it superbly."—Book Week $6.50

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND NAZI GERMANY
GUENTER LEWY
"Extremely important...should pretty much settle a question which has for too long been obscured by the fog of mythology."—W. L. SHIRER. $7.50

At bookstores everywhere
McGraw-Hill

lious poet makes certain concessions to the reader. He does not actually tamper with syntax and language, and his method is nicely balanced, with just enough anecdotage to keep up interest, just enough comic relief to provide amusement, and just enough shock and nonsense to insure attention. Shapiro's taste is oddly Philistine, and his opinions are rather weatherworn; Kropotkin, Thoreau, and Henry Miller are involved, along with that perennial and rather moth-eaten old anarch, the Marquis de Sade. Shapiro, again elsewhere, has said that he looks forward to the day when his poems will be written "with a formlessness which should make you dizzy, nauseated, and give you vertigo." The prose poems in "The Bourgeois Poet" still stand far from that goal, too.

JOHN BERRYMAN, in his new volume, "77 Dream Songs" (Farrar, Straus), has discovered a method of escaping any touch or taint of the sublime—a method compared to which Shapiro's dislocations and disguises are almost elementary. Berryman is out to get language itself—to distort and maim it, not in the direction of wit, as in Carroll and Joyce, but in the direction of funny grammar and burnt-cork comedy. This reduction downward of the one faculty that, we have been assured, marks us as human (all other creatures being able to communicate only by a set of signals) *does* bring the reader close to vertigo. Sometimes Berryman seems to be giving us dialogue wherein amiable animals (say, dogs or cats) are pulling human speech their way—toward some totally disjunct and invertebrate set of noises. These noises are not allowed to go very far, it is true; Berryman quickly snaps back, after a line or two of pure jargon, into various degraded styles of English (and "American"). Through all this he uses a set stanza, a fluctuating but perfectly detectable metre, and all manner of rhymes (some of these last very clever indeed). These formalities, followed through in the midst of linguistic chaos, alternately amuse and irritate. A more exasperating collection of verse has probably never been written; one wishes somehow to intervene—to protect humble (and noble) human speech from this heartless ingenuity, this desperate artificiality. Berryman's opinions, like Shapiro's, are more conventional than one might at first suppose, and his taste is just as Philistine. And he is hardly rebellious at all. He and his whole

A timely, stirring and important book

IN THEIR OWN WORDS
A History of the American Negro 1619-1865

These words of grief, of protest, of exultation, taken from letters, newspapers, books, and journals, reveal more eloquently than any conventional narrative what the American Negro thought and suffered in the terrible years that led up to the Civil War. "Highly recommended."—*Library Journal*
$4.95

Edited by MILTON MELTZER
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
201 Park Ave. South, New York 3, N.Y.

CONTINUOUS
DANCING NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
RESTAURANT
•
BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

Tony's Wife
Luncheon
Bar
Dinner
just good food served con amore
150 EAST 55TH ST., N. Y. • EL 5-4506
Closed Sat. & Sun.

SPOTS
$5.95
Size 20"
Guaranteed
No C.O.D.

A handsome jungle pet.
One of many unusual soft toys. Excellent quality. Various sizes. Very reasonably priced. Send for your free catalog. Write:
Toy Parade
BOX 297
Sandy Springs, Ga.

group of alter egos, as a matter of fact, sound sort of tired and resigned.

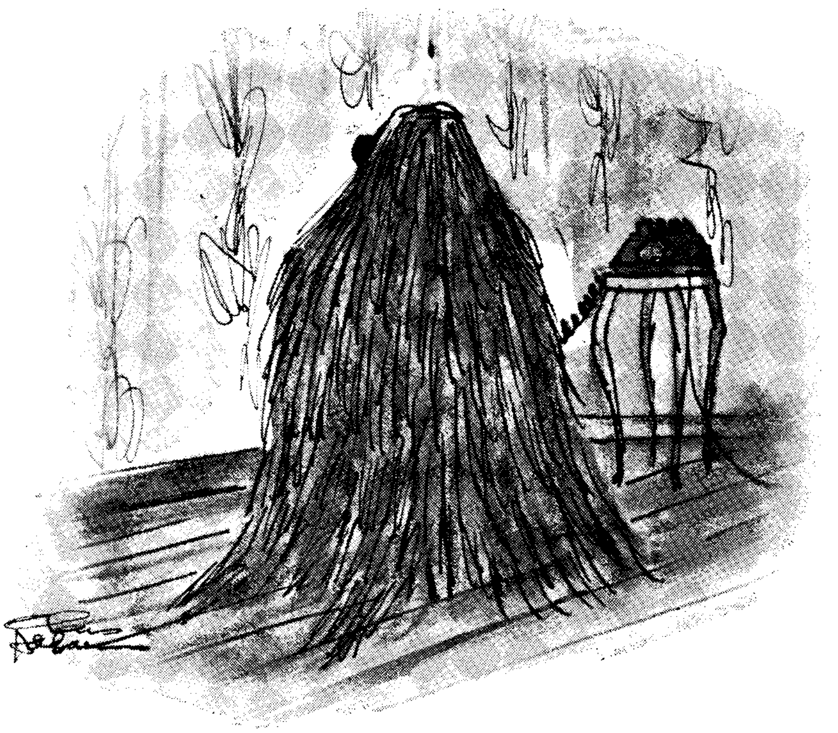
WE are now out of lion country, in regions where we come upon writers who describe frequent delightful collisions between active sensibilities and the real world. "The Enemy Joy," Ben Belitt's collection of new and earlier poems (University of Chicago Press), could head the list; it should be read slowly, so that none of its crowded, and authentic, detail goes unnoticed. William Meredith's "The Wreck of the Thresher" (Knopf) also deals imaginatively with reality and happily with style. Robert Sward's first book to be published here (his actual first came out in England) bears the charming title "Kissing the Dancer" and is published by the Cornell University Press. It has an introduction by Meredith, in which the older poet points out the complete lack of current cliché in this young man's work and the close attention paid by him both to the thing experienced and to the language used to describe it. We then come upon "To What Strangers, What Welcome," fifteen short poems by J. V. Cunningham, in a limited, finely printed pamphlet edition published by Alan Swallow, in Denver. Cunningham, one of the most brilliant and least-known poets now writing, succeeds, with this account—written in the strictest form—of a transcontinental journey, in projecting American shape and color by the most classic of means. And last of all, in Theodore Roethke's posthumous collection, "The Far Field" (Doubleday), a poet makes a final moving contribution to the high metaphysical tradition, again in purely American terms.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

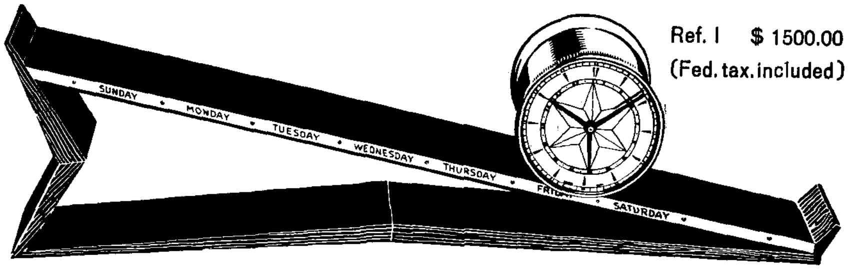
CORRIDORS OF POWER, by C. P. Snow (Scribners). That old know-it-all Lewis Eliot is back again, grinding away like the mills of God but sounding in this instance disarmingly like an educated Bertie Wooster. The warm, urbane Wodehouse style is here, and something of the tone, but the lunatic Wodehouse footwork is missing, alas. Consider, for example, how Bertie would have thrown this, the opening paragraph: "I stopped the taxi at the corner of Lord North Street. My wife and I had the habit of being obsessively punctual, and that night we had, as usual, overdone it. There was a



"Book department? This is it speaking.
Please send over a copy of
Chas Addams'
THE GROANING BOARD"

The first new Chas. Addams collection in four years; 80 splendidly sinister cartoons – most of them from The New Yorker. Just published.
$3.95 SIMON AND SCHUSTER

THE ROLLING CLOCK — AN EXCLUSIVE GUBELIN CREATION



Ref. I $ 1500.00
(Fed. tax. included)

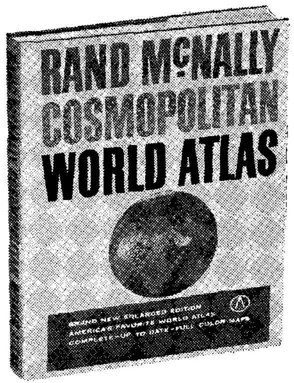
For people with imagination and a taste for art and beauty. The clock rolls to each day, gives date and week. Beautiful case in gilded brass, base of Zebranowood. The perfect clock to adorn beautiful offices and fine homes.
GÜBELIN of Switzerland
New York, 3 West 57th Street at Fifth Avenue

If you want to give the world...you can!

ONLY $16.95

RAND McNALLY EXECUTIVE GLOBE

- Designed to blend with modern or traditional decor.
- 12" diameter desk-size.
- Exclusive "World Portrait" raised relief in natural earth colors.
- First globe to show actual ocean floor relief, based on IGY findings.
- Solid walnut base and polished brass-plated semi-meridian.
- Perfect for personal or business giving; for the executive and his family.
- Available at Book, Department, and Stationery Stores.



RAND McNALLY COSMOPOLITAN WORLD ATLAS

Revised 1964 Edition. With FREE portrait-style 34" x 52" wall map of U.S. The standard against which all other world atlases must compare. 180 pages of maps in full-color. 20 pages illustrated U.S. points of interest. Population tables, and much more. Index of 80,000 places with latest population figures for each. 400 pages. 11⅛" x 14". Buckram bound. $14.95

Deluxe Edition. Padded leather-like binding. Stamped in gold. FREE map. $19.95

Wherever books are sold

RAND McNALLY
P.O. Box 7600 • Chicago

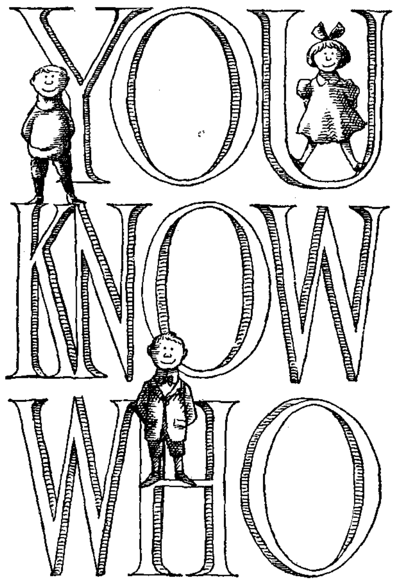
quarter of an hour to kill, so we dawdled down to the river. It was a pleasant evening, I said, conciliating the moment. The air was warm against the cheek, the trees in the Embankment garden stood bulky, leaves filling out, although it was only March, against the incandescent skyline. The light above Big Ben shone beneath the cloud cap: the House was sitting." This is a tale of political and fashionable high life in London. The time is roughly the present, and the news, which keeps pouring in, is tremendously serious. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE SANDS OF SUMMER, by David Pryce-Jones (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This English story is set in the small town of Tonbridge, where the Kent & Sussex Toy Co. has its headquarters. Arthur Thompson, a thirty-one-year-old salesman with the company, is married, childless, and restless, and so bored that he imagines himself to be really in love with one of his fellow-employees, Elaine Saint—a young girl of such flimsy mental, moral, and emotional composition that only a very good writer could make her real. Mr. Pryce-Jones is a very good writer, and he also gives his story, which is sad but has sang-froid, a beginning, a middle, and a bottomless, or ideal, ending. Arthur Thompson is a warmhearted, energetic young man who is being wasted into an echo of himself by the mean, meaningless rigidity of the society he lives in and can never break out of, and as the book finishes, we see that whatever fate has in store for him is going to be unfair but always interesting, because he is interesting.

NOTE: Random House has published "The Key to My Heart," by V. S. Pritchett, with illustrations by Paul Hogarth. The book is made up of three short stories that first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

MAN AND TIME, by J. B. Priestley (Doubleday). In the first part of this book (an immense item, accommodating a myriad illustrations), Mr. Priestley expounds several concepts of time and eternity—primitive, philosophical, theological, and scientific. His formidable gift for popular writing stands us in good stead, for he interprets very abstruse matters in a manner both plain and appealing. In the last half, Mr. Priestley sets out some abstruse mat-



Verses about non-go-to-bedders, know-it-alls, cross-patches, slug-a-beds, didn't-washers, cookie bandits, *et al* by the Poetry Editor of *Saturday Review* —

JOHN CIARDI

Pictures by EDWARD GOREY
At all bookstores • $3.50
J. B. Lippincott Company / Philadelphia / New York

Larousse
modern
french-english
english-french
dictionary

Best value? OUI!
Most useful? CERTAINEMENT!

LAROUSSE MODERN FRENCH-ENGLISH, ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY
Illustrated
1552 pages
Now only $7.50
McGraw-Hill

Rex Stout
"liveliest of all detective fiction writers"—*N.Y. Times*

A RIGHT TO DIE

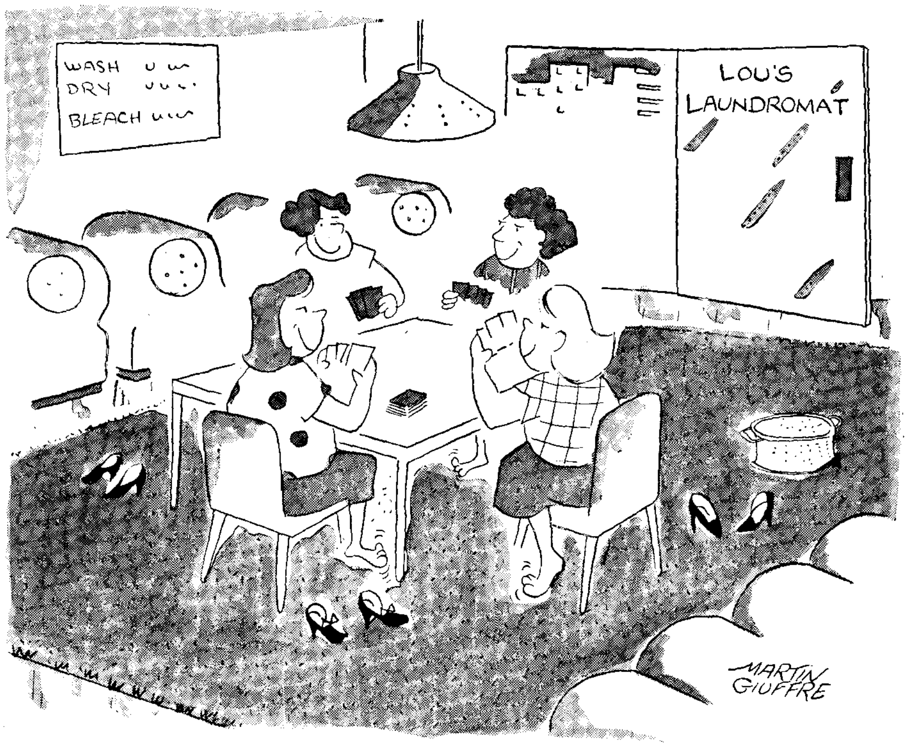
is his latest full-length novel in which Nero Wolfe and Archie uncover and unravel a murder motive unique in mystery fiction.

VIKING $3.50

ters of his own—a theory about time that makes intellectual room for precognition and the posthumous survival of personality, though not in heaven or hell. Mr. Priestley is ambivalent about physical science—sometimes sorry that it isn't working along his lines, and sometimes feeling that his notions are higher than physics. He is sympathetic to some psychological interpretations of warning dreams and prophetic intimations, and he accepts coincidence as well as psychic states as the explanation of many curious phenomena. If Mr. Priestley seems sadly dogged in insisting that time is kinder than is generally supposed—offering second chances or better breaks—at least he admits frankly that he needs a hopeful, marvellous universe. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

FROM MERCILESS INVADERS, by Alexander McKee (Norton). An uncommonly lively account of the doomed attempt by Philip II of Spain in the summer of 1588 to add England to his already incomparably far-flung dominions—the formation of the mighty Armada, its stormy northward passage, its eleven-day rout through the English Channel, and its piecemeal destruction in the wild North Atlantic. Mr. McKee, an English military historian, tells this long-ago story as one would tell a story that happened only yesterday. He has gone through the contemporary records (both English and Spanish), extracted the observations of a hundred active participants, and, in a model of selection and arrangement, let them lead us through that glorious victory and that ghastly defeat, from the moment that an anonymous English merchant captain sounded the warning to Sir Francis Godolphin ("Being bound for France to lade salt, I encountered with nine sail of great ships between Scilly and Ushant, bearing in North-East with the coast of England") to the exhausted testimony of one of the survivors of the Spanish galleass Girona ("We ran upon a submerged rock and the galleass went to pieces, more than 1,300 being drowned"). Photographs and contemporary engravings, and an end-paper map.

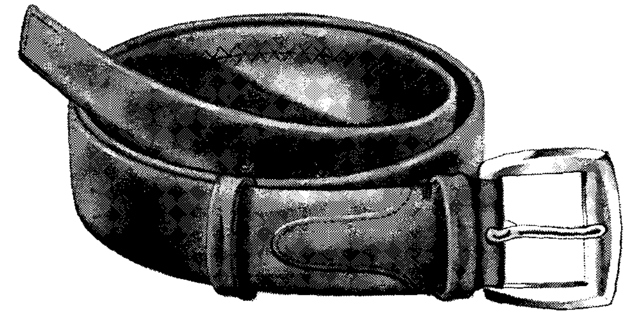
REVENGE AT SEA, by Barrie Pitt (Stein & Day). Another slice of British naval history, thin but satisfying. The battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands, in the first months of the First World War, constitute a thrill-



(*Advertisement*)

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Are you bidding for honors in your company? Let's call a spade a spade: you deserve a Bigelow. It's the one way of leading from strength that everyone understands. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.



What do Italian men create with their hands?

Amazing things. For the Italian leather artisans at Canterbury-Garbieri make the softest, most supple whale oil calf belt in the world. There's added flexibility and unparalleled resilience in the hand-finished tubular construction. The solid brass buckle is hand-polished, too. Style #315/49. 1¼" width, in Black, Brown or Tobacco. Sizes 28-44. $10.95. At better stores everywhere or write to: Canterbury Belts Ltd., 36 E. 31 Street, New York City.

Canterbury Belts Ltd.

A big, rich, new novel by the author of *Gentleman's Agreement*

Laura Z. Hobson's
FIRST PAPERS

$6.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

Wherever she goes she'll know what to do thanks to

THE *seventeen* BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND ENTERTAINING
by Enid A. Haupt

At all bookstores • $5.95 • McKAY

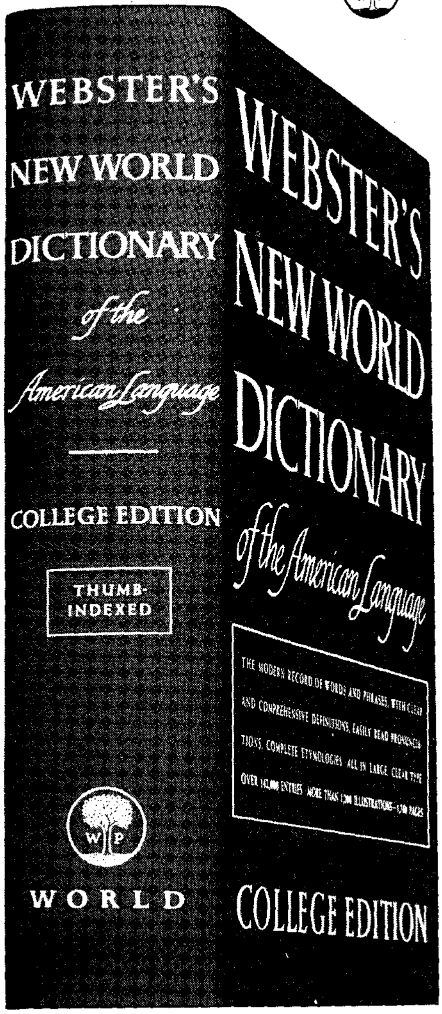
There's a WORLD of difference in Webster dictionaries!

***This* one gives you 1760 pages of "total-information" about words...**

• Clear, full, up-to-date definitions • Clear, large type • Clear pronunciations • Clear guides to accepted usage • One easy-to-use listing for all entries • Recommended and used in colleges and universities throughout United States and Canada.

$5.75 plain, $6.75 thumb-indexed, at bookstores everywhere.

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio 44102


WEBSTER'S
NEW WORLD
DICTIONARY
of the
American Language
COLLEGE EDITION
THUMB-INDEXED
WORLD
WEBSTER'S
NEW WORLD
DICTIONARY
of the American Language
THE MODERN RECORD OF WORDS AND PHRASES, WITH CLEAR
AND COMPREHENSIVE DEFINITIONS, EASILY READ PRONUNCIA-
TIONS, COMPLETE ETYMOLOGIES ALL IN LARGE CLEAR TYPE
COLLEGE EDITION

er with (from the Allied point of view) a dandy plot—a shocking British defeat followed within a month by a stirring British victory. Mr. Pitt is a fine military storyteller. He slips in enormous amounts of technical detail—gunnery, the problems of recoaling, the primitive state of wireless communications—and the documentation doesn't interrupt the action but, in fact, adds to the excitement.

THE ACT OF CREATION, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan). The eminent journalist here combines two sorts of journalism—the expression of opinion and the imparting of information—in a very large work about creativity. Mr. Koestler points out the well-known kinship among humor, art, scientific discovery, and technological invention, and describes creativity, plausibly enough, as a surprising and meaningful reconstruction of the familiar. One example is old, discrete facts newly apprehended in relationship; another (more obvious) is the formation of a metaphor. He also recounts, at considerable length, the evolution of some psychological concepts. Mr. Koestler has buttressed his thoughts with a formidable planking of examples and quotations, and from time to time his readers may be ready to take his word on the matter under discussion long before he stops explaining it.

THE ENGLISH MORALISTS, by Basil Willey (Norton). This book, its author explains in his introduction, sums up the lectures he has given at Cambridge for the past thirty-five years—a course in the history of ideas, intended for students of literature rather than of philosophy. The general reader will find Mr. Willey's material a marvellous distillation of thought from verbiage. Here and there he is impatient with, or complacent toward, thinkers who could not perceive the aptness of Christian ethics, but if this occasional lack of charity dismays the reader, Mr. Willey atones with other virtues—briskness and wit.

SPANISH LEAVES, by Honor Tracy (Random House). An absorbing travelogue. Miss Tracy shows us in a hundred anecdotes and set pieces an extraordinary Spain—a Spain composed almost entirely of the ghastly, the beautiful, and the absurd. In Toledo, she saw two blind men collide in the street, "and one of them, who did not realize that the other was blind, too, showered

The world's most beloved classic—now in Latin!

Well, what else could we do with it? It has already been translated into 44 languages, including Russian and Swahili. Now we are publishing a zestful, humorous translation into the language of Caesar, with the Tenniel illustrations. Hic tractantur vitia et ineptiae et inconstantiae hominum! $3.95

Alicia in Terra Mirabili

ST. MARTIN'S, New York

Lore Segal

An "Anne Frank" who got away tells the poignant story of a child—cruelly uprooted from her home—who spent long years in the lonely refuge of

Other People's Houses

Most of the contents of this book originally appeared in The New Yorker

$5.95 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

Richard G. Stern

author of GOLK and IN ANY CASE

Teeth, Dying and other matters

An extraordinary collection—of stories, an essay and a play—by a novelist who has been highly praised by Saul Bellow, Flannery O'Connor, Bernard Malamud, Alfred Kazin and Norman Mailer for his vitality, intelligence and style. $4.95 HARPER

curses on him as he stood there with a terrible smile on his face." She complained, in a Burgos restaurant, of the ten-per-cent luxury tax on her lunch: "I could not see . . . in what way an omelette and salad, a glass of wine and a cup of coffee constituted *lujo*, a word suggestive of champagne, strawberries in winter and chorus girls baked in pies. The waiter made short work of it. 'Haven't you eaten?' he asked. 'Isn't that *lujo*?' " It is, however, a Spain in which she is easily able to make us believe. For none of the excesses she depicts are merely excessive. They reflect a heightened perception and relate to a larger truth.

BAUDELAIRE AS A LITERARY CRITIC, translated by Lois Boe Hyslop and Francis E. Hyslop, Jr. (Pennsylvania State). A fine translation of Baudelaire's writing on writing. It makes no difference that some of his subjects are hardly memorable; it is entertaining to see his artistic acumen, which we take for granted, demonstrated in hilarious comments on trashy plays as well as in the way he gets to the nub of "Madame Bovary" in a flash. In his prose, Baudelaire expresses or elaborates notions that appear only by implication in his poetry. He is fluent, spontaneous, and gay—a reminder that the familiar, suffering photograph by Nadar that adorns the book's jacket is by no means Baudelaire seen plain.

HISTORY OF CARTOGRAPHY, by Leo Bagrow, translated from the German by D. L. Paisey, and edited, with notes, by R. A. Skelton (Harvard). This book, the lifework of a White Russian scholar who died in 1957 in Stockholm, was completed in 1943 and first published in Berlin in 1951. It is somewhat less comprehensive than the title suggests, for although Mr. Bagrow carried his researches deep into antiquity and among existing primitive peoples, he chose to end his study at the beginning of the modern era of scientific cartography. His book thus ranges from around 1100 B.C., when a pioneer map of China was produced, to the middle of the eighteenth century. The emphasis is on European mapmaking, and the book is largely devoted to maps and mapmakers of the Renaissance and the succeeding centuries of exploration. It is exquisitely illustrated. There are seventy-six black-and-white reproductions in the text, more than a hundred monochrome plates (including

McGRAW-HILL
WHITTLESEY HOUSE

THE HAPPY LION AND THE BEAR
Louise Fatio; illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. "Ever welcome is a new story about the Happy Lion . . . In this latest adventure, as charming as its predecessors, the Happy Lion tries to make friends with a new bear."—*Chicago Tribune*
Ages 4 to 8 $2.95

SHOES FOR PUNCH
Jocelyn Arundel; illustrated by Wesley Dennis. "Both boys and girls—especially those who love ponies — will enjoy this story of a little Shetland that wanted shoes."—*Saturday Review*
Ages 4 to 8 $2.50

BOOKS FOR

JONATHAN VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE
Peter Benchley; illustrated by Richard Bergere. Foreword by Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. A tour of the White House while the Kennedys were in residence leads to surprises when Jonathan takes his puppy along. Ages 4 to 8 $2.50

THE MOUSE PALACE
Frances Carpenter; illustrated by Adrienne Adams. An engaging tale of ancient Siam. "Miss Carpenter's story . . . is thoroughly enjoyable. Adrienne Adams' illustrations glow with the warmth of oriental splendor."—*N. Y. Times Book Review* Ages 6 to 10 $2.95

YOUNG PEOPLE

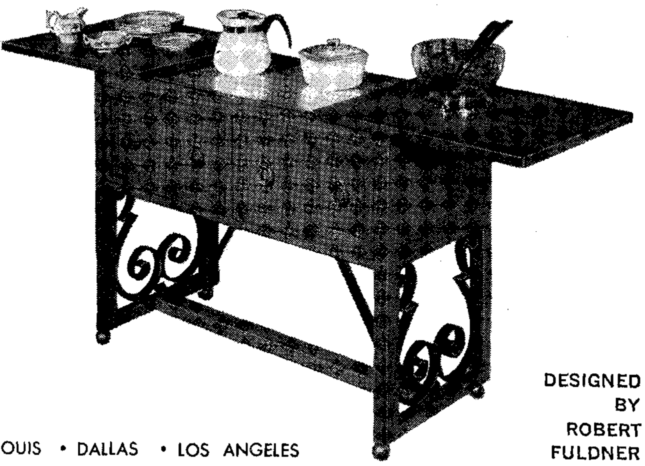
ROMWEBER

Furniture of Timeless Beauty

WRITE FOR BROCHURE
ROMWEBER,
BATESVILLE,
INDIANA

NEW YORK
305 E. 63rd St.

CHICAGO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES



DESIGNED BY ROBERT FULDNER

JUST REISSUED: A never-to-be-forgotten classic of science fiction
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's
THE POISON BELT
ILLUS. by William Pène du Bois
INTRO. by John Dickson Carr
EPILOGUE by Harlow Shapley
$4.50
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

V. S. Pritchett's delightful new novel has been compared by the English reviewers to Evelyn Waugh for its wit, to Chekov for its shrewdness, to Fielding for its comic exuberance.

THE KEY TO MY HEART
A Comedy in Three Parts
(all of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*)
$3.95. RANDOM HOUSE

Scholars' Dollars

"What's good enough for the country's colleges is good enough for me," said a new investor to his account executive at Merrill Lynch the other day when he opened an account and placed his order.

"I've been thinking about investing for a long time," he continued, "but I always had the feeling that there was too much risk in common stocks. Then I read in the paper last week that 56 percent of the endowment funds of 65 colleges and universities is invested in blue-chip common stocks. And I decided that if common stocks rate a place in their investment programs, they rate a place in mine, too." Amen to that.

There is, of course, always an element of risk in owning securities, but needless risk can be eliminated by choosing your stocks with care. And that's where we come in. Our Research Department will be glad to help you in making your selection — without charge or obligation. Just address —

JOSEPH C. QUINN

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

a bird's-eye view of Tuscany by Leonardo da Vinci), and some twenty plates in full color. Nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

FAULKNER'S COUNTY: YOKNAPATAWPHA, by Martin J. Dain (Random House). A photographic study of Oxford, Lafayette County, Mississippi, the prototype of the magnificent microcosm that the world has come to know as Jefferson, Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi. The book consists of nearly two hundred excellent photographs, all by Mr. Dain, of people and places in and around the town—the courthouse square, the jail, a Negro café, a stock auction, a cotton harvest, tenant shanties (Negro and white), a hunting camp, a molasses boiling, a crap game, church services, schoolyards, sidewalk loafers. They are accompanied by quotations, drawn from the Yoknapatawpha novels and stories, that tend to deepen and amplify rather than merely illustrate: "Yes, *he thought*, between grief and nothing I will take grief." The book opens quietly with a line from "Absalom, Absalom!": "Tell about the South. What's it like there. What do they do there. Why do they live there. Why do they live at all." Mr. Dain attempts to answer those questions, and he concludes, as did their author—and for much the same reasons—with the cry " 'I dont hate [the South],' he said. I dont hate it *he thought* . . . I dont. I dont! I dont hate it! I dont hate it!" A sad, stirring, memorable book. Fifteen dollars.

NOTE: "Cambridge, U.S.A.," by Christopher Rand, has been published by Oxford University Press. The contents of the book first appeared in this magazine.

•

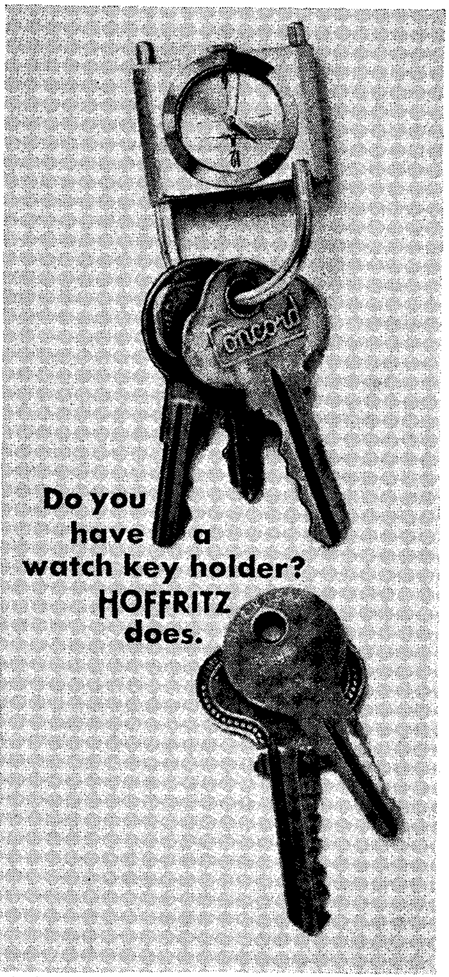
Television's first double-feature movie, just tried, consists of two pictures showing simultaneously on the same screen, by means of split-image, with one sound track on TV and the other on the station's sister FM station, and its possibilities may be limitless.—*From the Chicago Southeast Economist.*

Simultaneous split headaches, for instance.

•

A museum featuring illicit Flora, dangerous hardware and some fairly unnatural history opened here recently. —*The Times.*

Flora, she was the *big* hit.



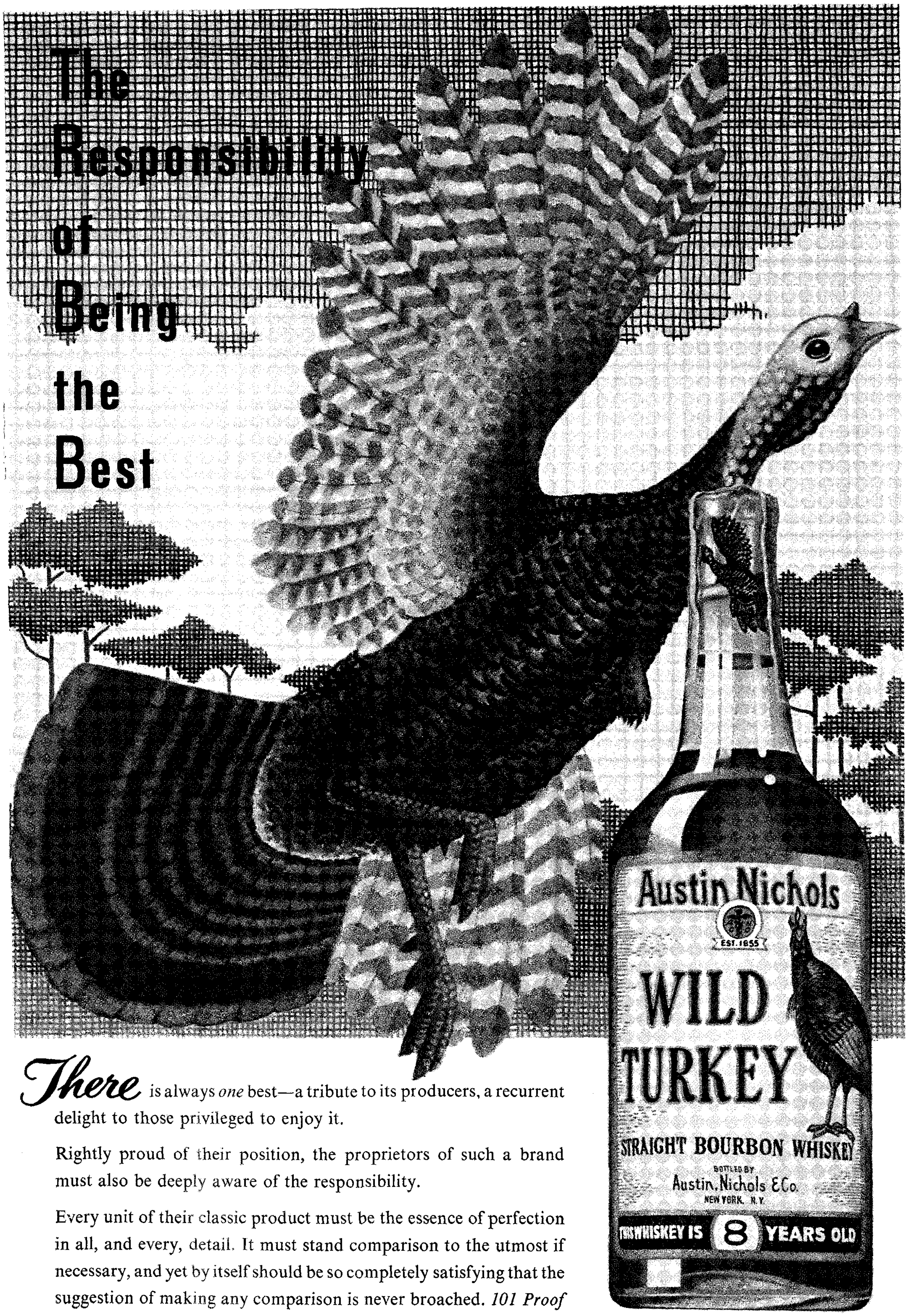
Do you have a watch key holder? HOFFRITZ does.

GOLD-PLATED KEY HOLDER WITH SWISS WATCH. RUSH 19.95. PLUS 2.00 F.T. PLUS 35¢ FOR POSTAGE TO 49 EAST 34TH STREET OR POP BY HOFFRITZ.

EUDORA WELTY's
first book for children
A humorous fantasy
THE SHOE BIRD
Illustrated by Beth Krush Ages 8-12
$3.50 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

BOOK HUNTING?
Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-51 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.


The Responsibility of Being the Best
Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached. *101 Proof*

Give The Scotch That Never Varies

"White Label"

DEWAR'S

Dewar's
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
The Dewar Highlander
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART. 86.8° PROOF
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.

Welcome gift the world over. Wrapped in rich gold foil with removable sleeve. Luxury look on the outside. Magnificent Scotch inside.